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DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

A MAGAZINE article on a college is usually the work of one of its graduates, who presumably is versed in its traditions and proud of his connection with the institution. He must of necessity be better fitted to write on the subject than one who has to obtain his information from books, who has no intimate personal acquaintance with its Alumni, and whose actual knowledge of the place itself is confined to a visit of a few days, a walk around its campus and a peep into its buildings. The man who writes, be it never so little, about his own college must necessarily do it in a eulogistic vein. He may have to admit that there are greater, grander and richer colleges and universities. But nevertheless in some particular he is satisfied that his Alma Mater is superior to others. As a loyal graduate he will see no defects; no cynicism or unfavorable criticisms will mar his composition. This is perfectly natural. The three or four years that a youth passes at a seat of learning are the most impressionable part of his life. He will learn to love the place. He will lay in an inexhaustible stock of enthusiasm, which will occasionally find vent in 'rah, 'rah, 'rah! if he is a Harvard man, or in the hideous orthoëpical howl of Columbia.

The readers of a popular magazine are not so likely to be interested in an article on a college as its graduates. It is not everybody who is fortunate enough to secure what is called a liberal education, and one who has not been so favored would be very likely to pass over all references to collegiate matters. But Dartmouth College has a peculiar character of its own. As the writer is not a Dartmouth man and can view it from the standpoint of an outsider, the attention of the non-collegian runs a better chance

of being secured. He will not be bored with unimportant details or vexed with college jargon. It is possible to say something about such an institution without filling pages with a mere list of professors and graduates, some of whom may have but a local reputation and may scarcely have been heard of outside their birthplace or the village in which they lived.

And then, too, the question may be asked, more often perhaps than is agreeable to the Alumnus, who fondly believed that its fame was world-wide, "Where is Dartmouth College?" While everybody knows the location of Harvard and Yale, few persons out of the State of New Hampshire can say where Dartmouth is. And even in New Hampshire itself, there are people who would be at a loss to direct the stranger how to reach it. In going from New York or Boston the passenger by the train alights at a shabby little station called Norwich. He is in the State of Vermont. There is, so far, nothing to indicate his proximity to an important seat of learning. The picturesque and forest-clad banks of the Connecticut River are on his right; over a rickety covered bridge he crosses the stream, and then he is in New Hampshire. Less than half a mile farther up a hilly road is Hanover; a store or two, a few conventional wooden dwelling-houses and a substantial brick inn comprise the village. Then come the college buildings, which are interesting in their way, but by no means beautiful. Their plainness of exterior and interior is indeed depressing. Ruskin believes in the decoration of schools. "There comes," he says, "a period in the life of a well-educated youth in which one of the principal elements of his education is to give him refinement of habits. . . . I think it is just in

the emptiest room that the mind wanders the most. . . . Nay, my own belief is, that the best study of all is the most beautiful, and that a quiet glade of forest, or the nook of a lake shore, are worth all the school-rooms in Christendom when once you are past the multiplication table." What man has failed to do, for lack of means probably, Nature has carried out with lavish hand; sometimes, too, with a little help from man. There are many quiet glades of forest around Hanover, where in genial weather the student may study or enjoy, as Dryden says, his "museful mopings." Besides, there is the College Park, of thirty-four acres, of singularly varied and attractive features. Then there is the fine college campus in the heart of the village. In the park stands a rock platform, from which are frequently thundered forth the outdoor utterances of class-day.

The grand old pine, estimated to have been in existence more than two hundred years, conveys an idea of the noble forests that were cleared away over a hundred years ago, when the benevolent Eleazer Wheelock founded the college in what was then a wilderness. It is told on good authority, that there is a tradition that three Indians danced a sort of carmagnole around this veteran monarch of the forest and sang as a parting song, "When shall we three meet again?" The tradition is silent as to the language these red men used and whether they were students of Shakespeare, or had ever read "Macbeth." There is great veneration for this old tree, and much respect is paid to it. Around it the graduating class sing their parting hymn and smoke their pipe of peace.

Dartmouth almost from its foundation had fierce struggles for existence, and it is remarkable that it has achieved so much. With a limited endowment it has probably done more than any institution of the kind in the country. New England thrift, perseverance and frugality have enabled it to reach its present position. Perhaps these qualities have been carried too far, Puritanical ideas have held sway; fancy and imagination have had no play or have lacked encouragement. Mr. Richard B. Kimball, in the course of an address on the literature of Dartmouth, delivered at the

Dartmouth Centennial, 1869, admits this, "In poetry she is deficient, and of the little she has given us, most of it is painfully didactic." Evidences of this rugged plainness are visible everywhere about Dartmouth. The resources and refinements of civilization, even when their use or adoption would not occasion any extravagant expenditure, seem to be neglected. The students wear thicker boots, coarser clothes, shabbier hats than students of other colleges. The fare does not differ materially from that which satisfied the first President Wheelock and his English and Indian students in 1770. The art of cooking is unknown throughout New Hampshire, but it is not too much to expect that its single college should set a good example. Not so. At the only inn, the visitor is regaled with fried beefsteaks, pork and beans, doughnuts and pie, and is looked upon as on the highroad to perdition should he be detected in the act of drinking a simple glass of claret or beer. The students may read of the banquets of Lucullus and of Apician feasts; they may study chemistry and acquire distinction in the science; they may devote themselves to hygiene with success, but they will not be permitted to partake of a chop or a beef-steak cooked in a civilized way. Without flippancy it may be said, that a lecturer on cookery would by no means be out of place at Dartmouth.

But in spite of these drawbacks, without Fitzwilliam museums, Bodleian libraries and costly cloistered collegiate establishments, good sturdy old Dartmouth has much of which to boast. It has produced a Daniel Webster and a Rufus Choate. Sylvanus Thayer, "the Father of West Point," was a Dartmouth graduate, and founded before his death the Thayer School of Civil Engineering. Thaddeus Stevens, of the class of 1814, probably imbibed all his uncompromising opposition to slavery in the free and bracing air of the Hanover atmosphere. George Bush, the theologian and Orientalist, graduated in 1818. Dartmouth claims to have furnished about thirty judges of the higher courts of New Hampshire during the past fifty years. It has also given nine governors to the State, one chief-justice of the United States—Salmon P. Chase; several judges of the United States courts,

between sixty and seventy representatives and fifteen senators in Congress; several members of the cabinet and ministers to foreign courts, and at least nine governors and numerous judges of the supreme courts of other States were Dartmouth men. It has furnished more than twenty presidents of other colleges, more than a hundred professors in colleges and professional schools, law, theological and medical. This estimate was made in 1878, and to show how careful have been the calculations on this point, it may be mentioned that in 1869 Dr. S. H. Taylor stated that Dartmouth graduates had taught in the aggregate "not less than six thousand and five hundred years." She has turned out nearly a round thousand preachers, and a number of eminent physicians have been connected with her medical department, while others have gone through the regular academic course and become famous afterward.

The medical branch of the college, according to Dr. Jabez B. Upham, owes its origin "to the disinterested and untiring efforts of Dr. Nathan Smith, a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of the medical department of Harvard University. This was in 1798." Dr. Smith was not a man to whom Charles Dickens' sneer in "Martin Chuzzlewit" could be applied, that he was "one of the most remarkable men in the country." Dr. Smith was really a man of great ability and originality. He performed the difficult and dangerous operation of ovariectomy successfully in 1821, entirely unaware, as has been proved beyond a shadow of a doubt, that it had been done several years before by Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Danville, Ky. This second operation in this country was absolutely original on the part of Dr. Smith. The medical faculty takes its professors of special departments from several of our large cities. Thus Dr. Louis Elsberg, of New York, is Professor of Laryngology; Dr. P. S. Conner, of Cincinnati, Professor of Surgery; Dr. H. M. Field, of Boston, Professor of Materia Medica, and Dr. Paul F. Mundé, of New York, Professor of Gynecology, in which chair he succeeds the late Edmund Randolph Peaslee.

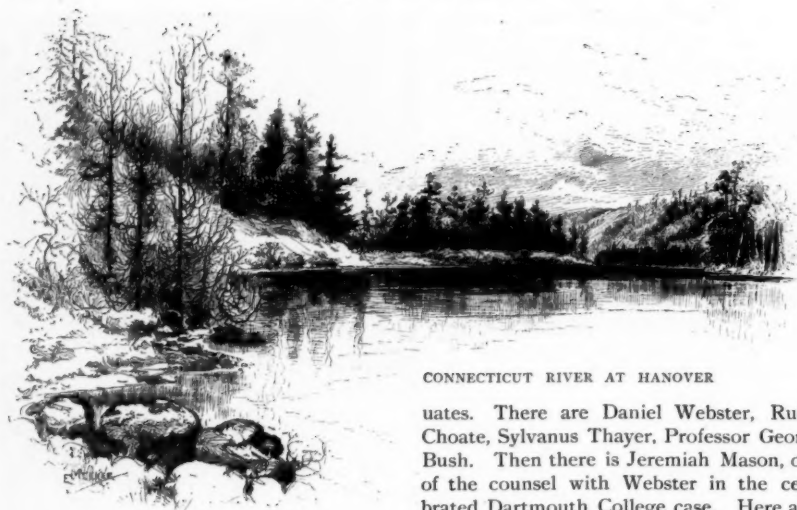
The future of Dartmouth looks promising. Its funds are growing steadily. With-



THE SECOND EARL OF DARTMOUTH
From the Painting at the College.

in the past six years they have been increased to between three and four hundred thousand dollars. It is but a few weeks since the late Julius Hallgarten, a banker of New York, and a lover of learning and the fine arts, made the handsome bequest to the college of \$50,000. An Earl of Dartmouth gave, a hundred and twenty years ago, £50 toward Dr. Wheelock's Indian Charity School, out of which the college grew, and thereby secured the honor of naming the college. A New York banker leaves \$50,000 to-day toward the perpetuation of the institution.

The college library of 60,000 volumes is said to be a larger and better collection than any other north of Boston and Cambridge. It contains many rare and valuable works. The building is, however, a tinder-box. Mr. E. A. Rollins, of the class of '51, formerly a member of the New Hamp-



CONNECTICUT RIVER AT HANOVER

shire Legislature, made the odd offer to give a new chapel, *provided \$60,000 shall be secured for a fireproof library building.* The fireproof library building would seem to be more necessary than the chapel. But if the books are not burned up in the meantime, there is an excellent chance for getting both, as the President, Dr. Bartlett, is authority for saying that the trustees confidently expect to lay the foundations of a new chapel and a new library building within the present academic year. On the left, as one enters from the campus the present library building, is a room in which is a collection of portraits. It includes some forty or more of prominent persons connected with the college, chiefly as grad-

uates. There are Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Sylvanus Thayer, Professor George Bush. Then there is Jeremiah Mason, one of the counsel with Webster in the celebrated Dartmouth College case. Here also is the full-length portrait of the second Earl of Dartmouth. It is a copy from Sir Joshua Reynolds's original, and evidently painted when his lordship was a very young man. This picture was given by the earl.

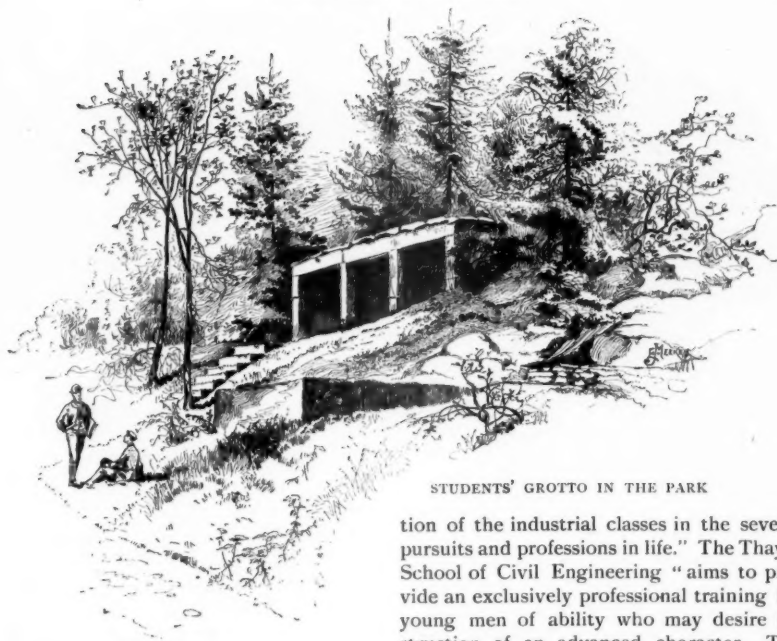
They teach very thoroughly at Dartmouth, although the courses of instruction do not differ very much from those at other leading colleges. The usual classics, sciences and mathematics are studied, as well as modern languages. The Chandler Scientific Department is "a school of instruction in the college in the practical and useful arts in life, comprised chiefly in the branches of mechanics and civil engineering, the invention and manufacture of machinery, the in-



MEDICAL COLLEGE



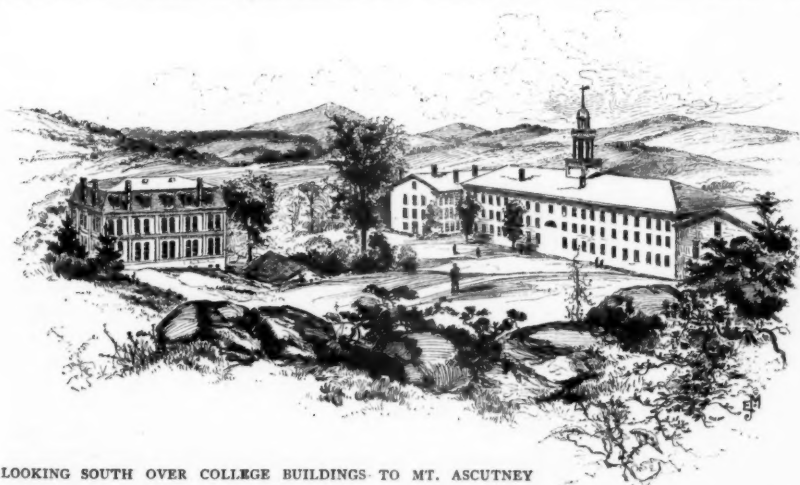
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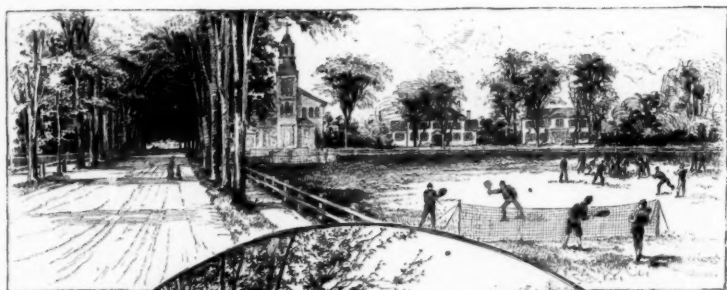
STUDENTS' GROTTO IN THE PARK

vestigation of the properties and uses of the materials employed in the arts." "The New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts" is connected with Dartmouth, and is in successful operation. Its purpose is the "liberal and practical educa-

tion of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life." The Thayer School of Civil Engineering "aims to provide an exclusively professional training for young men of ability who may desire instruction of an advanced character. The course is essentially 'post-graduate,' limited in range and fundamental in its scope." The professor of mathematics of the regular faculty of Dartmouth is Arthur Sherburne Hardy. He is the author of the most successful selling novel of last season, "But



LOOKING SOUTH OVER COLLEGE BUILDINGS TO MT. ASCUTNEY



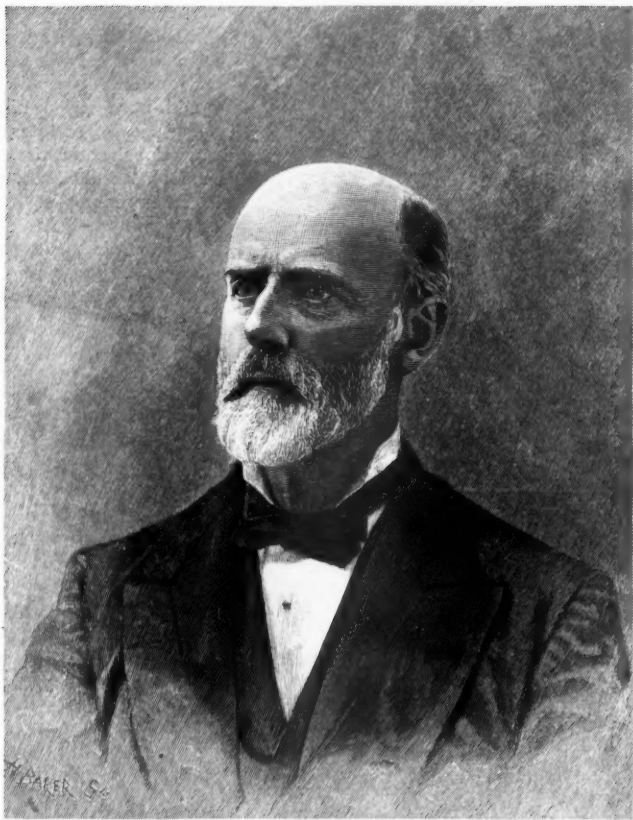
1. MAIN STREET AND THE CAMPUS

2. WENTWORTH, DARTMOUTH, THORNTON AND
REED HALLS.

Yet a Woman." It is an exceedingly un-mathematical work, and it is difficult to understand how the writer of a profound treatise on Quaternions could have so light a touch in the realms of fancy. Mr. Hardy's story serves to free Dartmouth somewhat from the charge of producing nothing of value in the shape of fiction.

In one respect the college is particularly fortunate. In Samuel Colcord Bartlett, Dartmouth, it is not too much to say, has the best president of all who have occupied that high position, if any faith is to be placed in the records of Dartmouth. This is not the place to discuss the ques-

tion as to the connection between dogmatic religion and the educational processes of a college. That this bond is becoming looser day by day cannot be denied. The evidences are too strong and too frequent. President Bartlett is a doctor of divinity and a professor of theology. His eloquent utterances prove that he believes what he professes; but there is no taint of cant or bigotry in his tones. This cannot be said of several of his predecessors. A more impressive, nervous, elevated, and at the same time practical address than the inaugural one delivered on his election to the presidency at the commencement, June, 1877,



DR. BARTLETT, PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH

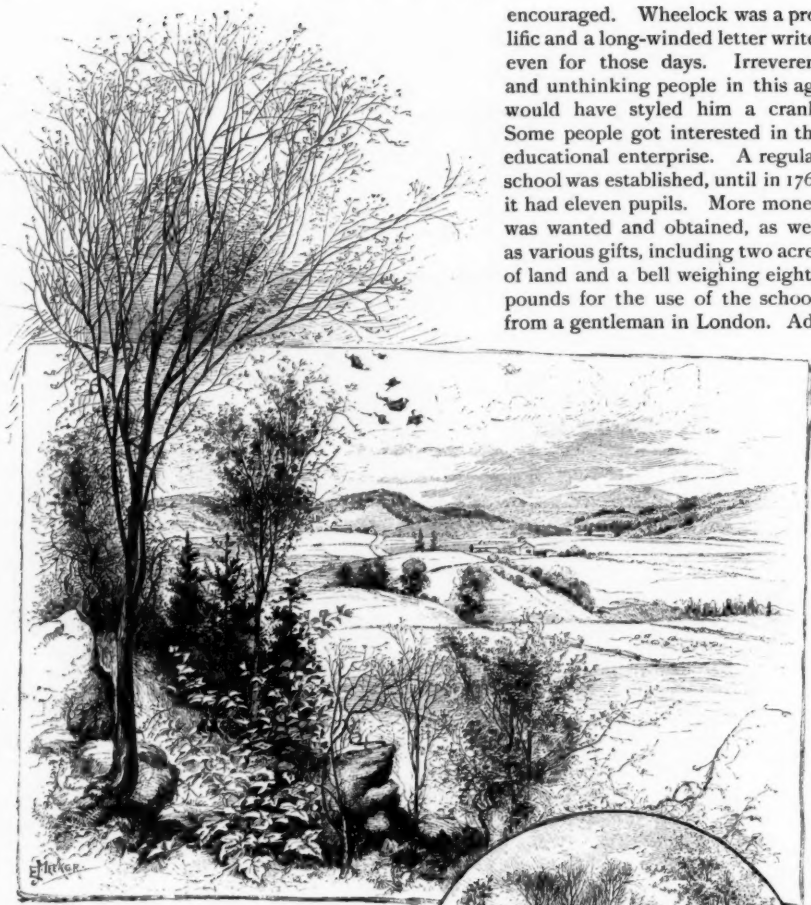
From a Photograph by Pach, New York.

is rarely met with. It abounds in noble passages such as could fall only from the lips of a conscientious gentleman and ripe scholar. It is Emersonian in its dignity of thought.

But little reference has been made so far to the history and circumstances of the foundation of Dartmouth College. It was born of a mixture of religious enthusiasm and benevolence, which in these irreverent days seems almost incomprehensible. To be a clergyman then was a very different thing from now. Every other man who received a liberal education either became a lawyer or entered the ministry. The good and benevolent Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, a

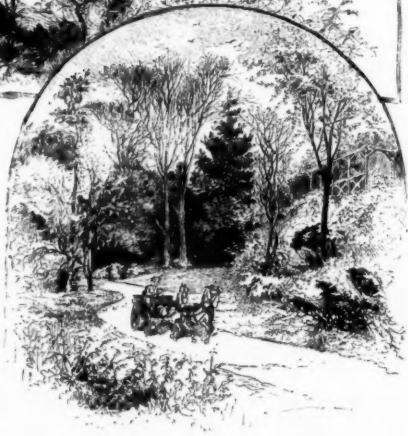
graduate of Yale, was the preacher in the small town of Lebanon, Conn. In the kindness of his dear, charitable heart he thought it possible to train, instruct and christianize the young Indians, so that when they reached manhood they might find more profitable occupations than scalping and rum-drinking. Many other men besides Dr. Wheelock have tried the experiment in other parts of the world without success. The Maori, the Australian aboriginal, the Indian refuses to be civilized. Occasionally there are exceptions, yet failure is almost a foregone conclusion. But Eleazer Wheelock was overflowing with piety and earnestness and was determined to carry out

encouraged. Wheelock was a prolific and a long-winded letter writer even for those days. Irreverent and unthinking people in this age would have styled him a crank. Some people got interested in the educational enterprise. A regular school was established, until in 1761 it had eleven pupils. More money was wanted and obtained, as well as various gifts, including two acres of land and a bell weighing eighty pounds for the use of the school, from a gentleman in London. Ad-



VIEW NORTH FROM COLLEGE PARK

his idea. He kept a boys' school. One of his pupils was an Indian named Samson Occum, who afterward became an effective preacher. He was Wheelock's prize scholar. It does not appear that any other Indian did special credit to his kind and generous instructor. It is a curious fact that Harvard was established with the same object as was Dartmouth, "the education of English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness." Of the several natives who were members of the Harvard Indian College, only one graduated. Occum was a success, and Wheelock felt



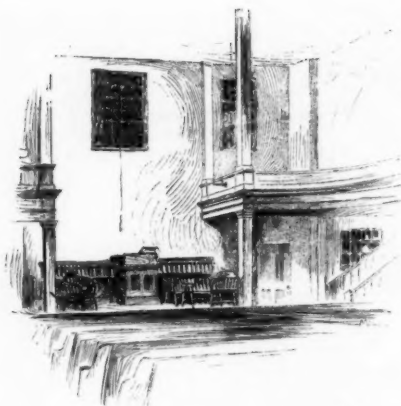
A PARK RAMBLE

ditional funds were required. The Indian, Occum, went to England and created a sensation. He preached so effectually that George the Third subscribed £200 and the Earl of Dartmouth £50. About £10,000 was raised in all. Wheelock writes to Lord Dartmouth in one of his earlier letters: "May it please your Lordship. It must be counted among the greatest favors of God to a wretched world, and that which gives abundant joy to the friends of Zion, that among earthly dignities there are those who cheerfully espouse the sinking cause of the great Redeemer, and whose hearts and hands are open to minister supplies for the support and enlargement of His Kingdom in the world, as your lordship has been frequently mentioned by lovers of Christ in this wilderness. . . ." This is a fair specimen of the good old man's style of correspondence. He is always gloomily thankful for everything and terribly verbose. The school continued to make progress and another site was looked for. John Wentworth, King George's Governor of New Hampshire, offered land in the State and granted a liberal charter for a college to educate both Indian and English youth. Hanover was fixed upon, and in August, 1770, Dr. Wheelock, with thirty students, and with some laborers, began to build and clear away the forest. Thus Dartmouth College sprung into existence. Wheelock clung to his hobby to the last. He died at Hanover on the 24th of April, 1779. He had the welfare of the Indian ever in view. The white pupils were there, that they might be educated as missionaries, ministers and schoolmasters. The main idea was ecclesiastical. The course of study was arranged for this purpose. Prof. Adrien Jacquinot, in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement*, in giving an historical sketch of Harvard University,



OLD INDIAN PINE ON PARK SUMMIT

says it "was originally a Puritan seminary; a preparatory school for the ministers of a rigid and intolerant religion; and yet, in the end, by a slow and continuous progress through struggles often fierce, it has become a liberal and independent university; a powerful corporation which has freed itself from every sectarian influence, from every kind of yoke—religious or otherwise." These remarks may, in some measure, apply to Dartmouth. But it has not yet wholly succeeded in freeing itself from the Puritanical gloom—to use no harsher term—which hung around its origin. Lord Dart-



THE OLD CHAPEL

mouth, the second earl, out of respect to whom the college was named, appears to have been an unimportant personage, and, according to the records, never filled any public office of consequence or distinguished himself in any way beyond giving £50 to Wheelock's Indian school before the college was dreamed of. In the year 1772 he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, but his name is not associated with any measures or policy relating to them. George Whitefield called him "the Daniel of the age, the truly noble!" His correspondence proves him to have been a religious and a charitable man, but not a particularly original one. "I have learned to wait on the King of Kings before I wait on my earthly sovereign," he said, when King George and some noblemen had been detained by him a few minutes when about to take a morning ride together and gently reminded him of his delay. His grandson is the present Earl of Dartmouth, who is sixty years old, and is married to a daughter of the Earl of Aylesford. The motto of the house is "*Gaudet tentamine virtus*"—Virtue exults in trial. One Alderman Legge, a merchant of London, founded the family in the thirteenth century, by lending Edward the First £300 and marrying the Earl of Warwick's daughter. Queen Anne, created the first Earl of Dartmouth and made him lord privy seal and one of the lord-justices of Great Britain, since which time the family appears not to have been prominent.

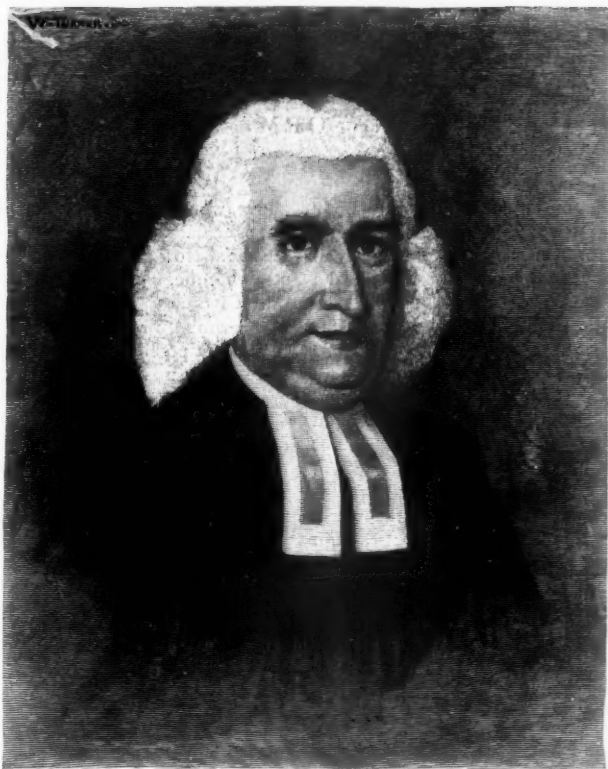
No account of Dartmouth College is complete without reference to the famous Dartmouth College case, in which an important



MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

principle was involved. Owing to some unfriendly feeling which arose from quarrels between the trustees and the second president, John Wheelock, the legislature, in 1816, superseded the original charter, and a new institution was organized, called Dartmouth University. The new trustees took possession and the old officers had to do the best they could. They stuck to their posts manfully, and the case was brought before the State court, but the decision was adverse to the college. On appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, backed by the powerful advocacy of Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason, the State court decision was reversed in February, 1819, and Dartmouth College was itself again. It has practically settled the question forever that no legislature can at will revoke charters and take away corporate franchises of literary, charitable and religious institutions, or destroy the sacredness of private trusts. There were strong and honest differences of opinion about the matter. The charter had been granted while New Hampshire was under British rule. Even Jefferson said, regarding the question, that lawyers and priests generally inculcate the doctrine that preceding generations held the earth more freely than we do—in fine, that the earth belongs to the dead and not to the living.

Wheelock's Indian education scheme was a failure. Half of those who came under his care disappointed his hopes and returned



DR. ELEAZER WHELOCK, FIRST PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH

From his Portrait in the College Library.

to savage life. Even the Rev. Samson Occum is said to have gone "on the spree" in London, but Dartmouth College has flourished. It was conceived in a sincerely religious spirit, and although the quaint phraseology of the correspondence of the period regarding it, in these days looks very much like cant, it would be unjust so to call it. Dartmouth will continue to prosper. It needs a finer taste. It must grow less

rigid, less cold, less dejected in thought, and if it does so, it will not be less honest and conscientious in its work. As Longfellow says in Hyperion: "Spirit of the past, look not so mournfully at me with thy great, tearful eyes! Touch me not with thy cold hand! Breathe not upon me with the icy breath of the grave! Chant no more that dirge of sorrow through the long and silent watches of the night."

B. B. VALLENTINE.



TRANSFORMATION.

II.

In the midst of her suffering both of body and of mind, it would not have been in human nature for Agnes not to remember all she had done for this man, and not to feel a hot indignation pulse through her. Had she not taken him from poverty and work—for he had long since left his situation, and was simply her ostensible man of business—and enlarged him into the master of wealth and the owner of elegant leisure? Instead of an attic room in a boarding-house, had she not given him a home of luxury and beauty of which he was the head, and given him, moreover, the consideration from all the world which follows such possession? But though this thought flashed through her consciousness, she would have spurned herself had she dwelt on it. The love that she had given him was more than all that. Had she not lavished on him the devotion that men receive only from faithful and adoring wives? Had she not poured out her very soul in serving him? Had she not made his life one long dream of pleasure and enjoyment of the things he loved? And now when, in trying to save the life of the one he set before her, she received a disfigurement outdoing all that nature had done, instead of a cry of suffering because of her suffering, instead of a caress, a pitying touch, a soothing word, this, "Well, you have done it now!" And then she did spurn herself that she could be so small as for a moment to think of these trifling gifts of hers, trifling beside the life he had given her, trifling beside the sacrifice of the life she had accepted from him, shutting him out forever from the love that now she knew his soul longed for. She only turned her face to the wall and groaned.

But the physician was not so disheartening as Roger. "It is rough surgery," said the old doctor, "but it is efficient. If the teeth had been removed for you some dozen years ago or so, it would have made a great difference. Judicious extraction below and clamps worn for a time to spread the teeth

above, would have brought the right ones opposite each other and overcome this projection. Now we shall fill these gaps in a straight line, by something the same method. Give us time, and there will not be a prettier mouth in all New York."

"It isn't possible!" said Agnes, smiling in spite of her misery. "The days of miracles are over."

"Not in surgery," said the good physician. "They have just begun. And now a little chloroform, and—this nose—it may not be so hopeless as it looks. There was not much of any bridge before—it would not be at all surprising now if a bony process formed under the blow and made us quite a nose of it."

"You are going to transform me, doctor," she cried, almost gaily. "It will be the 'De-formed Transformed' again!" But she submitted to his directions. She would have been burned alive, could she have arisen from the ashes as fair as Thurza was.

Of course, while Agnes lay in her room with her clamps and her bandages and her pain, there was a long season in which Roger did as he pleased with his time. He came in before dinner every day, and sat down in the dim chamber, and held her hand, and pitied her a little, and told her the gossip of the day. She knew, by its tone, whether or not it came from Thurza. And whether it did or not, she knew that water could sooner stop running down hill than he could keep away from her and all her charms. And when fever and delirium set in, what phantasmagorias of yellow-haired devils flitted mockingly about her, what scorn and disgust and hate shone from these dark eyes that surely were not Roger's eyes! It was not easy for her, that time gone by and the mind clear again, to separate the false from the true, the real thing from the vagary. Trying to curb her anxiety, blaming herself for being so despicable as to be anxious, burning freshly with the old resentment,

giving way then to the torrent of her grief, she went from heat to heat of horror and suspense and shame and sorrow. Fast and loose, blow hot and blow cold—it is the way that nerves are tortured to death. And then she began to long for rest. "If he would only say the word outright, it would be better than this waiting and holding the breath," she thought. "If he would only say he loved her, he always had loved her, and let me go away and hide my head, I could perhaps endure it. But this contaminating suspicion will drive me wild, this repentance of it, this anger with him when I love him so, this agony of my love! If only I could die and set him free!"

But although she would so gladly have died and set him free, the bitterness of it all was unbearable—the bitterness of the thought that he could only hail her death as a release, that it would only be the destruction of one of the barriers between him and Thurza—Thurza, who had no scruples and would not hesitate to free herself from Ottendorfer the moment she saw the way clear to Roger! And then the thought of abandoning Roger to companionship with her, Roger who had had high ideals, whose standards had been daily growing loftier, and who could then only sink to the level of her abasement—turn which way she would in her thoughts, the outcome seemed only madness.

She went downstairs after a while, fearing to let the house stay longer as cheerless to Roger as any empty house must be, resolved to believe that all her forebodings had been but sick fancies, to have faith in Roger, never to allow herself another doubt, no matter what happened. She nerved herself to see the friends who had not forgotten her in her seclusion, but had left flowers and messages and tender offices of service every day.

One evening she was in the dining-room alone when Roger came in. It was twilight, and fresh coal had just been put on the fire. Agnes went to the piano, and began to play softly the last thing she had practised with her teacher before the accident; a simple little thing, but in her desire to do it well and surprise her husband she stumbled and had to pick her way. When she turned the flames had burst forth and dyed the room in rosy bloom.

"Oh, isn't that pleasant!" she exclaimed cheerfully.

"Which?" he asked dryly. "The fire or the music?"

She went and sat down by the fire, adjusting the bandage she still wore across her face.

"If it only were Mr. Higginbotham's veil," she mused bitterly, half under her breath.

"I wish to God it were!" he answered her in the same tone.

For a moment the room whirled about her, and then she thought she must leave it. But she sat still, holding her fan before her—the housemaid coming in and lighting the candles.

"I am thinking of a journey to New Orleans and the Mardi-Gras," said her husband.

Mr. Burton had been in that day, and had told Agnes that Mr. Ottendorfer had sent for his wife to meet him there.

"Do you think you had better, Roger?" she asked gently.

"I do not think about it. I shall go," he said shortly. "I shall have my account in four days of pleasure, at any rate—of all the pleasure I ever had in my life!"

"Is it so?" she said.

"I was with Thurza to-day," he suddenly burst forth, after a moment's silence, "when Mr. Ottendorfer's brutal message came. Some kind fool had been making mischief as usual. And in her alarm and consternation and distress, she confessed to me her wretchedness, her knowledge of the mistake she had made, her consciousness that the poverty in the attic, which was all I had to offer to her, was both—"

"No. Do not go on," said Agnes, still gently, rising and coming to his side. "Do not forget that you are speaking to your wife."

"I am not likely to forget it!" he cried, and his head fell forward into his hands with a smothered groan.

"Roger," she cried presently, putting down all remembrance of herself, "it is very hard for you. It is very cruel for you. But we cannot help ourselves now. Suppose we try again to go away somewhere, together, alone, into new scenes."

He did not seem to hear her.

"Perhaps," she continued, "with other people about us, with other surroundings, with no constant companions but ourselves, you may find life pleasant again—"

"Life pleasant again," he groaned; and he lifted his head and surveyed her. "Life pleasant, with you—you—you object!"

She uttered a low cry, as she staggered and caught the chair for support. But he neither heard nor heeded her as he got out of the place.

He came into her room the next morning. The worst was over for him.

"I will send my lawyer to you," he said coldly, drawing on his gloves, "to make all necessary arrangements for the divorce—"

"There can be no divorce," she answered, from the depths of the pillows where she lay with cloths upon her head. "Go where you will, stay where you will, choose separation as wide as the east is from the west—separation there can be—but you know well that I hold divorce impossible; that there is no such thing as divorce; that I can never help you to it. Besides, Roger"—and her voice sounded as if it came from a tomb—"if you ever loved me at all—as I think you did—one day you will come back to me. You cannot long care for a woman who will stoop to crime for your sake—and Thurza Ottendorfer's divorce would be as much a crime as her marriage."

It was a curse that answered her as the door shut.

When Roger called at Mrs. Ottendorfer's door, later in the morning, the familiar servant, opening it but a crack, refused admission on account of her sudden and mysterious illness, and with a look of horror whispered to him his suspicion of the nature of the illness and his own intention to leave at once.

It was the time of a singular instance of the blindness of retributive justice. The government, in all its might, had bared the sword and slaughtered a tribe of Indians not long before; and the buffalo robes and other peltry of the tribe had been brought to the East and sold, whether by private soldiers or by whom one knows not. It had been the passing passion to have a specimen of those thick fluffy skins, for the feet, before one's chair, and Thurza had never been last in any fashion. The tribe had, the year

before, been decimated by the small-pox. Mr. Ottendorfer had been telegraphed, and he was on his way to his sick wife, post-haste.

Roger went home and waited. He brushed by Agnes in the hall, a button of his coat catching in her fringes; but he did not seem to see her. She went to her room and remained there, but he did not ask for her, and she could not summon courage to meet him unasked. He waited a week; another; and then one day the doctor met him coming in.

"Your wife has the epidemic," he said. "I suppose we may as well call it that now. Your own protection appears to be sufficient, as you doubtless brought it to her from Mrs. Ottendorfer's door. It is of a virulent and highly contagious type this year."

Roger still waited; his wife had all fit attendance—he was not waiting for her; another week, and one more. And then one day, going his usual blind round, he saw Thurza at the window, instantly retreating. Thurza—that blight, that blur, that ruin! The same day Roger sailed for Europe; and it must have been all of a half-dozen years before his wife saw him again.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" cried Agnes, when she found what ailed her. "Is there any more misfortune that can befall me!" But presently she said to herself that it did not matter, it could not; nothing could make her any more hideous than she was already! And since all this had come to pass, since she had endured these fires of hope and these rigors of suspense, these chills of despair; since she had been so long in an atmosphere of wild inner commotion; since she had compassed the sorrows of a lifetime in her few years; since she had lost him, since that other, that debasing woman, had won him; since all this dreadful happening, what did it matter, what did anything matter! She had longed so long for rest. And now, perhaps she could die.

But she did not die. She had the shocking illness in its worst form; but the vigor of her constitution was enormous. "Now, my dear," said the old doctor when she was again about, "I am going to tell you some-

thing. This disease, through whose fires you have come, is to some folks a blessing in disguise. It gives them a new skin. I have taken immense care, and you have been very obedient, and there is not a pit upon your face. Do not look in the glass for two years—a long time for a lady, is it not? And when you do, you will not know yourself!"

"The 'Deformed Transformed' again?" said Agnes, with her bitter laugh. "Do you see that curtain over the mirror, doctor? It is more than two years now since I looked in the glass at all. Cosine attends to all that for me." There was, indeed, but one mirror left in the drawing-room, and she had long kept out of the way of that, not to be reminded more than need be of the truth.

She had lost all her hair in this sickness; but it grew out again with a marvelous rapidity; one day a lock of it blew into her eyes, and she saw that it was white.

"Is my hair gray?" she cried, in a fresh terror, to Cosine.

"Quite silver gray, dear madame," said Cosine. "But so thick, so massive, in such rings!"

"Well, what does it matter?" she said again, merely adding this to all the rest of her griefs. "If only my eyes did not feel so queerly—"

"Madame has brows and lashes growing," said Cosine, "which accounts for that. Only, that which is strange, when the hair is white, they are very dark—just a pencil for the brows—but the lashes long and thick and curling, from such white lids!"

"You are very kind, Cosine. You mean to be," she said. "But it is of no use, you know, to talk to me so. My eyelids are as pink as ferrets' eyes."

"That is all gone with the disease that the good doctor said was to give madame a new skin," said Cosine. "And as for the eyelashes and brows, one would say they had been always there, waiting to escape."

Then Agnes rose and swept the silken shield aside from the mirror. Yes; the hair was white enough, white as if with the hoar frost of age. She wished to heaven it was the frost of age, and she so much nearer to the longed-for end of all. And there was the penciling of brow, the shadow and

curl of lashes. But the skin—the new skin! It was a surface of red-and-white blotches—perhaps no pit—but one disgusting mass of horrid mottling. "Oh, they call heaven kind, they call it merciful, Cosine," she cried. "What kindness, what mercy has it shown to me? I never knew it made human beings so!" And the tragedy of her life was in the gesture with which she dropped the curtain and looked in the glass no more.

But she must have something to fill her time, occupy the intolerable loneliness, and prevent thought; and so she spent a large portion of her day in active charities. For the rest she was doing fairly well in her music, and so continued to pursue it; and she began to find a comfort and pleasure in it she had hardly dreamed of, as her voice opened and ripened under the care of an ancient *prima donna* who was her friend. She got through the days sometimes well enough. But it was in the nights, the long and lonely nights, when darkness and desolation seemed to share the world, and one could not believe that morning would ever come, that the seas of trouble rose around her. Where was Roger? What was he doing? Had he gone to ruin? Did he hate her still? Did he ever think of her at all? Was he yet as unspeakably wretched? Sometimes the pain grew fierce and insupportable. If she could only see him for one moment, for one moment touch his hand, his hair, she could bear it. And at another time she would writhe in as sharp a fire with contempt that she could have wasted herself, would still waste herself, and what she knew to be the wealth of her nature, on so pitiful an object as a man capable of all that he had not shrunk from.

When two or three years had passed Mrs. Mayer came out of her seclusion and again mingled with the world; not that she had the least desire to do so, but that the Burtons, and the Candishes, and her other intimates gave her no peace till she did. She carried herself with a dignity that would have been majesty but for the great womanly gentleness, as if she felt the crown of her white hair. She wondered at herself for beginning to round out in shape in a certain easy development, she who had been thin to emacia-

tion, who ought to be so now out of respect to past suffering—past!—it was suffering no longer. Only now and then, when she saw a happy husband and wife together, a shiver seized her, and a pang at something meeting a sense of vacancy, yet not of pain. She maintained an inviolate silence concerning the past, and no soul heard her mention her husband's name. When people who did not care whether he were alive or dead chanced to inquire for his health, she thanked them and believed he was quite well—she had reason to believe so, knowing that he drew his remittances from his banker with regularity. She pursued her charities and gave herself to her music with an increasing ardor. She often met Thurza—Thurza who had not escaped triumphantly as she had done, but whose face had been cruelly marred, and who, the mother of two or three children, had broken down in health and regained it only a wreck, with no trace of the old beauty. Somehow, Agnes felt that were Thurza still the thing of splendor she used to be, it would not give her one thrill to look her in the face—but now this inane, vapid, whining and disfigured woman! she forgot her existence sometimes till again coming across her.

There began slowly to creep into her life a certain enjoyment of it. She went where she would; she had whom she wished about her; if a fancy seized her to see Niagara raging in his icy fetters and building a world of wonder with his frozen spray, she took her car and her friends along; if she felt like having softly slumberous nights, rocking far out on summer seas beneath the stars, her yacht was waiting for her; her opera-box was as much her friends as hers; the diva of the season now, as always before, sang in her parlors; no stranger of distinction but presently brought letters to her; no scene of pleasure seemed to feel itself complete without her. She recognized all this in a pleased sort of way. She knew people loved her; that was all right; they ought to do so—she loved them. She knew nothing of the miraculous change that had been wrought in her appearance both by those years that often turn a plain girl into a lovely middle-aged woman, by the doctor's facial surgery, and by the disease which, marring so many, had in her case only lifted the old cruel mask

away from her and let the inner beauty shine out, making new lines and curves with its free expression. She had never looked into the glass since the day she dropped the curtain over the blotched and mottled image in its pitiless depths!

It was the night of her thirty-second birthday, and at Rose Candish's instance she gave a little *fête* in its honor, without telling all the world what it was they celebrated. Cosine had dressed her as she had ordered—something blue, pale, with pearls and lace. "If one is not lovely one's self, one's dress can be."

"Alas," sighed Cosine, when the last touch was given, "if madame would but look in the glass!"

"What is the use, Cosine, of renewing the old pain? Just now I forget about it. But if I looked, it might hurt me again."

People were already assembling when a gentleman drove to the door, and would have let himself in by his pass-key had it not opened. His man followed him with his box. He expected, apparently, to find his rooms as he had left them; if they were not, he could but retrace his steps. What induced him to go there he could hardly have told; perhaps old habit merely. A matter of business was all that had brought him back. He had a kindly sensation toward his wife, nothing else; a recognition of her gentle, sacrificial spirit; a tender memory, more of happy early days, before Thurza had cried havoc, than of Agnes herself. Doubtless, he reasoned, it would be better for her, and she would prefer that he should appear at home in her house.

There seemed to be something festive going on—it did not exactly please him. Perhaps he looked to find Agnes still crying by the fire. He dressed carefully, and descended. One and another greeted him as the master of the house; but he nowhere saw Agnes. Some people whom he saw he had forgotten; he did not believe he had forgotten her. He saw Mrs. Ottendorfer—and went into the wine-room for a reviving glass of champagne. He had long ago congratulated himself that his old passion for Thurza was dead—but powers of air! Thurza herself was dead, and this was her remains walking about above ground!

He went into the smoking-room beyond

and sat there an hour with one or two old acquaintances who turned up, and seemed to be felicitating him on his return with ardor. Then there was a sound of music, and one and another rose and followed it. "Is it the new singer?" one asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "It is Mrs. Mayer herself. Not a great voice, but ineffably sweet, and with a soul in the singing that great voices do not always have." He stood just without the door, and listened. Was it possible he heard his wife? Was that clear, reedy warble the voice of Agnes? Why had she never sung this way to him? Why had she not cultivated the power before? A woman with such a voice could keep any heart once gained. How sweet, how sympathetic, how delicious! Only a slender voice, perhaps, but an angel might sing with it! Ah! If one did not have to shut his eyes to hear her sing! Somehow, he hesitated a little now, as he had not at first, to meet her before all the people. A movement of those behind forced him forward. Pshaw! this lady in the pale-blue and pearls, just laying down her music, was not much like Agnes. By the way, who was she? There was a little trick of manner, of carriage, that was familiar, a movement of the hand, the head. Great heavens! who was she? Could that be—no—no—it was impossible it should be Agnes! And then he heard her speak, saw her smile, saw her color change, and the blood swept over him from head to foot in a hot glow. A wild sense of possession smote him with a shock of joy, and like the spark struck when two clouds are met, a burst of longing to take her in his arms hurried his heart till it shook his frame and thickened his breath.

It was at that moment that Agnes, lifting her eyes, rested them unconsciously on the mirror. It was the only mirror in the room, for the others had long been replaced by paintings; she had always known how to elude it, as long habit had taught her to elude other mirrors; but an unusual noise behind it attracted her, and then the picture in it fastened her eye—a tall and stately woman of a perfect shape, wrapped in the blue and silver gleam of satin and wearing a shimmer of pearls—a skin like milk and roses, short, thick love-locks of silver hair curling about the snow-white forehead

and contrasting with dark brows and lashes and shadowy eyes, contrasting with the brilliant youthful bloom upon the outline that, like the piquant nose, owed so much to the good old doctor's surgery, and irradiating all, a heartsome smile not yet faded that showed teeth set white and regular as seed-pearls between sweet, full and wholesome lips—if the picture were not positively beautiful, it was magnetically attractive, and the man to whom it belonged might well say, as Roger, all in a daze, was saying now between his teeth, "It is mine! It is mine!"

But as Agnes's eyes rested on this picture, she did not, in the first instant, think of herself; she turned to see what woman was behind her. "Do you mean to say," then she began, with a start, before she bethought herself, bending forward and again transfixed. And as she did so, the mirror cracked from side to side, and the great, broken sheets were falling from the frame. There had been a salute of some sort fired in the neighboring park that day, and the vibration had broken it then, and some movement—perhaps the thrill of her own voice—had set it free now. "It ought to break," she thought, "for telling such a lie! The only glass I have fairly looked into for years—I suppose that was enough to break it!"

There was nobody very much hurt, but several were badly frightened; and it was not long before people began to call their carriages and go away. When the last had gone, Agnes summoned the servants to remove the cumbrous fragments of the mirror and the broken particles; and then she went down the room to get the fan she had left on a table in the last alcove, where she had been talking with Mr. Burton before she sang. Someone was sitting in the alcove, and rose to meet her. She recoiled with a shock. "Roger is dead," she thought, "and this is the way I learn of it. Strange that he should come, of all the world, to me!"

"Have you forgotten me, Agnes?" he said, and he held out his arms to her. The movement reassured her.

"No, Roger," she said, in clear, distinct tones, "I have forgotten nothing."

"Nor forgiven!" he cried.

"There is no occasion for forgiveness," she said coldly.

If she had spoken less coldly would it have made any difference? As he looked at her he cursed himself, his folly, his blindness! She seemed the one fair woman of the world to him. All the affection of the first happy years of marriage rose in his heart as it used to be, and with it a new wild passion for this new woman in her beauty, in her silence, surged over him like a flame. "Oh, Agnes!" he cried. "Listen to me, for I love you! I have come back to you. You have my fate in your hands!" And then it seemed to him as though all this had happened long ago, and he had been trying to live without her and had failed. "I cannot live without you!" was what he said, as she had heard him say years since. "I cannot stay away from you. I will die if you forbid me!"

"If I forbid you what?" she asked, as chill as before.

"To love you!" he cried passionately.

"Love whom you please," she said. "It does not concern me now. Once it could break my heart!" she said with bitter memory. "But now—so you expect me—me!—still to love *you*?"

"Agnes!"

It seemed to her that she had heard that cry before—the cry of a creature wounded to death.

"It is impossible," she answered it. "Once I loved you as wife never loved husband, and you burned the love to ashes in cruel, torturing fires. If you wish to remain in this house, you are its master still. I am willing, for the sake of the world, for the sake of society, to appear as if all were as it should be between a husband and wife. But as for loving you, Roger—no, I do not even hate you—I do not pity you—I am as indifferent as the idlest wind that blows, and I always shall be. Love you? No. That nerve has ached out!"

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

A FARMER'S SORROW.

The clouds look low and heavy, as if there would be rain;
It always means bad weather when you hear the brook so plain.
The wet won't make much trouble now, for all the crops are in,
And yet I somehow hate to see the long fall rains begin.

I couldn't sense the half I read, the air is close and still,
If I were young as once I was, I'd go up on the hill.
It isn't as it used to be when I could come and go,
And keep upon my feet all day, now I am stiff and slow.

There's nothin' in the paper; you can take it if you choose;
I can't make head nor tail of half they nowadays call news.
I use to think the *Farmer* was head of all the rest;
'Twas full of solid common sense; I tell you that's the best!

What does a plain, old-fashioned man care whether stocks go down?
My stock is all four-footed!—but 'twill please the folks in town.
Here's new machines preached every week, to help the folks that sell;
And fashions for the women folks, and other trash as well.

'Twas readin' all this nonsense here, in winter by the fire,
That made my boy get notions of the schools and climbin' higher.
It used to be so snug and warm a stormy winter's night,
With snow-clicks at the windows, and the roarin' fire for light.

But there he set, all doubled up, a-storin' this away :
Readin' and readin' till I said 'twas more like toil than play ;
Readin' and readin' till I found he couldn't work a stroke,
And couldn't hold the plough an hour, or hardly lift a yoke.

It stole his mind from farmin', and he run up tall and thin :
I fought him hard enough at first, but afterward gave in.
They got the minister to come, his mother took his part,
Until I let them have their way, although it broke my heart.

'Twas well enough for them to talk, and I wan't going to fight ;
And then my mind got so distressed, I couldn't sleep at night.
Folks talk of edication as if the Latin showed
A farmer how to cast accounts or how to stack a load.

But, as I say, I had to cope with mother and with Dan,
And then they got the minister, a good, well-meanin' man.
And Dan, he said, must have his chance, and pretty soon I see
The book fools and the women folks would be too much for me.

So Dan he got his schoolin', and never no complaint ;
When I give in I don't take back, but 'twould have tried a saint !
I never knew the crops to fail as fail they did those years,
Or money be so hard to get, and I was full of fears.

I never grumbled at his bills, but paid them one by one ;
And when the boy came home again with all his schoolin' done,
I couldn't ask him out a-field or let him do a stroke,
He looked just a white-skinned birch, and I felt like an oak.

But that was twenty year ago, and here we be to-day,
And I've got old and stiff, you see, and what was once like play
I have to hire strange folks to do, or else must let alone—
Silas is willin', wants to work, but he's a boy half-grown.

Now, he's the kind of lad I like ; his cheeks look bright and warm ;
If I could have my may, I know, I'd let him have the farm.
Although he's but a cousin's son, he does seem near to me—
Yes, nearer, I must say it straight—than Dan could ever be.

Dan's a professor, and they say he knows as much as most—
But he don't know, and never will how much his learnin' cost.
'Twas him that should have had the place ; 'twas father's 'fore 'twas mine.
I'd like to kep' it in the name ; but I ain't goin' to whine.

Mother she's had it pretty hard ; we needed Dan, that's true ;
And I would keep him right at home if I began life new.
Farmin's the honest work of men ; if other folks must thrive,
Some of us ought to stay at home and keep the farms alive.

Dan's kind of disappointed—he sees he ain't the first ;
There wan't the makings of the best, and yet he ain't the worst.
They call him a good scholar ; but there's much he's learned in vain,
If he don't think he'd farm it, if he could start again.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

OUR FORESTS AND TREE LORE.

ONE of the most serious questions relating to the future of our country is that which concerns the alarming destruction of its native forests. Climate, soil, and its consequent fertility, are vitally dependent upon the extent of that vegetation which hangs upon the shoulders of Titanesque mountains in mantles of living green, and sweeps away in magnificent folds over vast bodies of Western giants. And we cannot look upon those forces which are stripping bare the flanks of these grand creatures, bringing droughts and changes in climate in the train of waste and destruction, without an interest amounting to alarm concerning the result.

Hitherto the American haste and American carelessness have obtained in regard to the natural productions of our common mother, and no consideration has been paid to resulting conditions. The sterile wastes of Africa and Asia, and the dreary steppes of Siberia have been looked upon as desolate blots upon the surface of the earth, which have always existed and always shall exist. De Lesseps' project to convert a portion of the Great African Desert into an immense sea by means of a canal, through which fertility will return in the wake of perennial rains, caused by evaporation aided by tree-planting, has awakened new interest in this most important subject, and through this means may one day be reclaimed the waste lands of all countries. The alkaline deserts, which stretch so monotonously on the verge of the western horizon, will very probably be converted into inland lakes, on whose banks flowers shall smile and verdure wave.

But all these plans are the work of ages to fully consummate, since it takes a century to raise a single growth of hard-wood timber. The problem still remains how to preserve that which is disappearing daily under the deadly axe and still more deadly fire, so that a great portion of our country may not revert to desert land, unfit for agricultural pursuits, and even for tenancy by man.

It is true that in any section too thickly covered with timber the climate is rendered damp and unhealthy by excessive rainfalls. But the opposite extreme is adjusted with infinitely more difficulty, since it is easier to diminish an excess than to supply a deficiency, especially when the latter requires large periods of time and great labor. This has been recognized on the Continent, in England and in her Indian possessions. Since the time of Henry VIII. forestry laws have been in operation, mainly in that early day, however, for the preservation of game preserves and hunting-grounds for the sovereign and the nobility. To-day no country has wiser laws or pays more regard to its forests than England, and in no other is rural life held in such high estimation.

France is not far behind in wise care of its trees. The basis of all subsequent forest legislation in Europe was a Frenchman's ordinance—that of Colbert, the wise minister who pointed out to Louis XIV. the danger menacing the country through the destruction of its great forests. His saying, "*France perira faute des Bois!*" became a proverb with the people, who were awakened from the ruin they were making of the country, and who, from that time, have intelligently protected their trees. Tree-planting along the public roads of France is now strictly enforced, and, at the present time, of the 18,750 miles of public roads, 7,250 are bordered with trees, and 4,500 miles are being planted this year. There are nearly three millions of young trees growing along the highways, and within another century the waste of past ages will be restored.

The evil from which France suffered in the seventeenth century our country is enduring to-day, and it will require prompt measures to correct it. Our apparently limitless territory, studded over with forests, has made us profligate even to wastefulness, and we have been in danger of entirely destroying the greatest of our heritages.

In Prussia and Germany the laws relating to forestry exhibit the wisest forethought on the part of the government, and the

people sustain it in every effort to preserve what other generations had well-nigh deprived them of. These nations set us an example which it would be wise to consider. Their laws have given rise to a large system of tree-planting, thinning and preserving, and also to an enormous literature regarding arboriculture and cognate subjects. Millions of trees are annually set out, examined and transplanted, and great rainfalls and droughts are obviated, while malaria from both causes is greatly diminished. The ill results of the old, denuding process are rapidly disappearing, showing that Nature's capillary clothing must be respected, for utilitarian as well as sentimental reasons.

In the United States the general fashion of extravagance prevailing in respect to forests is largely due to ignorance. Only lately has the scientific man impressed upon him of average intelligence the necessity of tree preservation, and the desirability of using other materials than lumber for many purposes in which wood was formerly considered indispensable. The wakening anxiety in regard to forestry culminated, a little more than a year ago, in the formation of what was denominated a forestry congress, of which Professor Loring, of the Agricultural Department, was elected chairman. Following their interesting sessions were the dissemination of much information in regard to arboriculture in the United States, and the inception of village and country societies for the purpose of tree-planting.

Previous to this, however, the tenth census of the United States took in hand the work of collecting full statistics in regard to American forests. To Gen. F. A. Walker, Superintendent of the Census Bureau, the credit is due of installing and directing the immense labor involved in such an enterprise. With the aid of Charles S. Sargent, Professor of Arboriculture at Harvard University, he has admirably carried out the work. The unsettled portions of the United States are divided into eight districts, each of which was placed under the care of a special agent. These agents traversed the great tracts of timber land from Maine to Oregon—tracts, unhappily, which are rapidly being decimated by many causes.

They gathered information regarding the

different species of trees, their distribution, specific gravity, heat-producing qualities, and particularly directed attention to the best kinds to be planted in certain destitute localities. It seems by their reports that we are confronting a subject as interesting as it is momentous. The majority of people seem not to appreciate the wealth that trees represent; but a glance at the recent report of the Commissioner of Agriculture will convince the most indifferent that our best property, after land, are trees. The total value of the forest products of the United States for the present census year is estimated at \$700,000,000; in other words, they are ten times the value of the gold and silver of which we make so much account, and three times the value of the precious minerals, and the coal and other minerals combined. This, too, at no other cost than getting it to the most convenient market.

These forests which we are so busily cutting away were here when the country was taken possession of by the white man. In another century, at the present rate of destruction, the people will suffer for the want of what we have so heedlessly destroyed.

The chief enemies of forests are fires, kindled by railroad locomotives, hunters, trappers and Indians. Lumber mills are the next most destructive agencies at work; makers of railroad ties, fence timber, telegraph poles, implement handles and frames closely follow. Then there are manufactories for cooperage, wooden-ware, dye-stuffs, and matches. The burning of bricks alone consumes yearly 3,000,000 cords of wood.

In view of these facts, American inventive genius has taxed itself to devise substitutes for wood, but until very recently there has been no effort made to replenish the destroyed forests; yet we have only to look at other countries which have wasted their forests to readily inform ourselves as to the evils that follow the course we have pursued.

Thirty years ago, says the French journal, *Revue des Eaux et Forêts*, the Khanate of Bucharia was one of the most fertile regions of Central Asia, well wooded, and watered as a terrestrial paradise. But within the last twenty-five years a mania of clearing has seized upon the inhabitants, and all the great forests have been cut

away, and the little that remained was ravaged by fire during a civil war. The consequences were not long in following, and have transformed this country into a kind of arid desert. The watercourses are dried up, and the irrigating canals empty. The moving sands of the desert being no longer restrained by barriers of forests, are every day gaining upon the land, and will finish by transforming it into a desert as desolate as the solitudes that separate it from Khiva.

A longer time than a quarter of a century would be required to put our country into a condition akin to this, for in no region of the world is there a greater variety of trees than in the United States. In no other land are the forests of equal grandeur, and this reason alone, it would seem, should have protected them from the destroying instincts of man.

The forests of California, for instance, are unsurpassed in respect to size and beauty, and the great trees of that State for a few years after their discovery attracted special attention; but finally they ceased to be a novelty, and now are mentioned under the commonplace name of "redwood." It is a misfortune that these wonders of the vegetable world were not promptly and appropriately named. An Englishman, in the pride of patriotic suggestion, called the species the "*Wellingtonia Gigantica*," and so it is likely that the grandest tree that ever adorned the globe will for scientific purposes be tacked on to the reputation of a military commander. This great tree is peculiar to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California, and it cannot be found in any other section of the country. The basin, or location where it flourishes in all its pristine glory, was evidently once a lake, the water of which was finally choked up by the rich washings of the surrounding mountains, yet retaining a natural dampness, as well as many defined sheets of water. Under such favorable circumstances the seeds of the largest trees were probably planted thousands of years ago, and yet have only reached perfection within the last two or three centuries. Large trees have existed in every age and have been admired by all races. The cedars of Lebanon, for instance, are famous the world over, and re-

ceive as much tribute to-day as in the time of Solomon. Tree lore is of growing interest in this country, and we shall doubtless, in time, take as much pride in our great trees as does the mother country. England boasts most of her famous trees. She has many and deservedly renowned monarchs of the forests, one of the oldest of which is the Tortworth Spanish chestnut, in Gloucestershire, which bears an inscription to the effect that King John held a parliament beneath it. This tree is nineteen yards in compass, and is evidently several trees incorporated together. The yews at Fountains Abbey, on Kingley Bottom, near Chichester, and the Fortingal yew in Scotland, are others among many trees of great size in that kingdom.

With few exceptions the celebrated among trees are the result of some unusual conjoining of many trunks in one body, but the redwood of California is remarkable for its solitariness of growth. Though consorting in groups, each stands at a respectful distance from its neighbor, and is never crowded and thus deprived of the perfect enjoyment of air and sunshine. Each individual specimen, therefore, is disconnected from any surroundings—a solitary column of masterly perfection, produced by the fullest play of the elements. The best specimens reach an altitude of one hundred and sixty feet higher than Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, and two hundred and thirty feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument. The spire of St. Peter's and the capstones of the Pyramids, if surrounded by a park of the redwood of California, would be overtopped and hidden from sight in their emerald tops.

To the Egyptians who were so fond of magnitude, a specimen of one of these trees towering above the dead level of the Delta of the Nile would have been worshiped as a god. Standing by the ruins of one of these heaven-reaching columns of the New World, and casting the eye along the remains of a great trunk, which from age or storm was centuries ago prostrated on the earth, and discovering, by actual measurement, that it is four hundred and fifty feet from the roots to the indication of the first branch, one instinctively feels that here is a vegetation

that belittles the giants of Karnak, and upsets all our preconceived ideas of size, which rest on comparison and familiar association.

Many trees in Europe have justly been celebrated from immemorial times. Xerxes, when he invaded Greece, stopped his immense army for several days, that he might admire a tree he saw by the roadside. He pronounced it his mistress and his goddess, and not only adorned it with jewels, but ordered a medal of gold to be struck with its form engraved thereon. Francis I., in harmony with the extravagant admiration of the Persian monarch, caused an oak, of which he was enamored, to be most expensively immured "that no one should see and appreciate its beauties but himself." Napoleon, with as great a spirit of admiration for a tree and greater wisdom and unselfishness, bent the road he was having built between Lake Maggiore and Milan in a straight line, that a grand cypress tree near Somma might be spared. These and countless other incidents of a like nature that might be quoted, show that there has existed a reverence for remarkable trees in all countries in all ages.

The average American mind, instead of being inspired with admiration and veneration, is seized with destructiveness upon seeing "an immense child of the forest." The first impulse seems to be to cut down from mere wantonness that which nature has so patiently and slowly reared. Some years ago, when descriptions of the redwood trees were first published, the accounts so wrought upon one Applebee that he armed himself with wagons and axes, and upon sight assaulted one of the noblest specimens of the group, and he never ceased his labor or "enterprise" until he exhibited a section in New York, at twenty-five cents a head. Visitors paid their money to see the "remains," and were comforted with the assurance of the "spirited proprietor," that the speculation "did not pay," and also with the novel sight of witnessing a delicately long green branch, rooting in the thick bark, with its pale, sappy foliage, that had been warmed into life by the artificial heat from an adjoining stove. It was the first, and most likely will be the only specimen of the budding and growth of a sprig of one of

those gigantic trees of California, on the Atlantic coast.

The redwood, since that time, has become familiar to thousands of Eastern people, for it is scattered throughout the Sierra Nevada Mountains, or at least trees of moderate size, which offer to commerce a similar kind of valuable product, are not infrequent, and a business is created by which the hardy pioneers and their patient oxen gain a livelihood. The texture of the wood is light and straight-grained. To a man who wields the American axe with power, it is a source of pleasure to drive the formidable weapon into the yielding substance. An expert has been known to split a section of a limb twenty feet in length, its entire distance, by a single blow. Yet the redwood has the joint merits of the pine and cedar, and is more indestructible to the influence of time and the elements than the "heart of oak." When it is first cut it is of a light clear color, but in the course of time it assumes a reddish or mahogany hue, evidently the result of some chemical action of the atmosphere on the sap contained in the fibre.

The superior merits of the wood will one day make it an article of commerce. But California has not yet arrived at that age when its buildings by its present population show the effects of time. In the future the redwood will achieve for itself a reputation, when used for domestic purposes, as famous as it now holds for its great antiquity and superior size.

Commercially, the wood that stands first in the markets of America is the pine. It is exported in immense quantities and is used for furniture, building purposes, fencing, and for the manufacture of many implements and utensils. It is found in its many varieties all over the country, and adorns the mountain ranges of every State in the Union. The greater number of people look upon the pine as an inferior tree, fit only for the commoner uses, and are unaware of the number and beauty of the varieties to be found throughout our own land.

The Atlantic States, from Maine to Georgia, are graced with the presence of the pine, and North Carolina, particularly, is flowered over with nearly every variety of this exquisite tree. This State possesses

remarkable forests. In its limits are 40,000 square miles of woodland which have never known the axe. There are nineteen varieties of oak and eight of pine growing side by side on her mountains, while spruce, elm, birch, walnut, maple, hickory and magnolia trees share the breast of the mountains with them. On the Old Bald Mountain are cherry trees towering straight as masts full seventy feet high before throwing out a single branch. Purling streams run down the mountain refreshing the brilliant rhododendrons, that flower beneath the shade of the great trees over them. All along the Appalachian chain, from the far North to Georgia, are a vast variety of forests, grand to behold and of great value. Not even in the tropical regions is there such richness in trees as are to be found on this chain of mountains. Mantled in forests to the top of every peak, the heart of the Alleghanies is as picturesque and beautiful a region as is to be found on the continent. The swamp lands at the base of the great hills are rich in successive generations of timber which lie buried in good state of preservation and ready to be exhumed. The brilliancy of coloring which the forests of the Alleghanies presents, and, indeed, which is true of American forests generally, is due to the dry climate. Such splendor of hues is unknown in Europe. Foreigners in this country pronounce the beauty of our autumnal foliage unequaled in the world.

But the pines of North Carolina are its chief pride. They are world-famous for one reason, because of the healing qualities found in their midst, and are in consequence a source of revenue to the State. Consumptives seek the pine wilderness, there to breathe the odor of pitch and tar and sleep under the delicate canopy of green as dry and warm as in their beds at home. The influence of the pine over the human heart has never been fully realized. The Norwegians and Goths, who infused into the degradation and dissoluteness of Southern Europe their purer imagination and higher morality, lived their strong, happy lives in a region of pines and carried into towns and villages the fresh vigor and greater love of nature gained in contact with the trees and the ocean.

The gathering together of people in great numbers in cities is a calamity, and with a wider diffusion of knowledge relating to rural life will come a better appreciation of the country and the blessings it brings to the physical as to the spiritual man. We have been busy destroying the forests and building towns, and on the plan of the old walled cities of Europe. But already this mistake is being corrected and tree-planting in cities is advocated. And as the people of the Old World are setting us the example, we shall soon be planting shade trees in all our cities. Among the arguments advanced in favor of this plan is the relief to the optic nerve through the eye resting on a green color. Weak eyes among the dwellers in cities is attributed to the absence of green foliage in our streets, and the scientists are favoring the presence of trees in all city thoroughfares.

We are a race of forest destroyers and are only induced to stop our practices when utilitarian arguments influence us against the practice. Gradually the sentimental side of the matter will command recognition and people will outgrow their murderous instinct toward trees. They will learn to love them and delight to dwell among them. Just as the consumptive loves the pines and is grateful to them, so will all become through a larger development than we yet possess. What friends to man they are! And how beneficent is their silent presence among us, standing, sentinel-like, a protecting phalanx to shelter and bless those who love and reverence them and are child-like enough to rest in the depths of their solitudes.

Is it not Ruskin who says, "a right appreciation and admiration for trees is a nearly perfect test of our being in right temper of mind and way of life; so that no one can be far wrong in either who loves the trees." And it is Ruskin who describes the pine in these matchless words: "Other trees, tufting crag or hill yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever, without awe, stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its compa-

nies of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall in quiet multitude, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades not knowing each other—dumb forever. You cannot reach them; cannot cry to them—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride—unnumbered, unconquerable. Then note, further, their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge—so ragged they think the pine; whereas, its chief character in health is green and full roundness. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery, for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone and green carpet."

Not even with Turner, his beloved teacher, does he share his admiration of this tree. "Turner," he says, "has not entered into the spirit of the pine."

Keats, he claims, has put all that can be said about the pine in one verse, and in which he describes figurative pines that

"Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep."

Though few can write as does Ruskin, the subject of trees is one of extreme interest, and a knowledge of their lore is a delightful possession. Every country has been made famous or otherwise by its trees. India is rich in tree lore, and its religion, like that of many other nations, is largely associated

with trees. Milton speaks of the sacred fig-tree of India as

"Branching so broad along, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree a pillar's shade,
High overarched, with echoing walks between."

The bamboo-tree in Asia and the West Indies has made every region in which it grows a habitation for man, and it supplies comforts to the people of all countries. It is said that a famine was prevented in India in 1812 by the sudden flowering of the bamboo-trees, by which 50,000 people gathered food.

The papyrus-tree in Egypt, called the scholar's tree, because of its paper-like properties, and the traveler's tree of Madagascar, are trees which have made the lands they grow in familiar to all the world.

Equatorial Africa is the paradise of the sycamore-tree, which grows there to the size befitting the roof-tree of the world. Captain Cameron describes some specimens measuring fifty feet in girth. One tree he mentions, near the town of Khoko, which afforded shelter for five hundred people who encamped under its branches. Another tree of Central Africa, which has been in other ages worshiped as the "tree of life," is the Baobab, or monkey-bread tree, which is often found to measure thirty yards in the trunk. Its fruit is a small loaf which, after the leaves fall off, hangs suspended all around it. Its leaves are eaten by the natives, and monkeys live on its fruit. When the wood decays, the hollow places in the tree become reservoirs of rain, from which the people draw water in the dry season.

Man is most intimately associated with trees, and the greater epochs of history are connected with them. He has planted trees to symbolize growing freedom, and popularized revolutions by setting up trees of liberty, as in France during the Reign of Terror and in subsequent strifes.

Man's religious nature is also closely identified with trees. The Greeks worshiped the gods on Mount Olympus under broad-spreading boughs, and the Druids built their first temples of the branches of oak.

The "Light of Asia," the great Gautama Buddha, was born under the shade of lofty satin-trees; he found wisdom as he medi-

tated under a Bo-tree, and his death occurred under some Sal-trees.

The trees are dumb to us because we seek them, not in the spirit of companionship, and know them only in their utilitarian sense. To understand the trees aright, and know their varied language, we must go to them in the spirit expressed by Bryant, who sang:

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty."

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.



WHAT CAME OF A KIT OF MACKEREL.

IT is not often that a kit of mackerel has been made the theme of story or romance, nor is it in itself an object likely to excite æsthetic interest. But I claim for the kit of mackerel in question, that its story is so unique (with the added advantage of verity) that it is entitled to stand forever upon an eminence of historic importance in the bloodless annals of the war, clothed with a halo of romance never before or since attained unto by kit or by mackerel. Not that the "kit" was in itself any larger, stronger or superior in any respect to the average kit, nor that the mackerel imprisoned in its briny depths were worthier of immortal record than any other fish of kindred nature. Simply by accident of time and locality, must that kit of mackerel be numbered among the things of this world which have had greatness thrust upon them.

The events I am about to relate occurred in the year 1863—a year which must forever remain memorable in my recollection because of that kit of mackerel, and because it marks a period of revelation to the average Southern mind. By the stern logic of

events we became convinced that Southern chivalry was manufactured out of common clay, and not out of a sort of celestial porcelain, as some of us had fondly imagined, and that their arms were not invincible! The possibility of defeat was our revelation!

I was one of a family of five girls, all of us (principally by reason of locality and environment) fierce rebels, as a matter of course. Our mother was an invalided widow. We had neither father, brother, uncles nor male cousins, in consequence of which we out-Heroded Herod in our patriotic determination to send every man to the front, zealously bent upon urging them to make targets of themselves. It is instructive to observe the philosophic equanimity which one brings to bear upon the sorrows of one's best friends. Sustained by this very common species of stoicism, we bore the trial of seeing other folks' kin enlist in the army with Spartan fortitude. Even at this remote period, I can recall the sensation of Roman matronish firmness with which we helped equip everybody else's fathers, brothers and cousins, in garments that were fear-

fully and wonderfully made. Buckling their metaphorical shields over some remarkably funny looking gray jackets, we heroically conjured them, with tearless eyes (eyes presumably too sternly aflame with the fires of intense patriotism to admit of a quenching tear-drop) "to return with it or on it," a somewhat unreasonable request, seeing they had no shields, adding our frenzied supplications that they would never permit our flag to trail in the dust. Quite, you know, as if dust were the only thing fatal to its honor or to ours. (Poor old bonny blue flag! The dust of oblivion lies thick upon its faded folds now, in garrets where moth and rust corrupt.)

Our home was in Tensas Parish, Louisiana, immediately on the river, about midway between the two towns of Natchez and Vicksburg, on the Mississippi side of the river. The first mentioned town, although garrisoned, had made but nominal resistance to the demands of Admiral Farragut for surrender and was then in possession of the Federalists. Vicksburg stubbornly resisted. The river from New Orleans to that (now) classic spot was in a state of blockade. No peaceful merchantmen, freighted with their down-going cargoes of cotton or their "up-freights" of sugar and molasses, churned its waters with busy wheels. No floating palaces alive with passengers on business or on pleasure bent, sped gaily by the envious eyes of the lonely dwellers in lonely plantation homes. No strong-lunged towboat puffed and panted its way southward with a long trailing line of grain or coal barges in tow. No craft, but the dark-browed, gloomy gunboats that sentined it, disturbed the muddy waters of the river in their sullen flow to the sea. Occasionally a crowded transport, conveying troops from New Orleans to some point in the vicinity of Vicksburg, sped by, in uneasy apprehension of ambushed sharpshooters on either bank. But for purposes of navigation, so far as we were concerned, the river was absolutely valueless.

Our dear mother was rapidly hastening toward that bourne where neither wars nor rumors of war would ever again mar the serenity of her soul. Our chief care was to render her few remaining months (or days as it might be) with us, as comfort-

able and quiet as the hard conditions of those turbulent times would admit. What it cost us to gratify one of her wishes is the gist of the story I have to tell.

"Mamma says she believes she could relish a bit of mackerel," one of our number said, one morning, with a hopelessness born of the fact, that mackerel was a delicacy that had not been seen by eye of rebel man or tickled rebel palates for at least two years. It could not possibly be procured at any point nearer than the sutler's store, which had been opened in the recently fallen city of Natchez, by some of those enterprising commercial patriots who always followed closely in the wake of the conquering army, zealously bent upon taking advantage of that tide in the affairs of the conquered, which, taken at its turn, should lead on to their own fortune. But Natchez was twenty-four miles farther down the river! The river was in a state of rigid blockade. The land route lay through a region of country apparently forsaken of God and man!

To you, dear reader of to-day, who, if appetite suggests mackerel for your breakfast, have but to send around to the first corner grocery to procure it, the momentousness of that desire of our beloved invalid can hardly be conceived. But in those iron days we grew so accustomed to facing difficulties and forcing issues, that we did not for an instant relegate her wish to the realms of can't-be-done.

So an overland trip to Natchez was immediately put into animated discussion, and promptly decided upon as necessary.

"There's Aggie's christening cup!" was the apparently irrelevant suggestion of one of us, as the discussion veered unsystematically from ways to means and back again.

"Yes; of course those horrid sutlers wouldn't touch Confederate money."

"And Dr. Sell says she must be kept in brandy."

"And my bracelets!"

"And, girls, we can all give up our gold thimbles. It really doesn't seem right somehow or other that we should be indulging in such luxuries and so many of our poor soldiers absolutely without shoes!"

"Considering that our gold thimbles are all ante-bellum possessions and could not without the aid of magic be converted into

shoes for the shoeless, your remark, dear, is more creditable to your heart than to your head."

Having extinguished our youngest (temporarily) by this "snub," we resumed the enumeration of articles which could be converted into greenbacks, which were things that up to that period we had accepted by faith and not by sight. Contributions rained in from all sides and ranged from the gold bracelet that had been the last gift of a lover "gone to the wars," to the coral bracelets that had tied up its owner's "baby sleeves" on the occasion of her christening.

From our go-as-you-please discussion was evolved the decision, that we had ample means to victual the whole Confederate army with mackerel, if we could only succeed in getting to the mackerel.

"I'll tell you!" said our gold thimble, emerging from under her extinguisher, "Mrs. Snowden is crazy to go to Natchez. You know her daughter's husband's brother lives there and is said to be high in favor with the Yankees." She offered this bit of information with the energy of inspiration.

How the fact that Mrs. Snowden's daughter's husband's brother lived in Natchez and was in high favor with the powers that were, was to assist us out of our difficulties, may not seem quite clear to the reader, not familiar with the fact that in those solemn times, the purchase of a pair of shoes or a kit of mackerel was a matter of national importance and the occasion of a vast amount of diplomacy.

By a persistent forcing of probabilities on our part and a vast amount of consultation on everybody's part, Mrs. Snowden was convinced of the fact that a pilgrimage to Natchez was both desirable and feasible.

Mrs. Snowden had always been a high liver. She sighed for the flesh-pots of antebellum times, with a hunger made keen by rebel rations of okra coffee and unbolted meal. Her patriotism was beyond question. But the conviction was beginning to dawn upon all of us, that we might consume our okra coffee, sassafras tea and unbolted meal until crack o' doom, without producing any perceptible effect upon the conflicting armies or the final issue.

In the gray dawning of a short Novem-

ber day Mrs. Snowden drove up to our cottage door, where she was promptly joined by me, conveying a huge satchel in my arms. "What on earth?" my traveling companion asked, as I entered the vehicle satchel foremost.

"Currency!" is my proud response as I dump the heavy satchel down on the seat in front of me and settle myself comfortably by her side. "You see," I add explanatorily, after waving my final adieux to the anxious group of girls I left behind me, "I am going quite prepared to buy that sutler out. Every silver cup and worn spoon and broken bit of jewelry that could be conjured from their forgotten abiding-places are in that satchel, to be converted into greenbacks, which, after all, are the true sinews of war," I conclude grandiosely.

"I suppose, of course, you will take them to old Isaacs."

"Of course."

"And equally, of course, he will cheat you out of about three-fourths their value," she prophesied cheerfully.

"*Cela va sans dire.* What a luxury the privilege of shopping, on any terms, again will be! But what on earth?" I demand in my turn.

"You mean my horses," Mrs. Snowden says placidly, in answer to my astonished outward glance. "You did not suppose I was going to drive my blooded mares down there to make a present of them to the Yankees?"

"No! That is—I hadn't thought about it at all—but—"

My friend leaned back composedly as she regarded the dejected harness-scarred mules that were dragging our vehicle along at a funeral gait.

"Those are not things of beauty, that is certain. I told Jim to select the very worst pair of mules on the place."

"I think he must have done it," I answer with the solemnity of conviction. "'Worst,' as applied to mules, is synonymous with slowest; isn't it?"

"Just about, dear."

"But suppose," I ask, a trifle nervously, "we wanted to go fast—to get away from somebody, you know, our chances would not be very good in a trial of speed; would they?" I regarded the sorry, rough-coated

mules in front of us with dismayed speculation.

"Not the best in the world, dear," Mrs. Snowden says serenely; "but who should we want to get away from?"

"Oh, I don't know—persons, anybody, things," I thus generalize, my apprehensions, and apologize for having any, by laughing aimlessly.

"If the dangers ahead of us are as vague as your fears, I think my mules will prove equal to the demand upon them."

Mrs. Snowden yawned, by way of accentuating her own entire freedom from every species of cowardice. I offered some neutral-tinted observations concerning our neutral-tinted surroundings, after which we both lapsed into an uncomfortable silence. We had deliberately made up our minds beforehand, that this overland trip to Natchez would be worth the taking. Talking it all over at home with the girls and our neighbors, it had assumed largely the proportions of a frolic, a sort of serio-comic frolic, from which Mrs. Snowden and I were to return crowned with such prestige as should make us the envy of all our untraveled circle. But now that we found ourselves actually upon the lonely road, with one colored man for our only protector in case of need, with a pair of work-worn mules as our only means of locomotion or escape, in case any of my shadowy apprehensions should suddenly take visible form, with the sad, gray mists of a chill November morning penetrating to one's very marrow and dampening one's sense of fortitude, we began to wonder if we had not been—to put it as mildly as possible—foolhardy!

We were also aware beforehand that from the beginning of our journey to a point very near its termination we would encounter probably not one human being of our own color. The entire river route was lined with cotton plantations, whose owners were either in the army or "refugeeing" with their families far back in the interior. On some of the places a few sober-minded negroes made themselves comfortable in a lawless sort of fashion, by appropriating the stock and other belongings of the white fugitives. But even in those days of idleness and demoralization, we were fearless on the score of molestation from such a

source, and were thoroughly imbued with Southern women's well-grounded confidence in the colored race. In short, our fears were more a general sense of nervousness, begotten by the desolate and forsaken aspect of the homes we saw now for the first time in their dreary desertion, but had known when they were animated by the presence of friendliness and hospitality. We had our lunch-basket with us, and toward noon we varied the monotony of gazing out upon deserted fields (where the fleecy cotton hung unpicked from the over-ripe bolls or strewn the ground where it had been scattered by depredating cattle) and of idle speculation concerning the whereabouts and fortunes of our refugee neighbors and friends, by investigating its contents.

"A glass of fresh milk would ameliorate matters, wouldn't it, dear?" Mrs. Snowden suggested, in a voice choked with dry corn-bread.

"Beyond question," I gulped back, "and whosoever giveth a cup of cold water to one of these, the same shall be called blessed among men."

"Which would be shockingly irreverent if it had a somewhat nearer affinity to a scriptural quotation," says my friend, leaning forward to place rations of corn-bread and fried chickens on the front seat of the barouche for Uncle Jim, our driver.

"Comin' to Rifle-point place tolaible soon now," Uncle Jim says, with apparent irrelevance, laying his rations in the crown of his hat for future discussion. "Plenty cows dar, less 'n de fool free niggers done butcher 'em up fur beef!"

And sure enough the next turn in the road brought us in sight of what had been, before the war, one of the "brag" places of the parish.

"Hi-ki!" said Uncle Jim in an amazed undertone, which had the effect of making us crane our necks eagerly over his head to discover what had startled that exclamation from our most phlegmatic driver.

The "Rifle-point" place was quite close at hand. Its double row of neat white-washed cabins stretched along the front of the place parallel with the public road, only a narrow strip of well-trodden ground intervening between them and the plank fence,

which marked the boundary line of the plantation. This space was densely packed with blue-coated soldiery! Not the trained, well-officered and thoroughly-disciplined Federal troops, into whose midst we were deliberately and purposely traveling, but our own recently freed slaves armed, uniformed and newly invested with a sense of freedom, which to them in their (then) condition of profound ignorance could mean little better than license. We could not recognize in these dark-hued riflemen, who wore their new uniforms and their new honors with an impartial air of awkwardness, the old familiar "darkey," between whom and ourselves had always existed the free masonry of a perfect understanding. Let me confess to a thrill of terror!

"Uncle Jim," said Mrs. Snowden, in a voice grown suddenly suppliant, "do drive faster! It is getting late. Those mules are perfect snails," which reckless comparison she supplemented by dropping her voice to a whisper for my ears alone, utterance of a useless longing for her fast mares!

"I told you so, when I saw you had left them behind," I moaned into her ears, impelled toward that spiteful amelioration of my fears by the reflection that her mares would have proven a sure reliance in case of emergency.

"Wot fur I drive fas'?" says Uncle Jim, glancing stolidly over his shoulders at our white faces. "I gwine water dese mules hyere, I is, an' git some milk fur you an' missy out'n dem fool niggers dress up like a passel er monkeys, dey is."

"But the mules don't need watering and we don't need —"

"Milking." I conclude her sentence for her with hysterical levity.

"Wot fur you axe fur it den, back yender, when yer was a chokin' wid yo' dry bread, You ain' got de crums out in yer voice yit. Whoa, Jinny! Whoa, Bet!"

"He is an imbecile!" Mrs. Snowden groans into my ear.

"Or a traitor!" I groan back.

Uncle Jim had deliberately pulled rein in front of one of the most crowded cabins. As "to stop" in all its moods and tenses, is a verb the mule has acquired *con amore*, our mules stopped as suddenly and determinedly as if they never meant to go again.

No one moved! A hundred pair of eyes were leveled upon us in idle curiosity. The beating of our own hearts seemed audible in that moment of silent suspense. The familiar impulse to utter a general greeting of "howdy-do-boys," was silently voted impolitic. It might give offense to the uniforms that looked almost grotesque upon the nation's wards. Uncle Jim cut the gordian-knot of our difficulties.

"Hyer, some 'un you niggers, hump yur-seffs an fotch out some uv yo' richness milk fur dese wite folks!"

For one awful palsied second we wondered if blood instead of milk would flow. Presently a female voice from the rear gave shrill response.

"Ain' no milk in dis yer quarters."

"Cows all dead?" Uncle Jim demands peremptorily.

"Not jis zackly; but we milks 'em wen we feels like it, an' we leff 'em alone wen we don'," says the same voice boastfully.

"Cisserns all dry?"

"No. Lots uv water."

"Hyer, you! Fuss one gits a bucket uv water to dese ere mules is the one dat'll git a chaw t'backer."

Which demand on the part of our dauntless driver caused a tumultuous and emulous scrambling to water our mules, a service which Uncle Jim recompensed liberally with home-cured tobacco twist, throwing in a little supplementary advice about not "forgittin' dat dey was niggers yit, an' bound to arn dey own livin's if dey wur free an' dress up in solger clothes."

Then we got slowly under way again, "Jimmy" and "Bet" protesting against the folly of "gittin' furdur" at Uncle Jim's stentorian demand, by a disrespectful flirting of their short tails and a dejected dropping of their long ears.

We had proceeded about a mile at our best pace (a superior order of snail-trot) when a furious galloping of hoofs behind us, a clamorous outcry of voices, preceded by clouds of dust, which rendered the number of our pursuers conjectural, startled the blood from our cheeks and the courage from our hearts. Uncle Jim gave one surprised backward glance and then resumed his usual bow-backed position.

"Please drive faster," I say imploringly.

"Honey chile, dese ere mules is a-doin' uv der level bes' now. Ole Jimmy done mos' gin out, an' ole Bet worn't never no 'count, no how."

"They have repented letting us off so easily, and are following to rob us," Mrs. Snowden whispers agitatedly.

"Or to murder us," I replied, with the calmness of despair.

Repeated orders to "halt!" "stop dem mules!" "hol' on dar!" came to our ears distinctly above the clatter of hoofs; but Uncle Jim prodded his mules stolidly forward with the butt end of his whip, and we—well, we simply awaited the outcome dumbly.

"Can't yer hyear, ole man!" shouted a voice so immediately into the back of the carriage finally that further inattention was worse than useless.

"Kose I kin," Uncle Jim answered, turning a face dark with wrath upon the questioner.

"Wot fur you make me mos' kill my guv'ment mule, den?"

"Wot you want, nigger, stoppin' uv my wite folks in dis onmannerly fashin?" was the retort courteous.

"Aunt Rhody, say," said our pursuer in an altered voice, taking off his military cap as he addressed himself immediately to us, "how as ef you'll hol' on, misses, tell she kin sen' little Bob t'de long fiel' t'drive up de cows, she'll milk yer some milk fur to squinch yer thirs'!"

"Hm! I 'lowed dat plug t'backer 'd fotch 'em," Uncle Jim muttered, while we with hysterical cordiality thanked Aunt Rhody through her ambassador, and assured her that nothing but lack of time prevented us from accepting her kind offer. With lightened hearts and faith in our "darkeys" completely restored, we resumed our line of march.

Nightfall found us once more within the pale of civilization, which we reached when we had passed the Federal pickets at the entrance to the little town of Vidalia, lying in the Louisiana lowlands, just across the river from Natchez.

Leaving Uncle Jim and our turnout on the swamp side of the river, we crossed to the little city set upon a hill in a skiff, manned by two jolly blue-coated tars, who

quite patronized us in a good-natured protective fashion, dismissing us finally after placing us on shore as carefully as if we had been crates of brittle china, with a wise admonition to "lay low for ducks, and not be too peert with reb talk."

Making our way direct to the house of Mrs. Snowden's daughter's husband's brother, we disposed of our first evening in mapping out, with his aid, a plan of action.

In accordance with this plan, the first thing we did was to convert our silver utensils and golden trinkets into legal tenders, which we did, at even a more ruinous rate of sacrifice than we had prepared our minds for. But our extremity was old Isaacs' opportunity. The second step was to make out a list of such articles as we desired to purchase of the Federal sutler. The third was to submit that list to the general in command for inspection, and ask for a "permit" to purchase and to pass our purchases through the line. It was in the obtaining of this permit that we expected to utilize Mrs. Snowden's daughter's husband's brother.

It was with no slight degree of trepidation that we penetrated into the august presence of General Gresham the next morning, piloted by that individual, holding in our tremulous hands the modest lists of necessities we wanted to procure, which had to be submitted to his inspection before we could hope for his potent signature to the permit, which was to enable a sick woman to gratify her fancy for broiled mackerel. This man was our foe! We hated him! At least, we believed that fealty to our own heroes and would-be heroes demanded that we should try to hate him.

My conscience smote me at discovering how slight my feeling of personal animosity was to such of our mortal foes as I had been brought into contact with. But I did cordially resent, with all a woman's instinctive resentment at the invasion of her private liberty of action, the (to me absurd) necessity for enumerating my small necessities to this conquering hero.

We found the general's antechamber, but owing to the popularity of Mrs. Snowden's daughter's husband's brother, we were promptly admitted to The Presence and granted an immediate audience.

Besides our own party of three, there was no one in the room when we were admitted but the general, the "orderly" who ushered us in, and, leaning in graceful idleness against the low mantel-shelf, paring his nails, a young man, who, with a girl's instinctive appreciation of masculine beauty, I mentally declared "would have been the handsomest man I had ever seen if he had not been a Yankee."

A courteous inclination of a splendid head, a swift, bold glance from a pair of large, calm gray eyes, was all the notice we elicited as we passed him on our way to the general's desk.

The male member of our party had been selected to present our case. He did it graphically and succinctly. Mrs. Snowden followed him, with a feeling rendition of the cravings of rebel nature for more palatable nourishment than okra coffee and sassafras tea. I "did" the emotional on the occasion, and shall always consider my failure to impress General Gresham favorably, as an indication of lack of dramatic taste on his part, rather than any failure on my own. He treated us with "marked courtesy"—that marked courtesy which freezes one's very heart's blood, and crushes one with a sense of utter insignificance. He took our lists from our fingers with looks of austere dignity. We stood before him very much in the attitude of criminals who had just presented petitions for life-pardons, numerously signed, our empty hands folded in a contrite and humble fashion, as we awaited the doom of our scratched and blotted lists of items. A sombre silence pervaded the atmosphere. The orderly shifted uneasily from one leg to the other, crane-wise. The young man at the mantel-shelf plied his penknife as if he were the possessor of ten-times-ten finger nails. Mrs. Snowden's relative by marriage coughed an apology for the whole Southern Confederacy at intermittent seconds. After what seemed to us an eternity of awful self-communion, the conquering hero stretched forth his hand, took up his pen, and with the solemnity of a judge signing a death-warrant drew two ominous black lines through two items on my list. With unbroken solemnity he then returned it to me. He had scratched out the brandy and the mackerel! The main

objects of my pilgrimage! The things which mother must have.

In vain we three represented and re-represented the exigencies of the case. Upon that kit of mackerel the general in command had taken his stand, and was not to be driven from it. A final frigid motion of his all-powerful hand intimated to us that he was a-weary of us and our importunities. Mrs. Snowden's daughter's husband's brother suggested to us, *sotto voce*, that further insistence might imperil such concessions as we had already gained. We yielded the point and turned our backs upon the obdurate commandant. I drew my veil down as we emerged from the house, to conceal the tears of disappointment that I could not repress. That was why I did not see a tall form appear suddenly from behind a tub that stood on the gallery, containing an oleander in full blossom. (The general had selected one of the loveliest homesteads in that aristocratic little city for his headquarters.)

A voice close at my elbow asked: "You were making a truthful statement when you said that brandy and mackerel were for a consumptive mother, were you not?"

"Of course I was," I answered indignantly; "do you suppose I expect to feed the whole Confederate army on one kit of mackerel?" I tore my veil from my face to emphasize my indignation, thus bringing my red nose and wet eyes into unfavorable contrast with the calm, handsome face of the young officer we had seen in the general's room.

He looked down into my distressed countenance, with a kind gravity that struggled with evident amusement. The gravity controlled his voice, but the amusement twinkled in his splendid eyes as he held out his hand. I was too stanch a rebel to take it.

"You shall have them to take home with you," he said, in an unaltered voice, though his face flushed slightly.

"Oh, thank you!" In my ecstatic gratitude I would have given him both hands then, but he had turned quietly on his heel with the last word and disappeared.

The next morning as we were recrossing the river in a skiff, I fell into bitter denunciation of every one in the most remote degree responsible for the hardships of

Southern women at large and the cruelty of my disappointment in the matter of mackerel. Not excepting one, for, clinging to hope until the last moment, we had finally embarked without one more word from my self-appointed ally.

"So much for your spunky patriotism," Mrs. Snowden said, after the consolatory fashion of Job's comforters. "It serves you quite right. The idea of refusing him your hand!"

"He was a Yankee!" I answered with lofty decision.

"And you are a goose!" my friend retorts with equal firmness. Open hostilities between us were averted by the sudden appearance athwart our stern of another skiff propelled by the long, swift stroke of experienced oarsmen. They hailed our oarsmen and brought us to a standstill mid-river. Then He (I began to capitalize him from that very moment) stood up in the little craft and, looking kindly down upon me, said:

"I had some little trouble in managing it. That is why I am so late. You doubt me. I see it in your face."

I began a confused and stammering apology, which only elicited an incredulous little laugh. He signed to his men to transfer the demijohn of brandy and kit of mackerel at their feet from his boat to ours.

"Ask him about the pay," Mrs. Snowden hissed into my ear. He heard her better than I did.

"I have taken care of that," he said quietly; then while he held the two boats united by one strong hand, he extended to me a piece of paper. "Your signature and address written on that will adjust matters for the present," he said, in a masterful sort of voice.

Mrs. Snowden read it over my shoulder. "It is a due-bill," she said sharply.

"Exactly," he answered quietly.

"Made payable at the close of the war," I add, looking up from the bit of paper to him.

"Is that not long enough time?" he asked with commercial hardness.

"Oh! quite."

I seized the lead-pencil he extended, and dropping my eyes before something incomprehensible in his gaze, I signed my full

name, adding my address, so that he might know where to send it for collection when it fell due.

I handed it back to him and held out my hand. He was too stanch a Yankee then to take it. With a grave bow and a queer little smile he loosed his hold upon the gunwale of our boat, gave his men a signal, and was soon out of reach of thanks or apologies.

From that hour I never prayed a whole-hearted prayer for the success of the Confederacy. My heart was riven with faction, my patriotism was questionable. My one prayer was, "God grant a speedy restoration of peace."

In the fall of the year 1866 I sat alone in the gloaming, that hour when memory runs riot and fancy weaves her subtlest webs. The surrender was yet so recent, that it and all its attendant humiliation was still a matter for sombre reflection. The mother for whom we had made so many efforts had ceased from suffering. The girls had all married off, during the matrimonial boom that succeeded on the return of our soldier-boys. I felt uncommonly like one who trod alone some banquet hall deserted. My whole existence seemed to have become tinged with the "gray," that had pervaded life in the South for four bitter years. I wondered if I could ever come to forget the trials and hardships of my war experience. There was some incidents of it I knew I never could forget, which I knew I did not desire to forget. Memory held in reverential keeping one photograph: The broad expanse of a majestic river—two skiffs, held side by side on its swelling bosom by a firm brown hand, a pair of grave, calm eyes, down-glancing—a sensitive mouth, about which played a smile of amusement, a bared head, about which the short, brown hair clung in waving masses.

Whenever I thought of Him, it was as I had seen him last.

I wondered if he had lived to see the end of the war! I wondered if he held the due-bill still. He had had more to make him forget than I, waiting and watching alone!

A quick, firm footfall on the gravel of my front walk put to flight all my reveries.

It was the footfall of a stranger; and in my loneliness I had grown timorous. A tall form loomed into sight, approaching me with long, swinging stride. In spite of me, a nervous cry broke from my lips. With hat in hand, and in a hard commercial voice, he spoke: "I hold a due-bill against a young lady who lives in this house. It was made collectable at the close of the war. I have come to collect it."

I held out my hand.

"For the due-bill," he asked, folding his own behind his back, "or for me?"

I held out both hands.

And then he gathered me close to his great, strong, true Yankee heart, and collected his due-bill from the unresisting lips of his rebel sweetheart.

And never did the blue and gray of contending factions mingle in a truer or more abiding harmony.

J. H. WALWORTH.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

A WALK IN WINTER.

OF all the possible sights of a snowy winter, whether in the open fields or the hoary forests, that of a company of tripping, chirping, merry horned larks is the most beautiful. Nor do I wonder that they like so well to be abroad at such a time. Can sunshine be more magnificent than when it gilds acres of untrodden snow? The larks, at such a time, need little shelter from pursuing foes. The merest ripple in the surface grants them all they need, and sharp eyes are required to follow their movements.

Yet why do they visit us only in winter? Do they belong to one of the "old families" among birds, and did they come in with the glaciers, as some of our friends claim to have done, "with the conqueror?" If so, their love of arctic conditions became so strongly rooted, that no subsequent experiences could or have changed it. And in these later days, when the Esquimau and the glacier have alike retreated toward the arctic circle, the larks, too, have followed in their wake, and only return to the home of their remote ancestors, when winter kindly restores it to something of its old-time condition.

These thoughts were suggested by catching a distant glimpse of a twittering company of larks, one January morning last year, after a long storm. And turning my footsteps fieldward, I followed the birds and the thoughts together.

There were fully a hundred larks in the band, and they ran with wonderful speed, sometimes carrying their heads well up, and then thrusting them eye-deep into the snow. I saw all about me the oblique holes they

had thus made, and I judged that the object must have been to pick up seeds scattered by the winds, for which they were evidently in search. Some insect life also was abroad—minute flies, that eluded my efforts at capture, but which may have been caught up by the quick-motioned larks.

Beyond me, the half-hidden worm-fence had protected, in its corners, a long hedge of tall weeds, which, I found, still retained in the seed-vessels a large portion of their seeds. These weeds the larks did not approach. Indeed, they are not adapted to climbing at all, and to be accessible to them, food must lie upon the ground.

To be sure, a cunning hawk may possibly be lurking in the angles of the zigzag fence, or a sly weasel, that has not turned white, may be lying in wait there. This the blithesome troops of foxy sparrows often discover to their sorrow. But the larks to-day, if at all suspicious, were too cunning to approach very near.

During the whole time that these larks remained in view, I failed to detect any leader among them. I thought that in every instance of their taking flight I heard a clear, bell-like chirp, but there was nothing to indicate that this alarm came from one and the same bird. However this may be, no sooner was that note heard than every bird rose, and, although the flock might be much scattered at the time, it closed its ranks promptly, and moved with a wavy motion, almost as a single object. I should liken it to a sheet of paper carried gently along by the wind. With the same unity of purpose they alighted. No one lark appeared to touch the snow a second

in advance of its fellows. But no sooner were they again on foot, than they were wholly indifferent to each other, and each one went at food-hunting strictly on his own account.

As I slowly followed them, it seemed to me highly improbable that they could follow this course for any considerable length of time without hindrance, and I asked myself, if they were never molested when wandering over snow-clad fields? Happily for my curiosity, I was soon enlightened. A shadow floated quickly over the snow before me, a faint, cat-like scream came from overhead, and I caught sight, between me and the sun, of a restless, impetuous sparrow-hawk. It, too, had perceived these merry larks; or, descrying me, had guessed that I was bird-hunting, and had followed in hope of profit to itself. This is crediting the hawk with a good deal of intelligence, but not one whit more than is justly its due. At all events, on came the little hawk, and perched upon a projecting stake of the half-hidden fence near-by. From this "coign of vantage" it presently sailed over the spot where the larks were. But no sooner had it appeared directly above them than they moved *en masse* a rod or more, and then, settling down, scattered widely. It was very evident that they were fully determined to give the hawk not the slightest opportunity to single out any one of their number, and knew fully as well as he what they were about. Darting like lightning toward them, the hawk met his first disappointment. For, instead of clutching one of their rotund little bodies, he struck a low snow-bank, into which, with astonishing celerity, they had buried themselves beyond his reach. He rose with a shrill cry of anger and disgust, while a dense body of larks moved by me, but a foot or more above the snow, in the opposite direction, and at a rate of speed never attained by any sparrow-hawk. I was thrilled with the suddenness and sagacity of these tactics, which were all over before I fairly realized what had happened.

I saw no more of the cunning larks, but enjoyed the chagrin of the blood-thirsty hawk, which now vainly endeavored to determine their new hiding-place. The baffled bird seemed to hold me responsible for

their escape, and scolded me in no measured terms. Knowing that I was without a gun, or else perfectly indifferent to the fact, he came flitting near, and at times darted menacingly toward me, as I slowly wended my way toward a bushy bit of swampy meadow.

Here, as is often the case when only a little is anticipated, I found an abundance of animal life. A lively company of foxy and white-throated sparrows, keeping close to the snow, flitted hither and yon among the projecting branches of the dwarf alders and blackberry briars, that here grew as one dense thicket. Flushing them, they flew to the nearest trees and sang sweetly, yet, perhaps, they meant every utterance as a protest against my intrusion. I paused but for a moment to listen, and then, passing onward, carelessly brushed the snow-roof from a deserted catbird's nest, when out leaped a pretty white-footed mouse (*Hesperomys*), agile and active as ever he could be in mid-summer. Away he bounded over the snow, with a graceful, bounding gait, that recalled the rare jumping mouse (*Zapus*) of the more northern States. But I fancy that his career was soon ended. My scolding friend, the sparrow-hawk, reappeared upon the scene, and after much hovering, swooping and then one arrow-like downward dart, I saw him overhead, with what I feel sure was my pretty mouse, tightly clutched in his talons.

Incidents such as these are sure to attract the attention of the attentive walker in midwinter, whatever the condition of the weather. It is a grievous error to suppose, because a stress of weather drives us indoors, it sends all animal life, likewise, to cover. With birds, to a certain extent, I believe this to be true. But on the other hand, the mammalian life about us seems to be aware, that their arch-enemy, man, is not so likely to be abroad during foul weather, and at such a time they acquire the maximum of confidence, prowling to our very doorsteps even, in broad daylight. Hence the rural rhymes:

"When storm-winds blow and night is black,
The farmer will a pullet lack;
But if the moon is shining clear,
No mink or weasel dare come near."

The prominent feature of the landscape,

from where I stood, was a series of conical structures, now wholly whitened with snow. I knew they were not there during the summer, and, as subsequent events proved, guessed rightly that they must be the winter homes of a colony of muskrats.

This animal is too well known to require any additional account of its daily habits. Having successfully withstood the encroachments of man, and, indeed, having often been directly benefited by its ability to utilize the constructions of man, such as the banks of canals and ditches, the muskrat is still about as abundant as ever, and in spite of constant persecution, thrives not alone in retired situations, but often within the very limits of our cities.

A census of muskrats at present, compared with that of a century or more ago, would probably show a slight decrease, but not much. The Swedish naturalist, Kalm, who was sent out to America by Linnæus, in 1747, to study our many zoological and botanical treasures, says: "The Swedes asserted that they could never observe a diminution in their—the muskrat's—numbers, but believed that they were as numerous at present as formerly." Certainly, they were hunted then quite as persistently as at present; and possibly even more so, since their furs were more in demand.

But well and accurately known to many persons as the muskrat is, there still remains a very prevalent misconception in the minds of people generally with reference to certain of its habits, and particularly to those referring to its winter life. In calling attention to its winter haunts and habits, there will occur a fitting opportunity for correcting distorted facts and many fancies, not only about this animal, but also in relation to the great majority of our commoner mammals.

Besides the extensive burrows in which, during the greater part of the year, the muskrats live, they often, long before winter, erect elaborate structures. These, as we have seen, are built in swampy ground, or, occasionally, in shallow and quiet waters, when a safe anchorage can be found for them, as, for instance, to a stump. These winter-houses, as they are usually called, are conical in shape, generally about three feet in diameter at the base, and two or three

feet in height. The material used in their construction is long, coarse grass, bulrushes, twigs and some of the larger limbs of shrubs. These are all closely cemented by mixture with stiff mud, which the muskrats procure from the beds of streams, often burrowing beneath the sandy superstratum to secure the proper consistency.

When sun-dried these structures are very strong, and will bear the weight of a full-grown man. The walls are generally about six inches in thickness, and are very difficult to pull to pieces. The interior consists of a single circular chamber, with a floor that is ingeniously supported on coarse sticks driven into the mud, after the manner of piles, and among them are laid horizontally many others, thus making a strong but open foundation, upon which is placed small twigs, stiff mud, and over all a layer of soft grass. This interior is arranged after the dome is completed. In the centre of the floor is an opening, leading by several diverging paths below the water level, extending to the nearest high and comparatively drier ground. If the water be clear these paths can be very plainly seen, and, if one has patience enough, it is possible to see the muskrats steal cautiously along these submarine highways, when they suspect no danger. When these winter-houses are disturbed, it is through these paths that the muskrats make their escape. Therefore, it is only by first blocking these, or by carefully closing the one exit at the base of the house—no easy job, by the way—that it becomes possible to secure all the occupants. While the exterior of these structures is quite irregular, and apparently rudely or carelessly put together, it is evident that this exterior is designedly arranged in this manner, to make the home appear like a stranded bunch of trash transported thither during some sudden rise and overflow of the stream, or some filling up of the swamp, as the case may be. The interior, however, is usually neatly finished and smoothed, and with its lining of soft materials, the entire structure bears no little resemblance to a bird's nest turned upside down.

Even more than in the case of birds' nests, however, there is a great deal of variation among these structures, and the above, descriptive of a typical home, is taken

from notes of several such structures, which were recently very carefully examined. In other words, I have made use of the best features of several homes, and given a fair idea of what the structure is, when every condition is such as the muskrat desires. Like birds, however, they have almost always some objectionable feature to contend with, and hence they seldom erect precisely such a house as they are capable of constructing.

Why should they take pains, as I have intimated, to make these structures exteriorly so like an accidental accumulation of drift-wood and grass? This brings up the ever-attractive subject of animal intelligence, and I trust a few words concerning it will not seem out of place.

To erect a nest or home, with the preconception on the part of the builder of intentionally deceiving its foes as to the real character of the structure, argues a high degree of intelligence. But for this, I believe, they are entitled to full credit. At present, it is true, these animals have no enemies—always excepting man—capable of successfully assaulting them when in these winter-houses. At least, I have never discovered any such; but it is evident that in ancient times they did have such enemies. I can readily conceive of a bear or cougar opening these structures from above. But as the noise made by such an attack would instantly warn the inmates, their own safety would never be jeopardized. In such a case, we are led to conclude that the "natural" appearance of a muskrat's house was intended to deceive such enemies, in order that the structure, and not the builder, might escape injury. Admitting this, and we cannot do otherwise, the muskrat is indeed a cunning animal. At present, this same keen appreciation of its needs is characteristic of the muskrat, and it is not strange that it is so.

It is often asked, why, if certain habits became established as methods of defense against certain foes, should they not gradually become obsolete after the disappearance of such enemies? To a limited extent it is true, but the facts of such cases are really these. Whatever is sufficient to cause the extinction of any animal is usually sufficient to cause the disappearance

also of the animal life upon which it preys. For the same general environment being required by both the animal preying and that preyed upon, both are similarly affected by such changes as may occur. In many cases, however, an artificial interference has occurred, which fatally affects certain animals and not others. This, I conceive, is true of the muskrat. That in prehuman times, it had various enemies is, of course, unquestionable. That such enemies, later in time, were in part kept in check, if not destroyed by the scarcely human palæolithic man of America, I conceive also to be true. And that the several larger mammalia decreased rapidly in numbers, as the Indian over-spread the continent, is unquestionable. The Indian, again, in due time gives way to the white man, with his firearms and trained hunting dogs. In this brief chain of circumstances, the muskrat has been directly influenced, in so far as the necessity of quickened wits are concerned. He did not directly profit by the destruction of his earlier enemies, because these were replaced by others. And when we consider, that the muskrat has successfully withstood the encroachments of both of the Indian and of the white man with his dogs and guns, the necessity for deceiving him as to its whereabouts becomes at once apparent.

Let us look at these muskrat houses from another point of view. The houses before me may or may not be here during the following winter. During the coming summer they will largely fall to pieces, as the warm rains beating upon them gradually dissolves the cement and loosens the twigs and grass of which it is composed. Will these structures be rebuilt here, or in the immediate vicinity? Perhaps they will, but quite as likely they may not.

In a locality with which I am familiar, near my home, where a colony of muskrats have good quarters and a comparatively easy time, these animals one year content themselves simply with their burrows in the higher ground that bounds the wet or mucky meadows, and the next year they erect several of these dome-shaped houses. I had long noticed this irregularity, and having mentioned it, at various times, to trappers and to the old people of the neighborhood, was in every instance assured that

when no such houses were built in the fall, the winter would be "open" or mild, and *vice versa*. This impression has given rise to the rude rhyme:

"If 'mid the dull November days,
Muskrats their winter-houses raise;
You'll double blankets need, to sleep,
For bitter cold will winter keep."

In other words, the power of foretelling the character of the coming winter was ascribed to the muskrat, by these trappers and old folks generally, who are popularly supposed to have gained much accurate knowledge from long observation. "Nature is," indeed, "an admirable schoolmistress," but careless scholars do not do her justice.

Having my doubts as to the truth of this, as well as many other common impressions, I began years ago testing this matter, noting down in what years houses were built in the same localities, and when none were erected. The result was about as I expected. In the majority of instances the result was precisely the reverse of what I had been told.

As an example, take the two winters, 1879-80 and 1880-1. The former was very mild and spring-like, and numerous large houses were built. During the succeeding autumn, in the same locality, none were erected, and the character of the winter was just the reverse—the severest in the past twenty. Now, the muskrats were here all winter, just the same, but they lived in their subterranean homes. The records of the past decade or more, in fact, clearly show that the common impression should be reversed, if it be true that there is a ghost of a connection between the custom of erecting these conical houses in autumn and the character of the coming winter. Why these houses are sometimes erected, and then seasons go by when none are built, I have no reason to offer. Many plausible explanations might be offered, but they are baseless theories after all, and need not be paraded. Sufficient is it, in this connection, to assert confidently that there is no reasonable ground upon which to base the as-

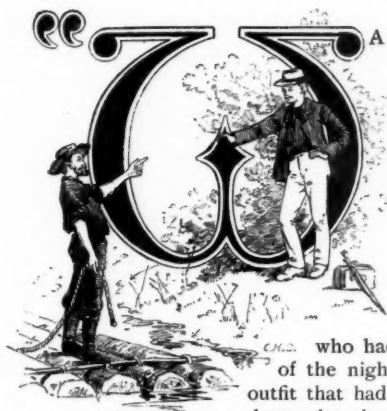
sumption that muskrats can foretell meteorological changes, beyond such as may occur within twenty-four or thirty-six hours. Far be it from me to deprive any of our mammals of all due credit. On the contrary, my whole sympathy is with that view of their origin and of man's that gives the same powers, but in different degrees, to them and myself. But there is as yet nothing discovered in the life of a muskrat that even vaguely hints at the possibility of a prophetic power, beyond the capabilities of any ordinary weather-witch.

Leaving the muskrats in their snug retreats, and skirting the meadows, I chanced to take a homeward course by a stretch of wooded hillside, having a warm, southern exposure. Here, beneath giant oaks and tall hickories, I listened with delight to the complaining *quink-quink* of the nuthatch, the merry trill of linnets, the inviting *here, here, here!* of the crested tit, the chattering of tree-sparrows, the scream of the bluejay, but, above all, charmed by the hopeful warbling of a song-sparrow, perched upon the topmost twig of a bunch of briars, and looking the while wistfully toward the south, to see if spring were not slowly coming up this way. Even in January, if the day be clear, high noon is always suggestive of spring, I think. The birds of winter seem to be anticipating it in their songs, and I have often heard as sweet music from them, when the cardinal, the purple-finch, the white-throated sparrow, and the Carolina wren were singing together, as when the full complement of our summer birds were welcoming the coming day. Birds' songs at sunrise are a glorious concert—a wasteful wealth of melody. But it is a sad mistake to suppose that winter has no charms for him who taketh a walk. Let him but ramble, with his eyes and ears widely open, and he will find that the bracing air and golden sunshine that tempt him forth animate alike a host of humble, happy lives.

CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

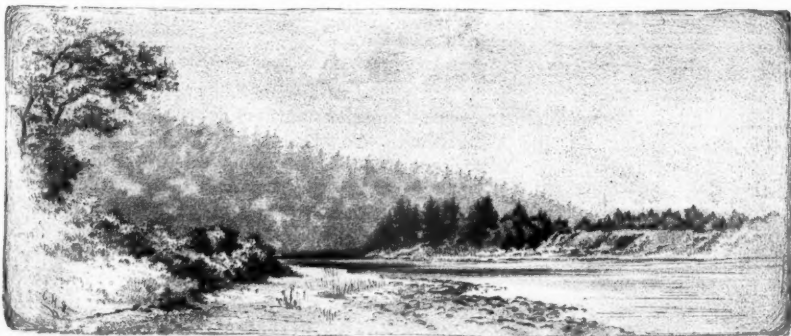
NEAR TRENTON, N. J.
November 17, 1883.

RAFTING ON THE ALLEGHANY.



“WANT a trip down the river, young man? Nice raft; plenty o’ good board; eighteen dollars an’ found; give ye your choice o’ the for’ard oars, an’ the cook ’ill help ye out on the tough pulls. What ye say?”

Something in the appearance of my battered straw hat and dusty tourist clothing, no doubt, prompted the lumberman to offer me a chance at working my way down the Alleghany River on a raft; but I was not specially seeking such employment. I was idling along the banks of the river at Salamanca, waiting for the return of my friend, the artist, who had paddled his canoe back to our camping-place of the night before, in the hope of finding a part of his outfit that had been left behind. While trying to get started down the river before afternoon, we had pushed off with scarcely more than half of the artist’s outfit of materials. This had occurred with such unvarying certainty for several days, and the artist had developed such a phenomenal ability for forgetting things, that when the lumberman made his alluring proposition I determined to sail away southward and leave my companion to his fate.



AT GREEN’S FERRY

It was high noon when, in response to the raftsmen’s offer, I descended the bank, and stumbled across a string of floating logs to the waiting raft.

“Aint got many traps, I reckon?” said the man, eying my valise doubtfully, as if to imply that a riverman usually carried a bundle of blankets or coats.

“No,” I said, “I have no ‘traps.’”

“All right, then; don’t need ‘em, this

weather. Let ‘er go, Bill! Hi-yo-there! Bill!”

A log on the bank seemed to start into life; and a small man, dressed in gray cloth shirt, coarse trousers, high top-boots and soft felt hat, sprang to a tree and loosened the heavy cable that held the raft. In a moment we were gliding down the river on the long journey to Pittsburgh. The song of the circular saw in the big mill

below the public bridge was hushed for the noonday hour; the roar of the water at the distant dam came faintly to our ears; and but for the shriek of a locomotive at the noisy station, the shouts of men driving logs inside the boom, and the rattle of a lumber-wagon on the dusty road, the place seemed asleep in the drowsy air. The starting of a raft was of such frequent occurrence, that not even the impatient boy in the potato-field back of his father's barn cared to look up from his work to wave his hat or give the raft a parting cheer. The artist's canoe, with its brightly varnished sides and its funny little sails, would attract a crowd and a deluge of questions in a few minutes; the people could not see a craft of that kind every day. But our raft was a matter of indifference—a very common thing, indeed.

In the descriptive vocabulary of the river our raft was a "reg'lar Alleghany." It was about three hundred and thirty feet long and fifty feet wide; having for its construction three platforms in width and twenty platforms in length. A "platform" is built of cross-layers of boards sixteen feet in length. Usually twenty-eight layers, or "courses," are laid in an "Alleghany," thus giving a depth of about thirty inches exclusive of the "runners," which are sixteen-foot planks placed lengthwise on the bottom of the raft. These runners serve as foundations for the courses and protect the body of the raft against a too close contact with logs and stones in the bed of the river. Upright sticks called "grubs," which are hewn from white oak or hickory saplings, are run through the bottom pieces to hold the courses in position. When the twenty-eight layers are in place, heavy pieces similar to the runners are slipped over the upright ends of the grubs and made fast by means of oak wedges. To fasten the wedge securely a powerful winch is used, to bend the end of the grub outward and downward. Into the aperture thus made the wedge is driven with a sledge or a heavy axe. When five platforms are rafted together in a compact mass they constitute a "five-platform piece," which is sixteen feet wide and eighty feet long. Four of these pieces placed end to end form a "string." By strict measurement a string

should be three hundred and twenty feet in length. But with an allowance of space for friction where the pieces are coupled together, the entire string becomes nearly, if not quite, three hundred and thirty feet over all. Three of these strings placed side by side form an "Alleghany." A long oar at each end of every string, a rough board cabin amidships, a row-boat and a heavy cable near the stern, complete the raft in all essential particulars.

A nobler craft never sailed from any port. It is but one remove from nature, for without the ponderous guiding-oars it becomes little better than an aimless mass of driftwood, plunging from side to side with every change of the current. The oars link nature and man together in a very frail and uncertain bond. The raft, in its downward drift, recognizes no master but the river, and yields only an indifferent obedience to the forces of man. A canoe—even an Indian dug-out—in its relation to the uses to which it is applied, is on a level with the tireless steamship, which scorns the tides and laughs at rising waves. It is an active power in itself, the plaything of the capricious river—by turns idling in quiet waters, playing with changing shadows of trees and mountains, and dashing down furious rapids, where rows of sharp-edged rocks stretch across channel-like grinning teeth in some marine monster's jaws.

To journey down a winding river on a raft; to be at peace with all the world; to sleep, to dream, to loiter in the sunshine with no thought of the morrow, would seem to be almost a new lotos-remedy for care and trouble.

In the slumberous air of the afternoon, the splashing and creakings of the swinging oars, the songs and laughter of the light-hearted crew, keep time in natural harmony to the singing of the birds and the murmur and the rhythm of the river. The pulses thrill, there are throbs in the muscles, and the great oar-stems, so like telegraph-poles in size and shape, are thrown outward and upward over the oarsmen's heads, as lightly as though the raft and its surroundings were creations of the mimic stage.

When Nature sings man must stop to listen. In a river-valley all sounds come to a

common focus in mid-stream, and the echoes that beat against the hills on either side die away upon the water. The ears hear and the eyes see all that Nature puts forth on the level plain and high up the wooded slope; and while the raft floats and the sun shines, a changing panorama of lights and shadows wanders onward with every bend and swing of the river. And yet, such is the influence of the air and the water, the pleasing odors of the freshly-cut lumber, and the sombre stillness of the mountains, that objects along shore flash across the mirror of the mind with no suggestion of detail, but leave only vague and shadowy tracings of form and color. Living facts — even history itself — Indian legends, traditions of the earlier wars, grow dim and misty; the square corners of life and the unyielding sternness of the world's work, soften into hazy indistinctness, like rocks and cliffs that mingle with the purple and gray of the horizon. What matters it now if

Washington's ragged soldiers, in their war with painted savages and hired assassins, ranged up and down this smiling valley? What matter if a whole French army, in the long ago, floated down the river with song and jest and gay parade?

Objects along shore are noticed only as vagrant touches of the artist's brush in the general picture. An old boat, grown brown and gray in the sunshine, nestling in the shadows of overhanging trees, and rocking gently from side to side, with the motions of half-dressed children that play upon its sun-warped deck, would attract not even a



THE LOGS START WATERWARD

second glance, were its whimsical history less of a byword along the river. Its owner, a queer character, with an overmastering fondness for idle life on the water, had lived in the pent-up cabin with his wife and children for several years, hoping for nothing and caring for nothing further than that some day he might build and own a steamboat. The patient mother, supporting the family by the labor of her own rheumatic arms, saw all practical ambitions fade from her husband's eyes, as mists disappear before the rising sun. The hope, the longing for a steamboat, filled his soul, and in the fierce



HALF-TOWN, THE INDIAN PILOT

sunlight of that ambition all other desires withered and were blown away. After years of waiting, fate was softened. At an unexpected moment the man received from the government a back-pension of eight hundred dollars. It was not a princely sum, but it could build a steamboat; if not exactly a steamboat, still a scow with paddle-wheels and a steam engine. In the strained Fultonian vision of the man's ambition his wheezing, spluttering, splashing craft was a veritable floating palace. If, in glancing over the Western newspapers during Christmas week, I find among the steamboat arrivals on the lower Ohio River an item something like this:

"ARRIVED:—Str. 'Maid of the Mist,' Captain William Williams; household furniture and settlers' effects; Upper Alleghany to Red River ports."

I will know that the owner of the clumsy boat is pursuing his uncertain way down the rivers, as happy as any man may be this side of the gates of his unknown world.

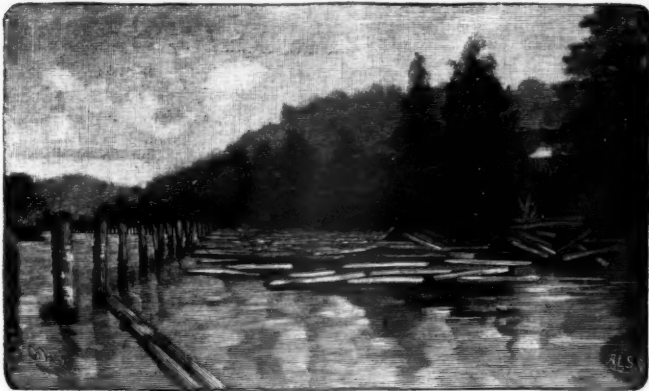
Rich as the Alleghany is in history and tradition, and charming as its scenery and

points of interest must be to the stranger, the raftsmen has little time for more than passing observation or casual inquiry. The heavy oar which he swings above his head claims his attention and his energies almost constantly from sunrise until far into the twilight.

For nearly twenty miles we floated through the reservation of the Seneca Indians, of Cold Spring, N. Y. Indians, in long, narrow dug-outs, paddled here and there in search of fish and game; squaws, in bright-hued skirts and shawls, pounded clothes in family washtubs at the river's edge; papposes, in baskets, dangled from swaying limbs of trees; hungry-looking dogs stopped in their shambling trot to glare in silence at the demonstrative raftsmen; and through the rough fences little children, dressed in red and yellow calico, peeped and laughed in shy curiosity. Half-town, our Indian pilot, exchanged greetings with every male Indian in sight; to the squaws he merely nodded; and to the children he paid no attention whatever. In passing his own home—a pretentious white farmhouse on the river bank—he heeded to remove his pipe from his mouth and wave his hand shoreward. The next moment his eyes were fixed with sto-



HI, THE COOK



BOOM AT SALAMANCA

ical calmness on the curves of the river below. Half-town was a good pilot. He gave directions only by motions of his hands, and did not, as many river-men seem fond of doing, work the men to death for his own amusement. He had confidence in his men, and the men followed his directions with promptness and respect.

"Half-town is a good deal better than a great many white men," said "Big Jack" Sandford, who worked the oar on the middle string. "Now, some men won't go down with an Indian pilot, on account of their pride; but I've seen the same men work like dogs under a drunken white man, and think nothing of it. The boys here all knew who was to be the pilot before they hired out; and I guess they're well enough satisfied. I don't go down the river for pride; I go down for money."

"Here, too," echoed "Scotch" Louis, another good-natured giant; and with public opinion fixed at a certain standard by the two big leaders, the other oarsmen had very little to say. The crew consisted of nine men, not including the pilot and cook. There were five men at the three oars on the forward end of the raft, and four at the rear. With a full crew each oar would have two men—twelve men in all. Our raft-owner, like many others, sent his rafts down the river short-handed for the sake of economy. The cook was expected to help at the oars from time to time, and in cases of

emergency, even the pilot himself might be called upon to lend his strength in keeping the raft off the rocks. It was at my oar that the cook was expected to work in his leisure moments. This cook, a big burly fellow, who carried a pipe in his teeth even while preparing the meals, seemed to be the busiest man on the raft, for he had few leisure moments, and what irregular help he did give me was little better than an annoyance. I was given the "cook's oar" because it was light and easy to handle. This was a mistake. The oar seemingly weighed a ton. However, I made shift to work at it, and at the same time to see something of the Indian country through which we were passing.

In the far-off past, when the Six Nations were seeking to drive the white men from Western New York and Pennsylvania, Blacksnake, then in the first flush of manhood, was one of the boldest and craftiest of the Seneca warriors. He was second in influence and renown to no one but the noted Corn-planter, and his name was a sort of terror to frontiersmen from the Mohawk and Delaware rivers to the upper Ohio. In the declining years of his life, when the wars were over and the tomahawk buried forever, he built a little house on the banks of the Alleghany a few miles below Salamanca. The house is standing yet, deserted and forlorn. The weeds and brambles grow about the door and clamber across the broken windows; the sun shines

through the ragged roof, and the wind moans and whistles in the crumbling chimney. A practical-minded descendant of the noble family has filled the one room and the woodshed of the little house with hay. It seems like desecration. This mercenary vandal lives in a spic-and-span little cottage on his farm across the river; and beyond an occasional green-corn dance or a funeral feast, he cares for nothing but pale-face ways and pale-face silver.

The Half-towns, the Hind-paws, the Buck-tooths, the Jemersons and the Jacobs, sub-chiefs contemporary with Black-snake, have left little else than their names and a few scattered descendants, to serve as mile-stones for history. Even the ruins of their old council-house have been supplanted by a trim little building resembling a country school-house. Catching a glimpse of the new building's severe white walls, its shutterless windows and its boarding-house piazza, as we hurried around a curve, I knew that a narrow-minded country carpenter from Salamanca had been permitted to destroy the most picturesque object on the Cold Spring reservation. I do not wonder that Indians—lovers of the hills, the trees and the picturesque in nature—should be loath to adopt the fashions and ideas of the white man. In time a man like the council-house carpenter would destroy the Seneca nation itself, and turn the reservation into coal-oil territory or a lumber district.

The Cold Spring country offers a wide field for careful work of the ethnologist. A cursory visit, or even a three months' residence in the Indian homes, would give the inquirer nothing more than the view that the raftsmen gets, as the clumsy raft drifts around the wooded hills in silent haste. The green-corn dances, the funeral feasts, the annual pow-wows and the numerous rites and observances that form part of the Seneca's life and religion, can be seen only after patient waiting. With the raftsmen, no sooner does he become interested in the life along shore than he leaves the Indians far behind and floats into the country of a different people—a country where sawmills dispute with forest growth; where mill-dams vex the placid river, and where railway trains usurp the places of wigwam and hunting-trail.

When our raft drifted across the Pennsylvania State line, word was sent among the men to prepare for the plunge over Corydon dam. Everything movable on the forward platforms was carried back to the cabin, and the oars were driven down tightly upon the thole-pins. The pile of shingles upon which the pilot had been standing was moored aft piecemeal, and Half-town, pocketing his pipe, clambered up to the peak of the cabin-roof to get the bearings of the raft as she cleared the bend at the ferry and headed down the mile of straight water that led to the dam. With the raft fairly in the middle of the channel, there was little to do but watch and wait.

On the right a mountain rose to a great height, sheer from the water's edge. The sun had gone down behind it, leaving a great dark shadow upon the still water. Over on the left bank light blue smoke streamed upward from a weather-beaten farmhouse in a grove of apple-trees, and quickly disappeared in the cold gray sky. Back from the house stretched quiet meadow-land, and up against the sky a gently-rolling hill smiled back soft radiance to the frowning mountain at our right. Far below gleamed the river, white with foam from the mad leap over the fall; and where this field of white began, straight across the mountain's shadow ran the sharp, snow-like outlines of the dam. In the drowsy hush of the fading afternoon we heard sheep-bells tinkling on the hillside away off to the left; a wagon creaked and rattled noisily on the mountain high above our heads; and with every puff of air from below the sullen roar of the river sounded savagely in our ears. Abreast of the dam on the left a tree-covered island separated the foaming current from the mainland, and gleaming fitfully through the trees beyond a quiet millrace, slept the clustered houses of Corydon village. In the far distance the great purple hills upraised their mighty forms, like walls of clouds, against half the gray dome of heaven.

Into the very centre of the white-lipped fall the heavy raft was guided by swinging strokes of the big oars. Silence fell upon the little group; all outside sounds were lost in the swelling roar. Every man was at his post; every oar poised in readiness



OVER CORYDON DAM

to beat the raft back into the current when the first mad plunge should be over. If the Indian felt anything of responsibility resting upon him, there was no indication of it in his face, beyond a nervous twitching of the lips. He watched the drift of the raft in silence.

After what seemed an hour of dull suspense, the long forward oars shot straight over the edge of the dam. In an instant the front platforms were hanging over the tossing waves, as if unwilling to take the plunge. The white-oak couplings bent down like reeds. Before I could move a hand to lift the oar the raft crashed into the rushing water, with a roar that swallowed up the shouts of the men and drowned the booming of the rapids. For one breathless moment I was stunned. I saw the white glare of seething water; I felt myself falling through space; I heard the rush and roar of mighty forces. The oar-stem was torn from my hand and tossed high in air like a straw blown by a cyclone, and then I was dragged down into darkness, seemingly fathoms upon fathoms below the sunlight. Huge swirls of water pounded at my ears and gurgled down my throat; my eyes were blinded; my arms were helpless. The raft had dived to the bottom. The voyage of the raft flashed through my mind; the pretty pictures along the river; the Indian women at the water's edge;

Black-snake's deserted house; the lights and shadows on the silent hills—and as these were fading into dimness and darkness a loosened piece of timber struck me. I grasped it with despairing strength. Slowly I rose to the sunlight, and as I struggled with the water a wave tossed me, gasping and choking, upon a pile of the cook's firewood near the shanty. Half-town helped me to my feet, and wiped the water from my face. The long raft had rasped and pounded over the dam; the front platforms were slowly rising, and the men from the rear were running forward to set an oar in place, as soon as an uninjured thole-pin could be found. My oar had been ground to splinters in the first wild plunge, and another oar was lost; but the third oar and an extra one that had been carried for cases of emergency, were soon in position. Fortunately the raft had kept the channel, and it was an easy matter to get things pulled together. The row-boat, a pile of loose boards, a dozen bunches of pine shingles, and the two missing oars seemed to be the only losses, although the runners had been knocked out of place and the front platforms badly broken.

The afternoon faded into twilight, the purple hills grew black against the sky, and still we drifted onward. The troubled water shone like beaten silver in the rising moon; in the quieter stretches under the banks the

dim beauty of the stars found a tremulous mirror; and in the darker shades of sombre islands the mist floated downward, as if to hide away with gentle haste. In the silent hush of the beautiful night no one spoke for a long time. The pilot's signaling arm moved out against the shining river as shadows dance across the sands at summer's noon—there was no need for words. An hour passed by in silence. I grew chilled in the mountain air; but there was no fire in the cabin stove. I turned to call the cook.

"Hi! Oh, Hi!" I shouted in the raftsmen's energetic tone. Only the startlingly-clear echoes answered, "'I—oh, Hi!"

"Has anyone seen the cook?" I asked, in a more moderate tone. There was no sound but the gurgle of the water about the openings in the raft and the creak of a swinging oar.

"He must be asleep somewhere," I muttered, beginning a search. The cook was not on the raft.

"Look here, men," I said, with a show of gruffness, "the cook is not on the raft. Have any of you seen him since we plunged over the dam?"

"You ought to know better nor we," spoke up a rasping voice. "He was at your oar."

I remembered then that Hi was standing beside me when my oar was tossed into the air.

"Then," I said slowly, a strange, sharp pain coming up into my throat. "He's—he's drowned."

No one spoke. A frog croaked dismally in the weeds on a little island; and an owl cried out with mournful note away off in the mountains, and across a field faint organ music came in fitful waves from the wide-open door of a lonely farmhouse. A woman was singing in a high, hard voice. I knew the words—

"What is life? 'Tis but a vapor;
Soon it vanishes away.
Life is but a dying taper—
Ah! my soul, why wish to stay?"

The music died away, and only the swish of the water and the murmur of the wind in the pine-trees kept us company.

In the presence of death the human heart is wondrous kind. I have thought some-

times that a raftsmen has a larger heart and fewer opportunities for showing what is in it than most men. Often when the opportunity does offer it comes in the wrong way. When the raft stopped for the night in the shadow of a towering mountain below Kinzua, and the men gathered in awkward silence about the little stove in the shanty, there seemed no reasonable way to express the common feeling for the cook's death.

"Poor Hi!" muttered big Jack Sandford, looking hard at the fiery round eye in the front of the stove; "he's dead now, dead as—as—well, he was a pretty square man, after all. He had his faults, as all have—but we won't think of that now: what's the use?"

The fiery eye glowed and sparkled and tossed bits of shining coals out upon the floor; but no one made reply.

"He's dead now," said Big Jack again; "and we can't do him any good—no, nor any harm. We might have treated him better—but—but what's the use now?—he's dead, you know, and cannot see nor feel. There's his satchel over there in the corner of the bunks; we might send that home to his widow?"

An uneasy shuffling of feet was the only sound. Big Jack scowled fiercely at the glowing round eye.

"Well, but look here," he continued, as though arguing with the blazing coals, "we ought to send her something else—something substantial, from the raft, you know. She'll need it bad enough afore spring. Here's a fiver that I'll put on the table to start a pile with; not much to pay a woman for the loss of her husband, is it?"

"Scotch" Louis reached deep into his pocket, and without a word laid a five-dollar bill upon the table. Half-town put down all he had—three silver dollars. For a few moments no one spoke. Then "Lengthy" Ware, a tall, gaunt, ungainly fellow with one eye, threw a pair of boots and a shirt on the table.

"There, gen'l'men," said he; "the widow can sell 'em. I ain't got nothin' else."

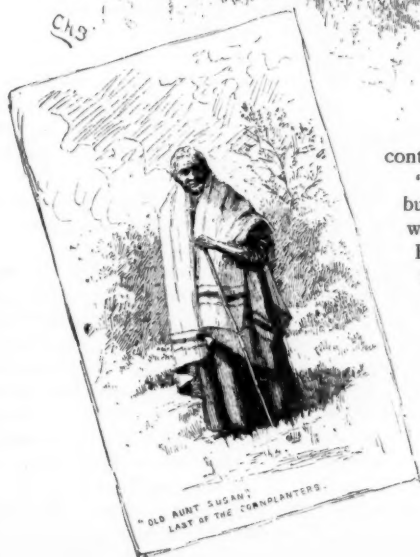
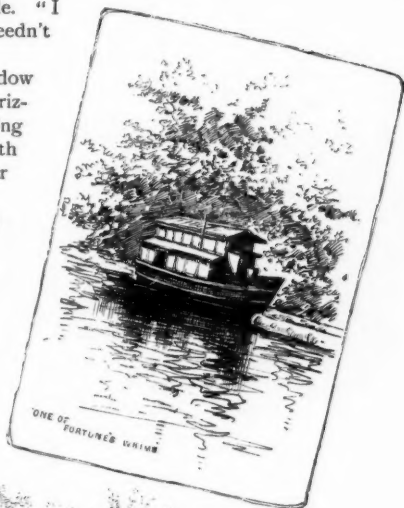
"And here," spoke up another bewhiskered oarsman, "here's a coat—only one I got—but the widow can sell it, too."

"My brother Tom's Sunday hat," explained a small, red-faced man, as an old-

fashioned stovepipe hat rolled up to the pile. "I was taking it to him at Bully-Holler, but he needn't go to church for awhile."

"An empty pocket-book won't help the widow much; but she, maybe, can sell it," said a grizzled, wrinkled, knotted old river-man, laying down a greasy leather purse, and adding with a comical sigh, "it's been no use to me for many a day."

Had the occasion been less solemn, it would have been a roaring farce. The men, however, were touched to the quick by poor Hi's death, and in their eagerness to give something to help the widow through the winter, their kindly natures made them act like simple children. By tacit



consent Big Jack took charge of the contributions.

"This'll show her," said he, swinging the bundle into a corner, "that we're half-way white, anyway." Then he muttered: "Poor Hi; poor devil; why did you croak, when there isn't a decent cook on the raft!"

An hour later the light from a swinging lantern shone upon a silent group of men resting upon bunks and benches. The supper, of fried salt pork, crackers, potatoes and coffee had been eaten, and the tin plates and cups stood in unwashed disorder upon the rough, cross-legged table. Water for rinsing the dishes was boiling in a blackened tin pail on the stove. The fiery round eye had lost much of its individuality, as the stove itself was heated to a cherry

red. The door of the shanty stood ajar. Clouds of smoke from capacious tobacco pipes drifted out into the cold night air, and mingled with the stream of sparks and fire that poured from the tin stove-pipe above the roof. The moon ran high in a cloudless sky.

Late in the night a sound came down the river—a faint, far-away sound that sent the men in the shanty outside to listen.

"It's a skiff," said "Scotch" Louis, peering into the darkness.

A puff of wind blew up the stream. The sound died away. When it came again it was so near that it could not be mistaken; it was the sound of clumsy pine oars pounding heavily against the thole-pins of a skiff. The boat shot out from the shadows of the farther shore, and headed across a broad belt of shining water.

"He's coming here," said Big Jack, "and he's bareheaded as a wolf."

When the skiff touched the raft, Half-town seized the painter and wound it around a grub. The rower leaped to the raft without a word. The moonlight fell full upon his face.

"Great heavens! Hi—Hi; it can't be you!" and Big Jack, in sudden fear, staggered back against "Scotch" Louis. The men crowded forward.

"It's Hi; it's the cook!" they whispered, scarcely knowing that they spoke.

"What's the matter with you fellers, anyhow?" demanded the boatman. "Do you see a ghost, or what?"

"We—we thought you were dead—drowned, you know," said Big Jack, doubtfully, going close to the newcomer, as if to prove his identity.

"Well, I ain't no dead man. It'll be a pretty cold day when I get drowned. Guess I can swim, can't I?"

When the raftsmen saw with their own eyes that the cook was alive and well, they were overpowered by a sudden revulsion of feeling. They cuffed the poor fellow about as though he were a bundle of straw; they hurled heavy oaths at him; they forced him to clear away the remains of the supper, and made a butt of him for many a rough joke. But for the gratification of living, the cook might nearly as well have been lying underneath Corydon dam. The men seemed cha-

grined that they had been unnecessarily betrayed into an exhibition of sober feeling. In their desire to drive away the memory of what they had done for Hi's widow, they fell upon poor Hi in almost savage glee.

"Hold up with that racket," shouted a voice in the din. "Let that poor fellow alone, and let's play euchre for the widow's bundle."

A shout of approval answered the proposition. "Scotch" Louis made a feeble protest, which was shouted down. Big Jack rolled himself in his blanket, and using a flower-sack for a pillow, went to sleep. The other men lost no time in beginning their game under the lantern. They played and quarreled until midnight, without disposing of the stake. Then Big Jack, annoyed by the quarreling, shook himself clear of his blanket, and grasping the bundle, gave back each article to its former owner.

"There," said he, gruffly; "go to bed and have done with this cat-and-dog business." In a few moments the cabin was in darkness, and the men were sleeping as peacefully as tired children.

A raftsmen's bunk is not an elaborate piece of furniture by any means. Some straw scattered loosely upon the rough boards is considered sufficient for any man of reasonable mind. For a long time after pilot and crew had gone to sleep, I lay on the hard boards, with a heavy quilt about me, listening to the murmur of the river and watching the cold white moon through cracks and holes in the roof. When the moon dipped behind the bold outline of the western hills I fell asleep, to be awakened by the noise of the cook stumbling about the stove in the early morning.

The stars were dimly shining when I went out into the still air. The valley was in shadow, but high on the rocky summit of Corn-planter's Lookout the sun was smiling faintly. Light clouds of mist floated on the river, and rising far below, hid the distant hills with a drifting veil of white. Frost gleamed softly in the faint light; the boards on the raft crackled noisily under foot. In the sharp air the river-water, when thrown on the face and hands, seemed soft and warm. The islands and trees were hidden in the mists; the birds, awakened by the first hint of coming day, cried out to one

another, without seeking to leave the shelter of their nests. At length the sombre rocks on Lookout Point flashed with rosy light, like a great gilded dome hung high in the heavens—the sun had risen. In half an hour the raft glided out from the shadow of the Lookout and continued its lazy voyage.

Corn-planter's Lookout and Corn-planter's Monument mark the later history of a famous Indian chief. No character in all the history of the Alleghany valley stands out so clear and bold as that of Corn-planter, once high chief of the Seneca Nation. As in turn the friend, the enemy and the pupil of Washington; as the warrior and the teacher of the Senecas, Corn-planter will live in history when his marble monument shall have crumbled to dust; will live while the names of Tecumseh, Black-Hawk, Brant, Braddock and Washington are found in the annals of the country's life; will live, as he has lived for a hundred years, in the record of his words and deeds. Like many other great chiefs, Corn-planter was only a half-breed. His father was John O'Bail, an Irish trader; his mother was Queen Aliquippiso. When Corn-planter was born, in February, 1735, the Queen, an only child, was living with her parents on the banks of the Genesee river, in Western New York. For some reason O'Bail did not live with his Indian wife, but contented himself with visiting her and her son at infrequent intervals. In 1748, Corn-planter then being thirteen years of age, Queen Aliquippiso removed to Fort Pitt, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. The site of her lodge is said to be now covered by the city hall building in Pittsburgh. It was at this place that Corn-planter first met Washington. In speaking of the meeting, nearly half a century afterward, Corn-planter said: "When Washington, on



CORN-PLANTER'S LOOKOUT AND MONUMENT

his return from his mission from Governor Dinwiddie to the French at Franklin and Presque Isle [now Erie], he stopped two days with my mother. I talk with him some. Washington was young then, not much older than I was—so I like him very much." The Indians were friendly at that time. It was not until the French floated down the river and laid siege to Fort Pitt that the Indians turned against the English. From that time until 1784, thirty years later, the Alleghany valley was the theatre of war for all of Corn-planter's followers. Corn-planter helped to lead the

Indian forces against Washington in the battle of Braddock's Field. When the two men met again long years afterward, Corn-planter was President Washington's guest in Philadelphia. The intervening years were full of all the horrors of Indian warfare. There seems to have been no ferocity that Corn-planter, in all his greatness as chief, did not attempt; no danger that he would not risk; no hardship that he would not endure. He fought for his home, for his people, for the honor of his race. From the time that the white men began to steal his lands and drive away his people, up to the day of his death, his face was turned from the white man and from the white man's ways. He believed in the rights of his people; he gave the work of his life to his friends and his race. Men have been accounted great for less than this. In an Indian—and a half-breed at that—such unselfish devotion to a principle entitles him to honor and fame.

Corn-planter's life was made up of stirring incidents. When scarcely twenty years of age he had made a reputation as a war chief. During an interval of peace in 1765 he went west to the Muskingum and married. On the return journey, as an incidental piece of amusement for his bride, he made a raid on the fort at Franklin, now in Venango county, Pennsylvania, and scalped everybody that could be found outside the stockade. In 1779 there occurred a series of events which gave Corn-planter's Lookout its name, and left the sting of wrong in the hearts of the Senecas for many years. Colonel Broadhead, a Continental soldier, stationed at Pittsburgh, ascended the Alleghany river in keel-boats to make raids upon Corn-planter's towns. At the mouth of the Brokenstraw creek, six miles below Warren, he came upon an Indian village called Buckaloon, defended by Chief Half-town, Chief Logan, Chief Thompson, and a small force of young men. The soldiers and the Indians came together in battle for six days, with a loss of thirty Indians and twenty-five soldiers. The Indians were driven over the hills, and Buckaloon was burned. Broadhead left his boats at Warren, and pushed on over the hills to Corn-planter's town, near the mouth of Kinzua creek, and nearly under the shadow of

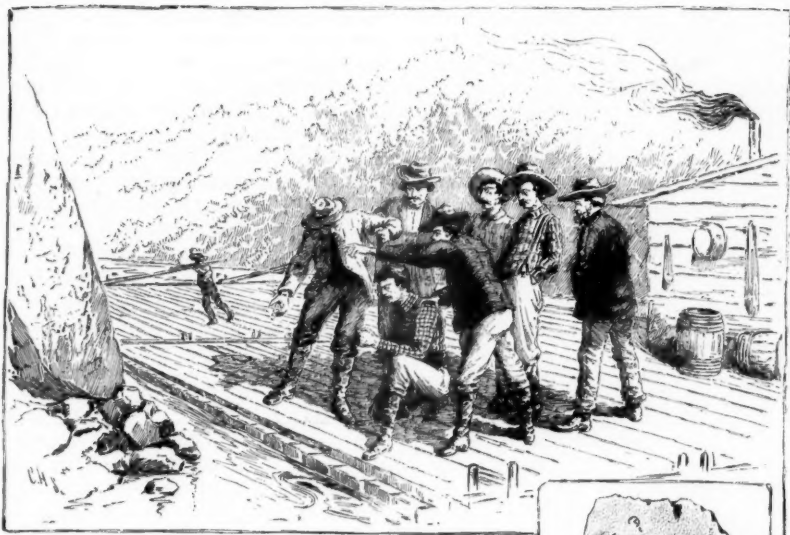
the great mountain now called Corn-planter's Lookout. When Broadhead invaded the town he found no one there but an old squaw, who refused to move from her hut. The warriors were several miles up the river. With a fiendishness rarely equalled, Broadhead set fire to the village and the year's crop of corn, and retreated down the river. Corn-planter stood upon the summit of the mountain above the town and watched the intruders burn his home. What he said, what he thought, or what he did on that wind-swept peak as the November gales trailed into his face the smoke and ashes of his outraged home, no man can know.

It is small wonder that Corn-planter, meeting President Washington by appointment a few years afterward, should hurl at him the epithet "House-burner!"

If, for this atrocious work, Broadhead escaped the wrath of the Indians, he did not dodge the retribution of fate, for on the return voyage his boats stuck fast in the ice at Hickory-town flats, and before he could get away with his famished crew he had the stain of something only a little less than cannibalism upon his hands.

In a few years Corn-planter saw his people stripped of all their lands, and it was not until 1790 that he got from the State of Pennsylvania grants of river-bottoms aggregating fifteen hundred acres. Of this land, only six hundred acres—lying between Corydon and Kinzua—remain intact, the rest being in possession of white men. The present site of Oil City was a part of the original grant.

The wars finally over, Corn-planter built a town upon the Corydon-Kinzua grant, and lived there the rest of his life. He was married twice. By his first wife, who died at the home of her people on the Muskingum, he had one son, Henry. While on a visit to Philadelphia the great chief—who refused to learn the English language himself—sent his son to school. Henry improved with the white man's education so rapidly, that when he returned home he succeeded in "raising" his father's bank-check from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars at a Pittsburgh bank. This so enraged the honest old warrior, that he disowned the young man and drove him off the reservation.



THE INDIAN GOD

Henry went to Buffalo, married decently and brought up two children in respectability. He was known as Major O'Bail in the war of 1812. By his second wife Corn-planter had four children, two of them boys. Charles, the elder, was like his father, keeping much to himself, setting his face resolutely against schools, and avoiding the society of white men. William, the other son, and the last chief of the Senecas, was quite friendly with the English. The widow of the latter, a kindly old woman — whose features are seen in these pages—is now living, at the age of more than ninety years, in a picturesque little hut on the banks of the Alleghany river, three and one-half miles below Corydon. In her possession are many little presents given to Corn-planter by Washington: a gold medal, Washington's letters, the hilt of Corn-planter's beautiful sword, title-deeds to lands, and many documents bearing Washington's signature. A few of these things have been seen and handled by two or three trusted white men; but to see them all one must needs be in very good standing as a full-fledged brave of the Seneca nation.

The span of Corn-planter's life ran on to an even hundred years. In peace and quiet, surrounded by loving friends, he died February 14, 1836. A small marble monument, erected by the State of Pennsylvania in



1866, now marks a spot where Corn-planter is supposed to lie buried. Three inscriptions, vaguely indefinite, but singularly consistent with what had gone before, tell in rounded phrase of indifferent things in a meaningless way.

But the kaleidoscope changes. Corn-planter's Lookout and his monument faded away, out of sight and mind, as the raft swept around Big Bend and plunged into the darksome shadows of the eastern hills. All the morning we ran between mountains of pine and hemlock, oak and ash.

It was not until we had drifted within three miles of Warren that we caught the full force of the morning sun. And such a greeting did we get from over the tops of distant trees, that the men broke into shouts of laughter and merry song.

Warren lies cradled in a hollow of the mountains. Its business houses face the

river bank, which here rises to the dignity of a bold bluff. A prettier town never flashed back the radiance of the sun or cowered in the shadows of overhanging mountains. It is only negatively ambitious. From the time of its settlement—about 1800—it has been content to see itself grow year by year, without much energy of its own. The men that held the key to its prosperity—rich lumbermen with little care beyond their own lands and logs—seemed all willing to let the town thrive as it might; they would not be troubled with noisy industry or smoke from sooty furnaces. Nature dedicated the place to manufacture; gave it two heady currents—the Alleghany and the Conewango—for power for busy mills, placed bars against higher navigation by steamboats, and grew near at hand timber of every kind; forests that even now stretch east and west in rival greatness to the woods of Leather-stocking. Instead of sixty thousand thrifty people, the town has less than five thousand.

Warren grew in sympathy with the steady advance of lumbering. The first raft was sent down the river in the fall of 1800* by one Daniel Jackson, who owned a sawmill on the Conewango, a mile above the confluence of the two rivers. A Mr. Mead, a lumberman on the Brokenstraw creek, six miles below the Conewango, sent some lumber to Pittsburgh a few weeks later. Years afterward, when steamboats ascended the river, Warren was the shipping-point for much of Northwestern Pennsylvania. The first steamboat that ventured up the river was the "Alleghany Mail." It is interesting to note that the first prosperous newspaper published in the valley was the *Alleghany Mail*, now the *Warren Mail*, which is still edited and published by its founder, Mr. E. Cowan, assisted by his son, Mr. Willis G. Cowan.

In the earlier days of rafting there were no cables, and the run from Warren to Pittsburgh, 203 miles, was usually made without stopping. It was killing work. An average run occupied about thirty-seven hours. The quickest trip with a raft is claimed by Henry Morrison, a well-

known pilot, who made the run in thirty-one hours. A flat-boat, loaded with ice for Memphis, made the run to Pittsburgh, in 1843, in thirty hours. When it is known that the average modern rafting run occupies three and three-quarter days, the thirty-one hour trip seems a trifle remarkable. However, the figures are not doubted by any of Mr. Morrison's friendly rivals.

Until cables came into use, landings were made with the help of hickory withes fastened to the grubs. Fifty years ago Rev. Robert Gregg made the first cable used on the river. To manufacture this cable, hickory splints were twisted and braided together in a compact mass. The "line," as it was proudly but somewhat facetiously spoken of, was sixty feet long, with a solid diameter of more than four inches. How the Samsons of that muscular age carried the thing ashore and wrapped the end about a tree before the raft disappeared in the distance, is a matter of no small wonder. However, this unwieldy cable held its own with hempen lines six years later.

When the word was given in the morning to "pull out," I gave up my oar to a lusty young fellow whom I had picked up in the streets of Warren.

During the afternoon we passed through a part of the old petroleum regions, landing in the twilight a short distance below Oil City. With seven and one-half feet of water in the river we had made the run of sixty miles in ten hours. Five miles below Oil City is Franklin, an historic old borough, and eight miles below Franklin bridge stands the Indian God, a remarkable monument of Indian idolatry. The god is a huge upright rock, rising twenty feet from the water's edge. It is profusely ornamented with deeply indented hieroglyphics, which extol the feats of war, the successes of the chase, and the simple religion of the Seneca Nation. Hither at certain seasons came the Indians to worship* and to invoke aid for their wars against the English. Few of the Senecas now worship the rock, but the raftsmen do honor to the place with an old and much observed custom.

* Ex-Judge Wetmore, of Warren, tells me that rafting was not begun until 1806. The most reliable authorities disagree upon the exact date.

* Mr. Beecher, of Warren, says that Corn-planter would neither admit nor deny that he or any of his relatives worshipped the rock.

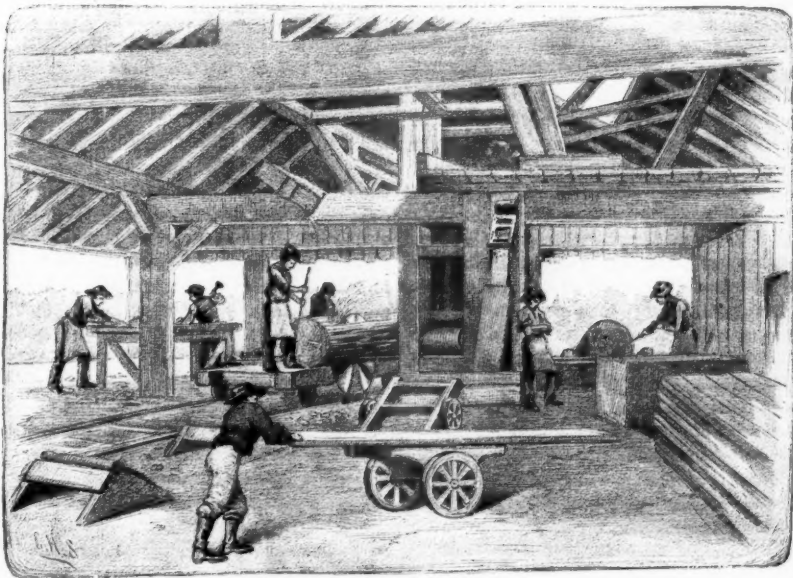
I was looking at the hieroglyphics through an opera-glass, when a sudden commotion arose near the shanty. Three stalwart oarsmen were dragging the new man to the edge of the raft.

"D'ye see that rock, Jimmy Fresh?" demanded "Lengthy" Ware. "Well, that's the Indian God, an' every new cub that pulls an oar down the river's got to go down on his marrow-bones an' pray for's soul, or else he'll drown. So, down, you son of a sea-cook!"

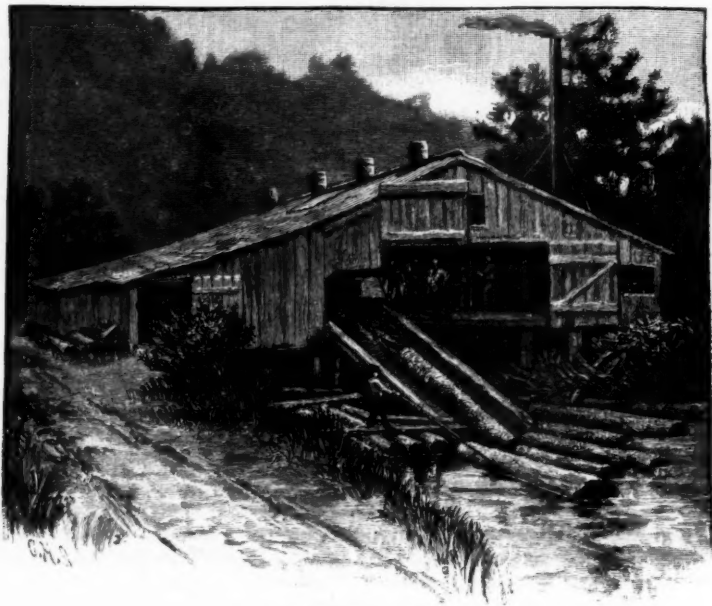
There seemed to be no help for the new man: he was compelled to get down, and with clasped hands, pray to the wave-worn rock. Raftsmen are fond of pranks and practical jokes. Often when two or three hundred of them are at a landing-place they will mob the town, and after seizing all the hotels and saloons, dance until morning in a mad revel of delight. In the cold, calm light of day they are always ready to pay for damages caused by the spree. They never shirk hard work, and often run the river at night without a word of remonstrance or complaint. Few pilots care to run at night, however. "Old Mike" McKinney, the

story goes, was one of the first to abandon night-work.

"Now 'Old Mike,'" the pilots say, "was fond o' runnin' night 'n day so 't his nerve wouldn't give out afore his flask was empty. Well, one night 'bout 'leven o'clock, some years ago, he was a-boomin' down the river at Craig's eddy, expectin' to git over Patterson's Falls 'n land at Emlenton for the night. Well, he slides into th' eddy easy-like, 'n over on to the bank he sees a house all ablaze with lights; 'n fiddlin' 'n dancin' fit to split. In about a quarter of an hour they passed another house where there was fiddlin' 'n dancin'; an' after awhile they came to another house the same way, an' then to another an' another, an' so on the hull night long. 'Old Mike' rubbed his eyes two or three times, but didn't say nothin', an' nobody da'sn't speak to him when he was runnin' the raft 'n had his flask with him. At last he got wild and yelled out: 'What kind of a country is this, anyway? Fiddlin' 'n dancin' in every house 'long the river!' Then one o' the men in a quiet way showed him, that he'd been driftin' up an' down Craig's eddy all night!"



LOGS TURNED INTO BOARDS

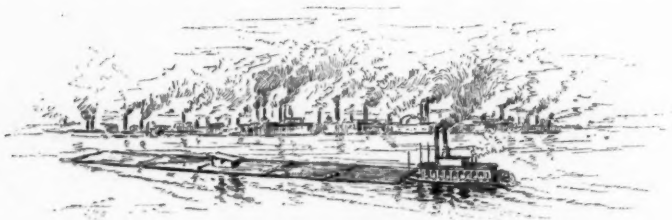


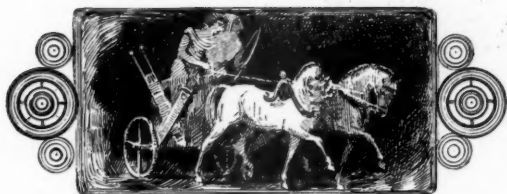
A WAYSIDE MILL

It was with dumb regret that I turned my back upon the river. It had been a pleasant trip—the weather mild, the raft a haven of forgetfulness, the scenery beautiful beyond the utmost endeavor of brush or pen. The memory of the last night on the raft will linger with me a long time; a memory on which is impressed in pleasing outline a wild “stag-dance” in the moonlight; a one-eyed fiddler sitting on a bunch of shingles; an uproarious game at euchre on the top of a barrel, and a dozen pranks and jokes, only possible with light-hearted raftsmen. But the longest journey must have an ending; and so, in the afternoon of the sixth day out, the raft was made fast to a huge ring in

a wharf at Alleghany City, opposite Pittsburgh. The oarsmen, after shaking hands with me in a brotherly sort of way and hoping that I would have no difficulty in finding my friend, the artist, whom I had abandoned on the upper river, leaped ashore and mingled with the crowd that poured across Alleghany bridge. I went out and stood on the wharf a regretful hour, watching the indrifting of rafts from a fog-bank of smoke and steam. As I lingered there, a sooty steamboat, with roaring wheels and wheezing breath, seized our raft in grimy tentacles and bore it away into the dull horizon.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.





WHAT WILL BECOME OF EGYPT?

IF recent accounts are correct, English policy in Egypt has been defined, and we are told that she intends to abandon the attempt to regain the Soudan, now virtually in possession of El Mahdi, who represents himself as the successor of Mohammed. This means that no attempt will be made by Egypt to regain the Soudan, for the reason, if no other, that the Khedive is dependent entirely upon England to keep him on his throne. It is well known that he would not remain a day in power, if the English soldiers were withdrawn. When the "Arabi" rebellion closed, England disbanded the Egyptian army, retaining a fragment, a bare sufficiency, to do the necessary police duty of the country. Those we hear of as garrisoning forts and towns in the Soudan, are the defeated soldiers of the army of "Arabi," who were sent there partly to get rid of them. This is looked upon by these people as a sort of exile, very much like sending criminals in Russia to Siberia, the only difference being in climate. They went, filled with bitterness in their hearts. There was no fight in, and less dependence to be placed on, them. This was the class of soldiers that the distinguished and gallant old soldier Hicks Pasha had with him, and who were so summarily disposed of by El Mahdi. It is likely that when the truth is known, it will be found that the larger portion of his own army was against him. It seems that Baker Pasha, who is one of the remarkable military men of the day, did all he could to induce Hicks to confine himself to the Nile valley, and warned him not to trust too confidently to his Egyptian troops in a march over the desert to El Obeid, the chosen seat

of the Prophet and focus of fanaticism. This opinion of Baker was shared by intelligent foreigners, who marched with the ill-fated army from Khartoum. Having noticed the opinions of Baker (Valentine) Pasha since his advent in Egypt, I do not hesitate to say, that on no one's judgment could more reliance be placed. Because of the displeasure of the Queen of England, they displaced him with vastly inferior men.

The question is often asked, What has determined this recent policy of England? One solution undoubtedly is a mere matter of economy. Another may be that she thinks the country so worthless, with little hope of immediate revenue, and that it can only be reconquered by English troops and English money. Besides, she does not intend to waste her own people in a fight with the deadly malaria of the marshes and the heated sands of the deserts of Central Africa.

This close calculation seems harsh, in view of English policy, if it is traced no farther back than when her fleet, without justifiable cause, so cruelly bombarded the helpless city of Alexandria and brought about a hopeless disorganization of the civil and military administration of Egypt. Powerless to act, and England not caring, Egypt's vast possessions in the Soudan were left to the crafty designs of the slave-traders, and soon became an easy prey to the dark-skinned adventurer and his savage hordes, who, if the published information is authentic, are about to beard English soldiers, so comfortably fixed in the seat of the faithful, along the banks of the Lower Nile, by the capture of Khartoum. This harsh policy

becomes doubly so, when it is considered, that but a few years since England entered into the bondholders' imbroglio, with a deep design to force poor Egypt to pay their exorbitant exactions. The result of this "wise" policy was the overthrow of Ismail Pasha, whom they could not handle, and with it the utter prostration of the Egyptian government. Poor Tewfik, weak and vacillating, was made Khedive, a fit instrument to consummate the humane policy of the great power. The natural consequence of this act was the rise and fall of Arabi Pasha, the destruction of Alexandria and the possession of Egypt by English soldiers. There was an apparent unwillingness to remain there. But it was well known that if English troops left another rebellion would follow, and the sacred interest would be again endangered. Preparations were even arranged looking to an abandonment. How opportune it was for El Mahdi to step in and cut the gordian knot, and relieve Mr. Gladstone of his anxiety! If the Prophet had not solved the problem, does anyone doubt that there would have been some equally potent and logical reason for holding the coveted prize? Is it to be wondered at, after all these calamities coming in such quick succession, that Egypt should be torn asunder by an Ethiopian from the interior of Africa? It is possibly a happy circumstance, to be able to bring Egypt down to the Island of Philæ, near Assouan, the only gate to enter Lower Egypt from the south, which is a good place to fortify against El Mahdi. So circumscribed, they may think, with a few English soldiers aided by her navy, the Suez Canal, which has become as important to her as the mouth of the Thames, will be perfectly secure from any further interruption. This link in her possession, and the whole line to the Indies will belong to her.

That Egypt should be rendered helpless by these numerous episodes in her recent history, and that the chief actor in bringing her to ruin, while dictating her policy, should refuse without an effort to save an integral and important part of her possessions, is without doubt inexplicable. Is it that "the lion's skin is too short to be eked out by the fox's?"

Poor Egypt has still another stranger to rule over her. For over 2,500 years, since

the invasion of Cambyzes, she has been, as now, the plaything of nations, excepting the brief period in a rebellion against the Persian, when the last descendant of the Pharaohs was placed upon their shattered throne, to be soon driven from it into the deserts of Africa, where its sands closed forever over the last blood of those ancient kings, who had reigned with so much wisdom and splendor for over 4,000 years.

There was a brilliant episode under the Greek Ptolemies. But the shadow of the stranger has darkened her history with spoliation and ruin. And we see her to-day in one of those crises which have so often beset the unfortunate country, in a desolation which makes her the object of pitiable commiseration, while it increases our amazement in witnessing the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation guided by her own interests, coldly administering upon what little there is left, without the slightest regard for its victim.

It is well to recall the fact that Ismail, the late Khedive, among all his sins, made a strong effort to elevate his country and give it some vitality. With wonderful power he not only peacefully controlled his ignorant and superstitious people, but guided them, against their will, in the path of progress. Under his government, Lower Egypt became more populous in proportion to its extent than any country in Europe. Increasing in material wealth, after supplying her people with her own productions, she had a large surplus for exportation, and at the same time more than doubled her importations. It was unfortunate that this ruler, the only one who had the sense and influence to govern the country, warped by ambition, should have been persuaded that it was an easy thing to attain greatness by lavish expenditure from an already depleted treasury.

It was then he listened to the syren song of De Lesseps and pledged large sums to complete the Suez Canal. Other grand constructions followed in quick succession, and the applause which greeted him looked as if he was on the road to fame. But at that very moment his creditors were gnawing away his throne. As expected, they soon entangled him in their meshes, and,

aided by England and France, packed him off with his harem and baggage to the beautiful palace "La Favorita," so pleasantly situated on the Bay of Naples—a palace not improbably given him in return for the large sums he had, from his private fortune, loaned Victor Emmanuel.

To understand the true condition of Egypt, and the immediate cause of her troubles, it is necessary to recall some of the incidents which have happened in that undefined region proposed to be abandoned and known as the Soudan. Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present dynasty, long coveted the possession of Central Africa, believing, with the ancient Pharaohs, that it would not only extend his empire, but bring countless wealth into his treasury. He did not doubt but that Egypt of right was entitled to all the land watered by the Nile, with the teeming population which inhabited it. More than fifty years ago he made his determined movement. But to do it effectually, it was necessary to dispose of the Mamelukes, his old enemies, who had taken refuge from his vengeance in Nubia and Dongola. A short campaign, and he crushed out of existence the last remnant of those famous freebooters. The gateway clear, he soon brought under subjection Berber, Kordofan and Sennaar, extending his conquest to Gondokora, on the White Nile, a great distance beyond the city of Khartoum. At the junction of the White and Blue Nile he established the city of Khartoum, which, as soon as Mehemet returned to Lower Egypt, became the centre of the slave trade, together with its accompaniments of ivory, gold and ostrich feathers. Expressing a strong desire to break up the traffic in slaves, he acted in apparent good faith. It was, however, but a temporary effort. Soon his well-meant intentions in this particular were forgotten, and the vast projects carefully matured for his equatorial empire, ended in the conquest of the provinces already named. His officials, aware that his great mind had given way, entered openly into the traffic, giving military aid when necessary, and were paid in proportion to services rendered, those at Cairo being only too willing to reap the reward of their indulgence. All obstacles

being removed, the new possessions became wonderfully prosperous.

From that time till the time of Ismail, little effort was made to extend the frontier or to interfere with the slave trade. Said, whom he succeeded, for a brief period in obedience to the demand of Europe, pretended to abolish the slave trade, visiting the dark region and issuing decrees against it. But on returning to Cairo and finding his treasury empty, he was only too glad to replenish his coffers by the continuance of the trade, smothering alike his own conscience and the sentiment of Europe. Khartoum, under its auspices, swelled in population to 40,000 inhabitants, and increased correspondingly in trade with Lower Egypt. Ismail, inheriting the Soudan, with its limitless boundaries, and true to the tradition of his family, determined early in his reign to push his claims to the source of the Nile. He, too, abolished slavery as a beginning of his grand scheme. To carry out his plans, he employed Sir Samuel Baker, the learned English explorer, and giving him *carte blanche*, sent him into Central Africa. A most interesting history is given in Sir Samuel's published account of his experiences. After great labor, not unaccompanied with fighting, he was forced to retire before the strong army of slave-hunters and their dark allies.

Baker was succeeded by an official in the English army known as "Chinese Gordon," the same who fell heir to the army of Ward, an American, who so successfully organized and fought it against the Chinese in the famous Tai-Ping rebellion. On the death of Ward, Gordon soon after succeeded to the command, and, it is said, rendered great service to the Chinese government. After a long experience in the Soudan, Gordon found it impossible to effect the object of his appointment, threw up his command, and returned to England. During this time another was asked to go there, but he, for important reasons, declined. A few months later, Gordon returned to Egypt, and was again appointed to the command, this time with regal power. With the determination to extend the empire of the Khedive, and root out the slave trade, he entered upon his old field of operations. His experiences were again

unsuccessful. Upon returning to Cairo, he said to the Khedive that "Egypt is not now in a position to maintain these countries, and all her splendid projects in Central Africa are to be abandoned." It seems that when he took command of the Soudan it was self-supporting, and paying into the treasury over a half million dollars per annum, with a trade with Lower Egypt of many millions more. On his retiring, the country was \$850,000 in debt, and in such disorder that there was no hope of further revenue. The situation when he left the country was, that Egypt had lost control of Darfour and the greater part of the White Nile, and the river region of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, which yielded a considerable revenue, while she nominally controlled Kordofan and Sennaar.

During the service of Gordon in the Soudan numerous caravans of slave-traders with slaves were intercepted. It was the custom of these hunters to visit the interior of Africa, capture a village, and, leaving the old and infirm to take care of themselves, select the able-bodied men, women and children and pack them, with ivory and ostrich-feathers. These, under the lash, were forced to carry their burdens hundreds of miles, to where there was a market for all this plunder and people. Upon the capture of these hordes by the Egyptians, the ivory and feathers were sold for the benefit of the government, instead of giving it to these poor, miserable creatures, who had packed it so many hundreds of miles. But they, too, were valuable, and were economically disposed of. It was not convenient to restore them to their distant homes; so the next most available plan was to make soldiers out of them. They, with their women and children, were floated down the Nile. On arriving at Cairo, the men were at once put into the army for life. The women and children were carefully domiciled in the different harems, and thus they too became slaves for life. This procedure is the Eastern idea of philanthropy. The men seemed well pleased with getting on a uniform, and really they look like stalwart warriors. Having been inured to danger and exposure, they make the best soldiers in the Egyptian service.

After all there is a humane side to the

picture. Numbers of regiments have been recruited in this way, and have relieved that many of the fellah population—docile in character—who, hating the army, prefer the peaceful walk of the tiller of the soil. Taking infinitely more delight in his little mud hut, with his women and children, the fellah is content to see his black compatriots strut in their gay dress with a rifle in their hands, and without one pang of envy let him reap all the fame of "glorious war."

Egypt has other possessions contiguous to the Soudan that are to be considered. They are the provinces of Gallibat and Bogos, which border Abyssinia, the last named province being immediately contiguous to Massowah. These provinces are the same which were treacherously taken from Abyssinia a few years ago. They border the line of travel to the Soudan from Massowah and Souakin, the two seaport towns on the Red Sea. It was seriously contemplated by Ismail to connect one of these towns with the Soudan, this being the nearest land communication. The distance from Souakin on the Red Sea to Berber on the main Nile is now about seventeen days' march on camels, which is about 300 miles.

The five provinces named, together with Gallibat and Bogos near Abyssinia, are those particularly excited by the wanderings of El Mahdi and are now in revolt. They lie between 5° and 24½° north latitude and between the 20° and 37° of longitude. In this area lies a large part of the main Nile and its great branches, the Atbara and the Blue Nile, which take their rise in the mountains of Abyssinia, and the White Nile, which takes its rise in the mountains and lakes beyond the equator. Passing through the lakes, it is subsequently joined by the lengthy and wide-spreading rivers the Sobat and Bahr-el-Ghazal. Continuing its course it forms a junction with the Blue Nile at Khartoum in about latitude 16° north. In the valleys of these rivers and the country adjacent to them there is a vast population, of which at least 10,000,000 are liable to become excited by El Mahdi, if they are not already so. In these excited provinces is included the Bahr-el-Ghazal region, but not the Sobat river country, which is wholly savage. It is estimated that there are over 100,000,000

acres of fertile soil, 10,000,000 of which are susceptible of the cultivation of cotton and sugar. The present cultivation is 200,000 acres, principally in dates and in doura, and duku, a small, nutritious grain, these being their main articles of food, with immense numbers of cattle, sheep and goats. Between 5° north and as many south of the equator, and between 20° and 45° east longitude lies "the equatorial region." The innumerable branches of the White Nile, the Sobat and Bahr-el-Ghazal rivers having their sources in the mountains of the equator, and the spacious lakes there, water all this extensive area, and being refreshed by copious rains, and naturally fertile, it is very productive, but rarely cultivated, the people subsisting mostly upon the natural productions of the soil. Explorers differ so widely in their estimates of the millions of acres of fertile lands, and the equally numerous millions of people who live in idleness, without any fixed labor, their only occupation being killing one another, that it is hazardous even to give an approximation of the population.

It was into this extensive region that Ismail, the late Khedive, intended in his railroad scheme to penetrate, with his mind particularly on "the equatorial region." He meant not only to reap immense advantages to his country in agriculture and commerce, but also to civilize the teeming millions who inhabit its soil, whom along the whole line he distinguished as *Les Noirs* and *Les Nègres*, the former of mixed blood and in many instances the ruling class.

Under Mr. Fowler, of London, an able engineer, he had projected a railroad 1,100 miles long, 200 miles of which he had completed before his overthrow, to aid in his far-reaching policy.

As a part of his plan, he had expended no less than ten millions of dollars in explorations into Central Africa, extending them beyond the equator into the equatorial region, and to the Juba river, on the Indian Ocean. A portion of this large sum was expended in his Abyssinian campaign, that country coming within the scope of his grand enterprise.

The railroad, it was thought, would soon develop the country and increase the traffic in cotton, sugar, grain, gums, senna, dates,

ebony, skins, ivory, ostrich feathers, gold, wild animals and birds. The traffic southward would be cotton goods, cutlery, tobacco, coffee, beans, rice and earthenware.

It matters not, that he may have been inspired, as his enemies have said, by vaulting ambition. His scheme had the merit, at least in its conception, of the greatest undertaking in modern times, for the amelioration of the numerous millions of human beings living there—a people who, Baker has written, "are living in a condition of such besotted ignorance that they have not a knowledge of even a God." And now we are told by one of the great Christian nations, that not only is this great work to be abandoned and Central Africa to be turned back in the course of civilization, but the whole equatorial region is again, unrestrained, to become a wild pandemonium of slave-hunters. The loss of life and the labor and the millions of dollars expended, are hereafter to be considered as of questionable necessity, and very doubtful utility. England having determined not to fulfil the German saying "of carrying her own skin to market" makes the problem a "tangled web."

The situation, as it now stands, is that El Mahdi, flushed by his recent victories over all opposition, particularly in the destruction of the two commands of Yusef and Hicks Pasha, has rallied a large army of his slave-hunters, whose pliable instrument he is, and is marching large forces to the eastern and western provinces, while, in person, at the head of a large army, he is marching from El Obeid to the important city of Khartoum, at the junction of the two great rivers the White and the Blue Nile. The rapid flight of the Europeans from Khartoum, the disaffection of the Mohammedan population and the anxiety of the Egyptian to move the men and large stores there, make it very likely that this city will fall at an early day. A short time back 30,000 Sepoys, under Englishmen, would have crushed out El Mahdi and saved the Soudan to Egypt. The excitement is now great, but it will increase in Egypt, North Africa, Arabia and Turkey, and will be found hereafter very difficult to manage. Starting, a few years since, a simple fanatic among a discontented people, oppressed by taxation and made turbulent

by bad management, it is not to be wondered at that El Mahdi, with a mob at his heels, should have met with such success, and particularly so, when it is considered that the troops sent against him were at heart in sympathy with him. The capture of the important capital of the Soudan will impress his ignorant and superstitious followers with even more fervor in the belief of his holy mission, than all the battles he has won. This will give him a seat of power, a centre from which he can issue his orders, organize his army and government, and supply his army with food and material of war; and here there will be no difficulty in getting as many men as he wants.

After the fall of Khartoum it will be difficult to hold Berber with Egyptian troops. It is said, it will be evacuated. If this is done, the forces of Egypt must go to Assouan and Philæ, or wherever they may elect, to fortify in Upper against the advance into Lower Egypt. This will give El Mahdi a clean sweep to that point, and to the Red Sea ports of Souakin and Massowah, and cause the loss of the provinces of Gallibat and Bogos, as Egypt cannot hold them. King John will solve the problem by taking back his own property. Baker Pasha has wisely sent Colonel Mason as Governor of Massowah: he is one of our Americans who went to Egypt to serve the Khedive. A bold man, he held his own in the valley of the Fayoum, the focus of fanaticism during the whole of Arabi's rebellion, though he was an employe of the Egyptian government. The city of Massowah is an important place to hold, to prevent slaves crossing the narrow sea to Arabia, and as against the Abyssinians as well as against El Mahdi. Its population is Mohammedan. The country around it is mountainous and inhabited by the Shohos, who are also fanatical Mohammedans, and very brave, if they are judged by the number of swords, pistols, lances and shotguns they carry. When to these are added the numerous verses of the Koran in the form of amulets they are loaded with, they, of course, become very formidable, in their own estimation. They will, however, find it very convenient to obey strictly all orders that Colonel Mason may issue, and if attacked by the Abyssinians he will give a good account of himself.

There is another site on the main Nile, which can be fortified, and in its history may repeat itself. It is where the village of Semneh is situated above the Second Cataract and thirty-five miles above Oadi-Halfa. As early as the twelfth dynasty, the Pharaohs made this their boundary, and under a famous king fortified the river on both sides of the village.

The fortifications are very striking. The high walls and lofty square towers of the ancient Egyptian fortress are still there. Some think that the scarp, ditch, counterscarp and glacis were subsequently constructed. It is all very interesting, in giving a knowledge of the Egyptian system of fortifications 4,000 years ago. Both fortifications were arranged to guard against attack from the direction that El Mahdi must come. It may not be uninteresting to state what the eloquent and learned Mariette Pasha said with reference to this wonderful historical locality: "Near the village of Semneh, there are some rocks, upon which are hieroglyphical characters twenty-one feet above high-water mark. The translations of these inscriptions state that during the reigns of the twelfth dynasty, forty centuries ago, the Nile rose twenty-one feet higher than to-day, and that scientific observers had not solved the problem." As these kings consummated some of the most extraordinary undertakings in the history of man, he asks the question, "Was the change of the level of the Nile a hydrographic enterprise in order to regulate the impetuosity of this river? Or was it by raising a natural rampart at the Second Cataract, between Egypt and its redoubtable enemy, thus rendering it impracticable to the ships, which could descend from the Soudan into Lower Egypt?"

By the movements proposed, if consummated, Egypt will be narrowed to a very small compass. With one of the gateways in Upper Egypt, which the Nile passes through, strongly fortified, with a few more English troops in the country below, with her powerful fleet in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, England will find little difficulty in defending this small circle. The officials under her orders can then with more ease regulate the finances, pay the interests claimed by the creditors, and, with-

out further interruption in securing the Suez Canal, give her a safe transit to her possessions in the Indies. Tewfik will become still more insignificant, until finally, like others before him, he too will be covered up by the sands of the desert.

There is but one way now to solve the problem. It can be done by following the counsel of Sir Samuel Baker. No one from experience is more competent to judge. Having spent many years of his valuable life in extensive explorations of the equatorial region, and having been for many years in command of Central Africa, and subsequently hunting the lion and elephant on the Blue Nile and Atbara rivers, he has widely extended knowledge, not only of the Soudan, but of the country and people of Abyssinia. The newspapers tell us that he has advised the employment of King John of Abyssinia, to co-operate with an Egyptian army against El Mahdi. There is wisdom in the advice, since no confidence can be placed in the Egyptian soldier. King John can, in one month, whenever it pleases him, rally to his standard 100,000 as active and brave followers as are to be found in Africa. And the Egyptians have good cause to recollect, that there is no more renowned warrior with whom they have ever had intercourse, or a people of whom they have such abject fear as the Abyssinian. Having witnessed the trial of strength and courage on several memorable occasions, I can speak of their comparative fighting quality, with a full knowledge of the superiority of the Abyssinian.

Professing to be Christians and hating the Mohammedan, who is their hereditary enemy, there is no service the Abyssinians would more heartily enter upon than "eating up," as they call it, El Mahdi and his followers. But it must be done in conjunction with the Christian, for the reason that they have no confidence in the Egyptians' faith or in their fighting quality.

Anxious to rectify his frontier and get the seaport town of Massowah restored to him, the King of Abyssinia has often sought the interference of England in settling differences between him and the Egyptian. There is a seaport town, Zoula, just below Massowah, which may answer King John. Egypt, with a band of iron entirely around and hemming him in mountains, King John and his people chafe under this restraint in their anxiety to have egress to the sea. Massowah given to him and the frontier question settled, the Abyssinians would soon be ready for the field. To make it successful a small nucleus of English is necessary. With a supply of powder and old Tower muskets and a few beads and red cloth to please their women, they would be thoroughly equipped. Living upon raw beef, freshly killed and without salt, a small quantity of the small grain called *teff*, which they live on, and no baggage, the quartermaster and subsistence are not much disturbed. They are ready to march. King John, without hat or shoes, mounted on his war-horse and armed with lance, sword and shield, is a splendid specimen of the savage warrior. He rides at a canter, with his big toe, according to their custom, in the stirrup. His people, as best they can, follow after him at a "dog-trot," making, without trouble, their thirty or forty miles a day. In constant war, either among themselves or with their neighbors, they are always ready for a fight on anything like equal terms; and in their reckless onslaught upon the Egyptian, they showed the utmost contempt for him. It would not take long for them to get over the desert between them and El Mahdi, when it is likely that the inspiration of the Prophet would soon fail, and he and his devout enthusiasts would take to their heels. Those among them who once encountered the king would be the first to run.

WILLIAM W. LORING, Pasha.

THE MYTH OF FINGAL'S CAVE.

"Nature herself it seems would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise."

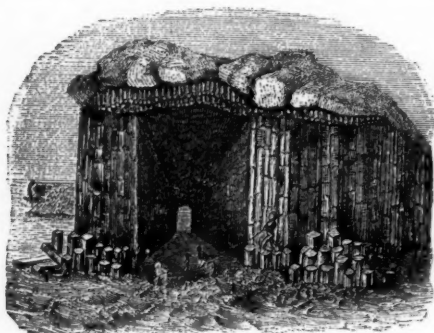
—SIR WALTER SCOTT, in "The Lord of the Isles."

FINGAL'S CAVE is in Staffa. Staffa is one of the Hebrides. "From my earliest days," wrote the companion of Mendelssohn in his northern tour, "I have con-founded the Hebrides with the Hesperides, and if we did not find the oranges on the trees they lay at least in the whisky toddy." There is so strong a tendency to connect the little island with the Giant's Causeway that even the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under "Caves," puts it "off the south-west coast of Scotland." In 1772 it was deeply embayed in the Island of Mull. Sir Joseph Banks, afterward that President of the Royal Society to whose official longevity Professor Huxley recently paid tribute, visited it on August 12. Cruising in the Sound of Mull, he had met an English gentleman who told him that about nine leagues distant was an island where he believed no one, even in the Highlands, had been. Landing at night, the impatience which everybody felt to see the wonders they had heard so largely described, prevented their morning rest. They were struck with a scene of magnificence which exceeded their expectations, though formed, as they thought, upon the most sanguine foundation. As they passed its columns they expressed their amazement in

unstinted terms. "Compared to this, what are the cathedrals or palaces built by men? mere models or playthings, imitations as diminutive as his works will always be when compared to those of Nature! Where is now the boast of the architect? With our minds full of such reflections, we proceeded along the shore, treading upon another Giant's Causeway, till in a short time we arrived at the mouth of a cave, the most magnificent, I suppose, that has ever been described by travelers. We asked the name of it. Said our guide: 'The cave of *Fiuhn*.' 'What *Fiuhn*?' said we, '*Fiuhn MacCoul*, whom the translator of Ossian's works has called Fingal?' How fortunate that in this cave we should meet with the remembrance of that chief, whose existence as well as that of the whole epic poem is almost doubted in England! Enough for the beauties of Staffa. I shall now proceed to describe it and its productions more philosophically." In "Wing-and-Wing," when the officer of the deck puts the ship ashore and then, overwhelmed with remorse at his want of care, puts an end also to his own career, the captain expresses a regret that the second act had not been committed a little earlier. Had the philosophical mood set in thirty seconds sooner the myth of Fingal's Cave would have been shorn of all that lies in its heroic name.

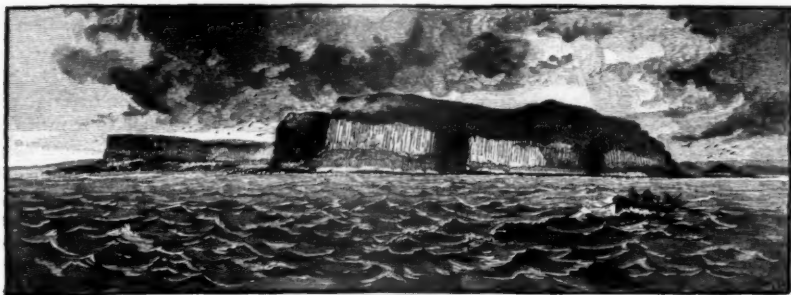
There is a certain amount of noise produced in every hollow by the dash of the sea. But Dr. Macculloch, in 1819, repeating what Faujas St. Fond had observed in 1799, said, "I use the name Cave of Fingal in conformity to the present custom, but it is of recent introduction. The Gaelic name is *Uainh binn*, the Musical Cave, a term probably derived from the echo of the waves."

It can never be corrected. The Admiralty did not even venture to put it as an alternative name on the chart, much less to deprive the Gaelic giant,



FINGALSHÖHLE AUF STAFFA (FINGAL'S CAVE)

According to Dr. Vogt.



STAFFA FROM THE SOUTH
From a Recent Drawing.

after a century of possession, of the palace, cathedral or Grecian temple, whose picture, with its German appellation, is reproduced from their latest and most authoritative text-book of geology. Vogt is a standard writer of high repute. The picture itself is somewhat worn by the faithful service it has rendered in impressing upon the Teutonic mind, for half a century, the wondrous Hall of the North Atlantic. The Scandinavian, mindful that the See of Argyle and the Isles was once under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Trondhjem, would eagerly scan its outlines. For the Bishop of Linköping, in the last century, described it in such terms that Faujas St. Fond repeated them with approval for the instruction of the *bas bleu* of the court of Louis XVI. and thirty-nine less traveled Immortals.

The long break in the mountains of Scotland, which geologists call the great fault and tourists the Caledonian Canal, has always been an important route between Norway and Ireland. Opposite to its western extremity, across Mull and six miles south-south-west of Staffa, lies far-famed Iona. But it is not the Cathedral of St. Columba, nor the granite crosses reared upon the island, nor the sculptured tombstones of forty Irish kings, which rivet the attention of the Swedish prelate. Dr. Johnson, in 1773, ignorant of the discovery of the preceding year, delivered himself to Boswell in well-known phrase. But little did he know that confronting him in Staffa lay a microcosm of beauty. "This piece of architecture, executed by Nature, far surpasses that of the Louvre, that of St Peter's at Rome,

and even what remains of Palmyra and Pæstum, and all that the genius, the taste and the luxury of the Greeks were ever capable of inventing."

If M. Montalembert, in 1866 spoke somewhat slightly, the "Royal Tourist Guide" in 1881 rebukes his "characteristic French conceit," and repeats that "Bishop Van Troil has been humble enough to admit that Fingal's Cavern surpasses the architectural ruins of the ancients." The picture seems to prove it, in one respect, beyond a doubt. Here is a colonnade formed of lava, split perpendicularly and cracked horizontally, exposed as Wordsworth assures us to the ocean, down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight of tide and tempest on the structure's base, and flashing to that structure's topmost height. There is no land in sight except a queer little projection on the left-hand side, and this picture is a *fac-simile* of that which the Edinburgh engraver made for Scott, and Badin for the French student of grottoes and caverns. It needs all the support it can get. The walls of the Louvre are ponderous masses of limestone. Michael Angelo did not disdain cement. Phidias keyed his Pentelic marble with iron bolts. Compared to this a wall of bricks without mortar would be solidity itself. Had this edifice been carved in solid stone, as where the Nile swirls noisily past Silsilis, or built drop by drop in the windless recesses of a subterranean cavern; had it grown, like the coral pinnacles which rise above the buried islands of tropical seas, within a living frame, however precarious, its existence would be credible. Nature does not often permit herself to sit for an unmistakable portrait. That alone is

sufficient to excite suspicion. Yet there is the concurrent testimony of a century of experts that such a structure stands in the ocean a few miles west of Oban. But if a wave of the most modest dimensions came rolling into this corridor, neither nature nor Michael Angelo could ever set such a Humpty-Dumpty chaos of broken stone up again. If all the geologists, geographers and poets in the world said that a ponderous roof made up of small and interlacing columns rested upon a few loose drums for some millions of years, while the surges were pulverizing all the rest of the island and carrying it out of sight, there would be one student of Plutonic rocks, whom she had warmed at midnight on Vesuvius and chilled at daybreak on the Matterjoch, to deny that Gaia, great goddess and mother of men, had ever stultified herself by creating such an object and keeping it as a standing miracle to teach that every sequence of nature, and the law of gravitation itself might be suspended at a mere caprice. Mohammed's coffin ceases to be exceptional and Aladdin's palace becomes one of a class, if there ever was or ever could be anything that, to

any material extent, resembled this interesting specimen of Doric architecture.

When the late King of Saxony came on deck, in 1846, to catch a glimpse of Staffa, it aroused "peculiar feelings" in his mind that he should be near and able to see with his own eyes that wonderful island whose basaltic rocks and Fingal's Cave had occupied his fancy even in his boyish years. When he saw the island as it is, and as it appears in photographs, with three insignificant holes which any engineer would contract to make in a summer month for a few thousand dollars, he added that they were "imperfect, and even bad representations" which he had "contemplated with such earnest and longing desire." On the steamer with Mendelssohn, in 1829, "there sat placidly by the steam-engine, warming herself in the cold wind, a woman of two-and-eighty. She wanted to see Staffa before her end. Staffa, with its strange basalt pillars and caverns, is in all picture-books;" but the Staffa of the picture-books and the poets, of the old woman and the geologists, had not a single trait in common with what the "poet without words" described in his celebrated overture. "Uaimh Binn" is shown in the larger engraving of the island as the dark spot to the right. As one approaches it more closely he sees that the tuff-rock dips at an angle of eight degrees, and passes below the level of low water. High water is plainly marked by the narrow band which glistened in the sunlight when the original photograph was taken. The official measurements of Admiral Bedford have never been published. In 1857 he certified to the British Admiralty that it was 288 feet from the east high-water point to the head of the cave. The general depth to the head is 24 feet. This channel is in the soft underlying stratum. The breadth of the cave under the arch is 33 feet. Macculloch made it 42 feet wide, but the Admiral, doubtless, measured what he would call the sea floor and the naturalist took the greater breadth at a higher level.

The columnar basalt is part of a lava-stream which, in cooling, has cracked in this curious way. There is a disagreement among the authorities whether the molten stone does not pass through very much the

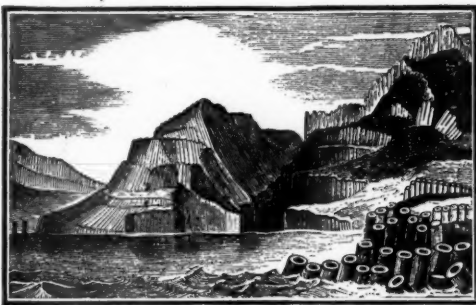


FINGAL'S CAVE AS IT IS

From a Recent Drawing.

same change as drying mud or starch. It is not rare. The Palisades of the Hudson approach and the cliffs of the Connecticut surpass the walls which, from their rod or "staff" like appearance gave Staffa its descriptive name and world-wide celebrity. Above this stratum there is a third formation of finely interlaced columns, which compose the mass of great compactness in which is the hooded doorway not unlike a Gothic arch. Professor Judd, a great authority on the igneous rocks of Scotland, says that the whole structure bears some resemblance to a Gothic cathedral. Whether Sir Walter Scott was dreaming of Melrose Abbey or St. Paul's is left in doubt. The Swedish prelate was reminded of the Parthenon and the classic styles of the Renaissance. Although there is some difference between St. Peter's and St. Paul's; between the Westminster of the monks and the East minster of Wren and Charles II., such discrepancies are veriest trifles in descriptions of Staffa, its cave or caves.

Fingal's Cave is a "structure," a "perforation," a "minster," an "edifice," a "hole," a "grotto," a "chasm," as one pleases to select among the thousand volumes which refer to it. Faujas St. Fond, having had a waxed tape made for the purpose, measured its greatest length at 140 French or 149 English feet, and solemnly suggests that the fishing-line used by his predecessor may have stretched another hundred under the mystic influence of a Scotch fog. The fact



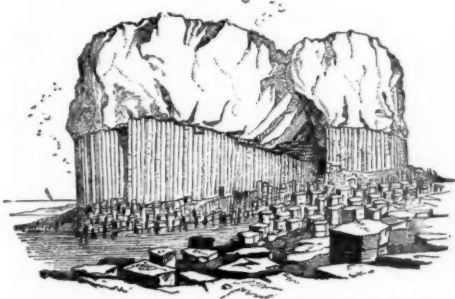
FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA

According to Dr. Hitchcock.

being that he forgot that his line had been shifted twice and not once; $100 + 100 + 49$ being thus exactly equal to the 250 of Sir J. Banks.

How then was this monstrous perversion ever foisted upon those geological gentlemen who have been regarded as the skeptics *par excellence* in the scientific world? When they dug a hole in the Nile mud which had collected at the bottom of an old reservoir and produced a fragment of a broken pitcher, the genius of Christendom looked at it with the tearful blue eyes which Greuze alone knew how to paint. She was only consoled by another fragment of unquestioned modernity. It was not evolved out of German consciousness. No uncanny Scot drew it under the influence of the Wizard of the North. Not even poor Gill would have ventured to put it in charcoal on the wall of his cell, or Doré to hint its outlines in a chaotic Inferno.

The President of the Royal Society himself was the author of its being. That Ulysses was singularly chary of publishing the results of his observations from the equator to Polar seas at any length and under his own name. He preferred to find some one who, like Thomas Pennant in his "Tour," published in 1774, would accept a few hundred square inches of expensive copperplate engraving and eight pages of text and devote his preface to a eulogy of the Presidential candidate and Mæcenas. Did Pennant seek to utter a furtive hiss in the hiring tribute, and



COLUMNAR BASALT OF FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA

According to Dr. Geikie, 1882.

chuckle over the use he had made of the bird which gave Rome and St. Michael immortality? "The Arctic goose (Solander) must remain a fine proof that no climate can prevent the seeds of knowledge from vegetating in the breast of innate ability. You have had justly a full triumph decreed to you by your country." But Sir Joseph Banks owes his popular fame to the "featherless bipeds" who believed in "Fingal's Cave" and never heard of his two unimportant pamphlets. Astute enough, he never intended to perpetrate a practical joke upon his associates. He deserves great credit for his thorough and correct account of Staffa. After a chart which showed its sheltered position, a panorama giving its west side and relative dimensions, and a picture from the south-west, he added one of Fingal's Cave taken close to the entrance. It was no more Staffa than a view inside the railings at the head of Wall Street would be Trinity Church. It was freely copied. The size, eight inches by six, necessitated reduction. The engraver converted it into a vignette by adding sky above and on the right. It was cheaper to make the walls regular, and how could the length be shown unless the end of the cave were opened to the light beyond. Besides which the geologist thus provided for the removal of the *débris*, which otherwise remains as a lasting obstacle to the theory of marine erosion. Doubtless not even the Sultan was more surprised at Aladdin's Palace than the venerable President at the Columnar Hall, through which the Northern Giant—to whom he had presented the daughter of his fancy—might now stroll on his way to Ireland no longer checked by some hun-

dreds of yards of very solid rock. Scott's "Palace of Neptune" has become a Stoa.

Although the geological maps of Professor Ramsey and Dr. A. Geikie indicate a single cave, Knipe marked "caves" on the south, and Admiral Bedford on his chart has noted at least seven. The eminent State Geologist of Massachusetts in the latest editions of his "Elements of Geology" accepted the popular illustration. In his younger days President Hitchcock had exercised a freedom of choice at first sight unaccountable. "Fingal's Cave, in the Island of Staffa (one of the Western Islands of Scotland), and the Giant's Causeway in the North of Ireland," he said, "are almost too well known to need description.

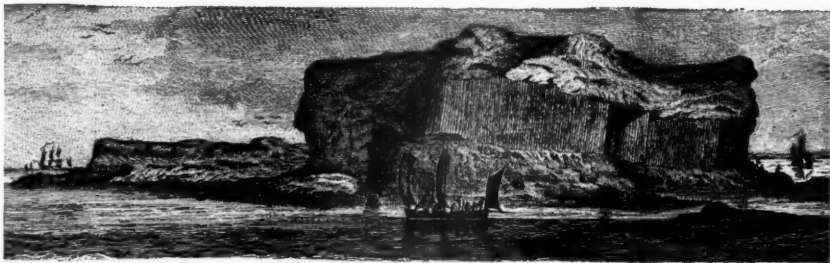
Staffa is composed entirely of basalt, with a thin soil, and its shores are, for the most part, a steep cliff, 70 feet high, formed of columns. The cave is a chasm (in these columns) 42 feet wide and 227 feet long, formed by the action of the waves. The following sketch will convey an idea of the situation of the



THE ISLAND OF STAFFA, WITH FINGAL'S CAVE.

According to Dr. Geikie, 1881.

cave and of the general structure of the island." Pretty idea truly the student of Amherst College must have obtained from that sketch! It appears even in the twenty-fifth edition (1854), revised, enlarged and adapted to the present advanced state of the science, with an introductory notice by John Pye Smith, D.D., F.R.S. and F.G.S. It is another illegitimate scion of Sir Joseph Banks! Plate XXXI., page 266, is the "Isle of Boo-sha-la and bending pillars opposite to it." Very well sketched, with careful standards of measurements, it fell into the hands of Gideon Mantell, seeking a "Wonder of Geology." He reduced it and converted it into "Staffa." Then his American friend, putting two titles under



STAFFA FROM THE SEA

According to Sir Joseph Banks, 1772.

one picture, invented this grotesque combination of organic and inorganic nature.

The "musical cave" becomes a comprehensible term, so far as the epithet is concerned, although the "cave" is now "a chasm." "The noise of the water-pipes" would receive a simple explanation if basaltic-like iron columns were cast hollow. The geologist is responsible for this. The holes are supposed to represent shallow concavities which actually exist in the joints. In the preface to the third edition the Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, missionary at Ahmednugur, seems to have betrayed the confidence placed in an "esteemed missionary friend." He writes that "there are times when an additional source of relaxation or amusement is worth just about a man's life." Even the little judge laughed when the younger Weller was "unable to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door" the situation of Mrs. Bardell. How could this sketch convey an idea of the situation of a cave which lies on the other side of the stupendous precipice forty-three feet high, under which the toy frigates are making their way?

If this seems to treat the subject with an unbecoming levity, glance at another picture of Staffa which has every guaranty of truth except those afforded by common sense and the student's eyes. In a primer published in 1881, Dr. A. Geikie, then Director of the Geological Survey of Scotland and Murchison-Professor of Geology in the

University of Edinburgh, provided a tolerable engraving of part of the island. In his "Text-Book of Geology," in 1882, more advanced students are offered a problem in physics and drawing which has hitherto passed uncriticised. If the nebulous mass above suggests the term "cumulo-stratified," used in Cloud-land, there is something peculiarly touching in the close fraternal embrace of the two blocks on the right-hand corner of the imaginary causeway. The perspective is not wholly due to the union of science and art in the heart-breaking halls at South Kensington. The youthful mind in the Primer was given half a Staffa. His older brothers are offered the bad copy of a picture for which its author apologized in 1819, and seven-eighths of the "long low island" having been engulfed in Loch Tuadh the archæological New Zealander of the twenty-ninth century, will be able to prove that the earthquake in Java extended into the ocean as well as sky of Northwestern Europe.

The royal admonition was unheeded alike in German and English, in Saxony and Great Britain. Will ridicule be more successful? Distorted and falsified standards of measurements are deliberately used to create a "wonder" which has no existence. The Basaltic Hall should be relegated to an illustrated Ossian and the science myth of Fingal's Cave converted into the plain truth of Uaimh Binn.

COPE WHITEHOUSE.

IN ARCADY.

Up from yon myrtle valleys incense curls,
Blue in the balmy morning; barefoot girls,
With silvery laughter bubbling, like clear rills,
Forth from their dewy lips, trip up the hills,
Brushing the twinkling jewels from the grass,
That scarcely bends beneath them as they pass.
Bright robes that half reveal their budding charms
Flow lightly round them; and their dimpled arms,
That bear in woven baskets fruits and flowers,
Glow in the sunlight. Yonder are the bowers
Of Ceres, to whose shrine these offerings
Of field and grove each happy maiden brings.
And hither also in the smiling morn
Come goodly youths with braided ears of corn,
And stems of purple grapes and pomegranates,
And shining berries, olives, figs and dates.
Now let the dance begin upon the green,
And while the sound of music drifts between
The pleachèd branches of the leafy wood,
Making sweet echoes in the solitude,
Let twining hands, light feet, and songs and mirth
Be joined, in Ceres' praise, to gifts of earth.
And hark! from height to height the shepherds call;
Adown the hill the laughing waterfall
Leaps to the plain; the bees begin to hum,
And in the glen the partridge beats his drum.
In shady dells, where well the crystal springs,
The naiad laves her limbs and softly sings,
While overhead, from out the oak's thick screen,
The amorous dryad leans to view the scene,
Nor dares to stir a leaf from place, for fear
She sink into the wave and disappear.
Still round the shrine of Ceres, maze on maze,
The dancers featly foot and chant her praise;
The incense upward floats amid the trees
That o'er them stretch their emerald canopies;
Still from the heights the shepherds blithely call
Their bleating flocks; the jocund waterfall,
Flashing the golden sunlight back again,
Still gambols down to seek the amber plain,
And spread abroad its waters clear and cool
That mimic heaven in an azure pool,
Nigh whose fringed marge a drowsy dragon-fly
Upon a lily-leaf sways dreamily,
And Pan, 'mid rushes and rank water-weeds,
To shape some sweeter pipe, still plucks the reeds.

JAMES B. KENYON.



[Begun in the November Number.]

TINKLING CYMBALS.

VIII.

IN a very few moments after the departure of Rainsford, Mrs. Romilly found herself face to face with a spare, faded woman of about sixty, dressed in mourning. She had a narrow, colorless visage, over which the scant white tresses were worn rolled backward, thus increasing, if possible, a natural expression of superciliousness which dwelt you could scarcely tell where; if it had not its home in the small, light-tinted eye, it lay either in the high, curving nose or the shriveled mouth, whose lips were almost as thin as paper, and loved to close themselves in pursed tightness after the delivery of each new sentence.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mrs. Tremaine," said Leah's mother. She was about to extend a welcoming hand, when something in the lady's attitude prevented this gesture—perhaps a little heightening of the contracted shoulders, or an elevation of the slight head on its slim support of wrinkled throat. Instead of offering her hand, Mrs. Romilly made a bow, quiet and stately, while pointing to a chair.

An extremely awkward pause followed. Awkward, at least, for Mrs. Tremaine's hostess, who felt herself quietly devoured from head to foot by a stare which had in it what she began to consider an element of hard belligerence. Both ladies were now seated.

"We are somewhat near neighbors, I believe," again said Mrs. Romilly, breaking the silence in gentle desperation.

"Yes," came the reply, accompanied by a faint, yet shrill cough. "I rarely leave my house, except in a carriage. I live very quietly here. I am compelled to do so. My health makes it absolutely necessary."

Mrs. Romilly perceived that she was being held at arm's-length. The tones of her guest were as inflexible as if all her words were strung upon a rod of steel.

"I am very sorry to hear that you are so unwell," she said; and then, with the motive of shattering what might be, after all, but the half-timorous reserve of an invalid, she added: "I think that your son, Tracy, has more than once mentioned your being in ill health—I mean before he became engaged to my daughter. I regret, by the way, that she is not in the hotel at present."

Mrs. Tremaine looked down at the slender hands crossed in her lap and clad with long gloves of black kid. Then she raised her chilly little eyes and said, resuming her stare:

"I know that your daughter is not here. I am aware that she is driving with my son. I am obliged to tell you that this is my reason for calling upon you now. Your daughter's absence—I feel forced to say it—gives me my desired opportunity."

Mrs. Romilly's doubts had vanished. Here was surely no timidity, no reserve. It looked more like the blunt prelude of open warfare.

"Opportunity?" she repeated, and then

sat, with her calm brows raised and a spark of inquiry, but not resentment, in her clear hazel eyes.

"Yes. That is just the word. I wished to speak of this engagement. I wished to tell you that I, and that all my connections—unusually large, as you perhaps know, madam—must refuse to sanction it."

Mrs. Romilly turned pale. But it was not with anger. Her thoughts had flown to Leah. "And why?" she asked, with no displeased ring in her voice.

Mrs. Tremaine started in the aggrieved way of a person with abnormally sensitive nerves. "Why?" she iterated, almost in plaintive treble. Then she raised one dark-sheathed hand, and waved it once or twice before her narrow face. "Oh, pray do not ask why. I want this interview to be peaceful, quite peaceful, if you please. I think that you must certainly understand my reasons."

"Indeed, I do not understand them. I sincerely hope, however, that you have sought me with no intention of insult."

"Insult!" repeated Mrs. Tremaine. Her tones were a peevish whine. "That is the way with you people! One cannot even refer, before you, to one's superior position, without being accused of insult!"

Mrs. Romilly rose. There was a very sweet and womanly dignity in her bearing now, but it was quite lost upon the callous individuality she addressed.

"I shall not inquire of you by what right you presume to think your position in any way superior to mine or that of my daughter," she said, with even firmness. "Such a question would be as trivial as your own recent words are vulgar. But I must request you either to make full explanation and apology for what you have just said, or at once to leave my apartment."

Mrs. Tremaine rose flutteredly from her chair. She was in a visible tremor. She looked pitifully small and mean beside the handsome, tranquil woman whom she now faced.

"Oh, I was prepared to find you very clever. I had heard of that. It is your profession to be clever. I won't attempt to cross wits with you. Tracy has been fascinated by your daughter. Very well—let him marry out of his set if he pleases.

But you will gain nothing, madam, by such a union. I think we will *none* of us acknowledge it. I wished to talk peacefully with you, but you make that impossible. When I say 'we,' I mean our whole large family. The Tremaines and Tracys have been noted for their sensible marriages. We have scarcely had a single *mésalliance* for four or five generations. I shan't appeal to your sense of justice; I don't suppose you have any. You want to be received by us, and that is all. Such a union is to me horrible—horrible! I can't tell you just how horrible I think it. Ours is the first family in America. I was a Tremaine myself; I married my second-cousin. The Tracys, the Ten Eycks, the Hackensacks, the Spuytenduyvils, the Van Corlears, the Van Horns, the Amsterdams, the Manhattans—they are all more or less cousins of mine, but there is not one of them who will not yield precedence to the Tremaine blood. Our record stands alone, and speaks for itself. We were an illustrious race in England five hundred years ago, and since we landed in this country we have produced statesmen, generals, clergymen, diplomats—all of the very greatest distinction. And now to think that my son, Tracy—the only child I have left—should marry the daughter of a person who used to give public lectures about all sorts of shocking subjects! You see, madam, I remember you. I did not, at first, but when I thought about your full name, and how familiar it sounded, I recollected how my poor dead papa once whipped my poor dead brother, Ten Eyck, for going when a boy to hear you say your horrid things against religion and matrimony, and all that decent people hold most sacred! And now I must endure seeing Tracy link his name with yours! Oh, if you have the least shame left, you ought to help me save him!"

Mrs. Romilly was still paler than before, but a smile touched her lips as this unforeseen outburst ended. And her voice never faltered from its admirable composure as she said:

"It is very sad for me to witness how the ancestors of whom you boast have produced a descendant so unworthy of their distinction—a person, in fact, without the common

rudiments of good breeding." Here her wide, fair brow grew cloudy, and her voice took a stern note. "I have no more to say, and shall permit you to say no more in my hearing. If you do not instantly leave this room, Mrs. Tremaine, I shall myself retire from it."

She passed toward a door that communicated with her bedchamber, and placed her hand upon its knob. If she had heard a sound from the wan, quivering lips of the woman whose insolence had just met her rebuke, she would have disappeared at once. As it was she had not long to await Mrs. Tremaine's departure. . . .

Leah returned from her drive about an hour later. She had taken off her hat and was swinging it carelessly by the strings as she entered the presence of her mother. The air had given her cheeks a pink flush, and disordered her gold hair about forehead and temples; but it was something else that had put so rich a sparkle into her brown eyes and softened the outline of her lips as though a coming smile had cast its shadow before. Only a brief while ago the change in her had appealed piercingly to Mrs. Romilly. It was like that time in the life of a rosebud when the coil of its balmy leaves will so loosen and relax that if you watch closely you can see new interspaces for the breeze to search or the dew to brim, while the heart of the flower itself still remains jealously screened. It seemed to her mother as if Leah would never be proud again. All her spiritual lines appeared to have lost their rigidity and to have become curves. Her wit would flash as of old, but it rarely stung. Humanity held a new meaning for her; she felt kinred to its large throbs of love and hope, and more indulgent of its faults, without pausing to consider why. There are two great gateways through which our chief woes enter the world; these are love and death; yet the footprints of each are sympathy, and were these blotted from off the earth it is hard to tell what giant evils would spring up in their place.

Leah had laid one hand on her mother's wrist before she detected that anything was wrong; and even then her misgiving was not defined.

"We had such a lovely drive," she said. "Not by the sea, this morning, but along

country roads, you know. I shall be so sorry to leave here. But our time is nearly up. Tracy says that they all rush back home by the first of September."

"I think we had better go before then, Leah. I should like to go to-morrow."

"Something has happened, mamma!" exclaimed Leah, peering into her mother's face with startled gaze.

"Yes, something *has* happened. Don't be alarmed, child. Sit down here at my side, and I will tell you everything. I believe I can repeat it word for word."

She did, almost. Leah shivered once or twice during the recital. She held her mother's hand, pressing it tensely all the time. Then, at the end, she rose and walked to a window, staring straight out upon the shaded street below. Her face, just glimpsed by Mrs. Romilly before she averted it, was fixed and hueless.

Suddenly she spoke, turning toward her mother.

"You don't advise me to break the engagement, do you?" she asked. There was a wistful wildness in her look. "You can't advise *that*! He loves me. I know it! I know it so well! He has told me about *her*. Is she to ruin our happiness? Answer me, mamma! I am confused—I don't know what ought to be done! I have been very willful with you, often and often. But now I have no wish to do otherwise than you say. You are so strong—you remember how strong and splendid I always thought you! Oh, mamma, I leave everything to *you*!"

Leah put both arms forward as the last sentence left her lips. Her mother had risen, and was approaching her. During those few short moments memory was busy in this mother's mind. She saw Leah as a little child, clinging to her because of some fancied grief or terror. Her great heart quivered under the stress of motherhood—that lovely force which transcends all other human emotions.

When she reached Leah she took the girl in her arms, and put her head upon one shoulder, smoothing its tossed hair, before Leah herself could lay it there. And then she felt the form that she was clasping sway and pulsate. Very soon afterward there came a storm of sobs.

"Oh, mamma, my own, dear, strong, fine mamma, tell me—tell me what it is right that I should do!"

"This is right, Leah," came the answer, which cost the speaker no slight effort to give: "We will go back to New York soon—to-morrow, or perhaps next day. You will see Mr. Tremaine to-night. The wedding must take place at once. I think it had best take place at once—or not at all. . . . There, my love, don't be so distressed. It *will* take place. We owe it to ourselves to despise this coarse treatment. *He* will be ashamed—yes, I am certain that he will. Why should you really care? You love him, and you tell me that he loves you. That will be enough. I will stand by you, darling. Oh, I am sure that you feel and realize that! . . . Stop sobbing so, Leah. . . . Why should you care what a childish old woman has said? I felt it my duty to tell you all. I could not keep anything back. But you know that nothing can ever part you and me. If he really loves you, and will be a man, a gentleman—as you say he is—then this little bitter experience will only prove the beginning of a happiness which I, too, shall feel nearly as much as yourself, watching it, rejoicing in it, believing in it, dearest, because it is yours!" . . .

That same evening Tremaine made his appearance. Mrs. Romilly was not present when they met. Leah could scarcely keep back her tears, at first. They strolled together along the vague outer street, where the dusky tree-boughs waved and rustled below the shining stars. Leah told him everything. He listened without a word till he had heard all. Then he said, very tenderly:

"Leah, I am so sorry! What *can* I do? This thing is mother's mania, and I regret to add that nearly all the Tremaines are possessed with the same madness. What she said to your mother was frightful—in-famous! I won't deny to you that it has serious significance. I don't think that this country contains a more shocking set of snobs than my own family. They are all banded together by the one ruling idea—their own birth. There's no doubt that we have it. If we didn't their nonsense would be more excusable; there would be a certain pitiable braggadocio about it. . . . Regard-

ing those remarks made to your mother, I have no way of expressing my disgust for them. But surely, Leah, you can't dream that it will ever make any real difference between you and me! Let the whole clan rise up against us. Why should we care? We will not care. Leah, nothing on earth shall part us! I am ashamed of my race. I beg you to despise this abominable treatment. Good God! / am not to blame for it. Don't hold me blamable! If you want, I will never speak to any member of my family who does not recognize and receive your mother and yourself!" . . .

Two days later Mrs. Romilly and Leah left Newport. Meanwhile Rainsford had heard from the former just what had passed.

"He has made every possible concession, Lawrence," she had said. "He hates the indignity offered me. He has behaved very well. His mother's line of action pains him beyond measure. They both wish the wedding to be soon. I, too, think it best. We shall have a very quiet wedding. Every member of Tracy Tremaine's family shall receive cards; he will give me the list of all his kindred, and I shall omit none. Afterward it can be seen just what course they all intend to take."

"They will all take one course," said Rainsford, in his slow, thoughtful way. "At least, I imagine so. They usually stand by each other. Their pride of name is something preposterous. Yes, I think it quite probable that they will all, in a disdainful body, refuse to be present."

But Rainsford was in error here. Three weeks later the wedding occurred at Mrs. Romilly's small and pretty residence in Thirty-fourth Street. Tracy Tremaine had power enough with not a few of his relations to induce their attendance. Without exception they all disliked the marriage. But in the sense of practically recognizing or ignoring it, the house of Tremaine was for once divided against itself. Four or five of his aunts, as many more uncles, and not a few cousins, condescended to witness the ceremony. It was all a most bitter ordeal for Mrs. Romilly. Not even the look of supreme happiness on Leah's face could dispel the regretful ache that lurked dull and unaltering in her heart. She felt that

her daughter was passing forth into paths of hazard and venture. The more that she saw of Tracy Tremaine the less she believed in him. That he passionately loved Leah she could not doubt. But she distrusted his matrimonial future with Leah for a wife. The girl was blinded by her love to all Tremaine's faults. She insisted on thinking him an almost perfect man. The awakening must ultimately come. She must one day realize that his whole nature was set in a key of meretricious vanity. Leah would soon demand and not receive. She would reap a deadly harvest of disappointments. The glitter of fashionable life would soon lose its charm for her. She would see dross and tinsel where she now saw gold and gems.

"With Rainsford," she thought, "all would have been so different! Every new year would have brought its precious income of increased contentment. His love would have been to her like an arm on which we lean at first lightly, then a little harder, and at last grow to treasure as an inestimable supporting strength!"

Rainsford was absent from the wedding. To have appeared would have cost him agony, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Romilly herself he made the excuse of being called to Boston, where he remained for several subsequent weeks. He sent Leah a gift of value, accompanied merely by the conventional card.

It had been arranged that mother and daughter should now live apart. The separation gave Mrs. Romilly many pangs, acute though secret. And yet she told herself that this plan was by far the best. Tremaine did not like her; he had more than once shown her so by his elaborate attempts to conceal the aversion. Why had it arisen? With silent misery she again and again asked herself that question. For Leah's sake this admirable woman would have made almost any conciliatory overtures. But Tremaine prevented such a step. He was constantly making overtures himself; and these were so severe in their studied civility as to lift a perpetual barrier against less formal terms.

If Leah guessed the truth she strove to give no signs of having done so.

"I have yielded to Tracy's desire about

our renting a separate house," she said, a little before the wedding, "because it most probably springs from his intense fondness. He wants to see me the mistress of my own establishment. Well, for my part, you must know, mamma, dear, that I should like always to have you with me. But we shall see each other every day; of course I shall be very particular on that point. Tracy will prefer it, too. I am sure that he likes you very much. You have not any doubts of that, mamma, have you?"

"Oh, of course not, my dear."

On another occasion (still previous to her marriage) Leah said: "Mamma, you never speak of my leaving you *alone*. Now, tell me—tell me candidly: are you not sorry?"

"I do not wish to be sorry if you are not, my daughter."

"What an answer!" cried Leah. Her eyes flashed as if in anger, but the next moment they were filled with tears. She put her arms about Mrs. Romilly's neck; she was getting to make these tender revelations far oftener than ever before.

"I've been deceiving you!" she said, while her voice broke. "I've made you think that it will give me no pain. This is not true. But Tracy wishes it; I must yield to him, you know. It would be such a bad beginning if I did not. Besides, isn't it only just and fair that he should like to rule in his own house? Of course you would rule here; the house is yours. I'm afraid *I've* done a great deal of the ruling heretofore; and you've let me, without a murmur. Oh, mamma, I fear I have been dreadfully wayward and headstrong! I feel it so keenly now, when our dear old life together is going to end! This thought sometimes makes me very miserable in spite of all my happiness. And I *am* happy—that is, most of the time. I read you so clearly; you don't suspect that I do, but I do. You blame me in your own heart for putting such faith in Tracy. You can't bring yourself to trust him as I trust him. Oh, but you are quite wrong! He will prove that you are. He worships me. We are going to be a model husband and wife. We are not going to live for fashion at all; we shall have a few nice social friends, and dine with them now and then, or get them to dine

with us. But we are not going to any of the big affairs. We are both a little tired of the whirl. Of course he has seen years more of it than I have seen. But I told him only last night that I had begun to be a good deal disillusioned. I spoke as boldly as you please—yes, truly I did! I told Tracy that these fine people were not a bit what I had first supposed them. I said that many of them struck me as merely conducting themselves with an air—that it was all in their air—that behind the air there was nothing a particle different from the principles and habits of persons whom they would sneer at as vulgar, and not fit to walk the same floors with them!"

"So soon!" thought Mrs. Romilly. "It was sure to come, and now it is here! This pure young spirit is finding out its mistake more quickly than I expected, with all my ominous forebodings."

But aloud she said nothing, and Leah hurried on, as though she were making a swift confession that some new mood of reticence lay in wait to interrupt.

"I fancied Tracy would be annoyed, mamma—he has lived so long in this atmosphere, you know. It was rude and reckless of me—at least, I feared he would think so. But he surprised me by agreeing with me. I was so glad that he did. And then he spoke so charmingly. He said that it

was all sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. We laughed together over that phrase. It hits off so many people whom we have both met in Newport. I couldn't help but reflect that perhaps the worst tinkling cymbal of them all was his own mother. But, of course, I didn't say so. I felt how her outrageous actions have made him suffer . . . and I never mean to notice her unless Tracy should specially ask it, and she herself should specially ask as well."

Leah need not have made this latter proviso. Mrs. Tremaine failed to solicit the acquaintance of her daughter-in-law. If a monomaniac, she at least remained a consistent one. But monomania would doubtless too charitably have defined her conduct. This had rather emanated from another quite explainable source—a meagre intellect acted upon by massive inherited prejudice. She stood in her day and her country as a dreary anomaly, a pitiful, discouraging contradiction. That she could exist at all in a land bought from monarchism with blood, and consecrated by great dead patriots to a very beautiful future, meant, if it had any meaning, some fatal national weakness. Such Americans as Mrs. Tremaine are either a disease or a development. If the first, they challenge cure; if the second, they prophesy disaster.

IX.

Leah's wedding-tour lasted nearly a month. She wrote to her mother very regularly during this interval of separation, and every letter breathed of perfect happiness. When husband and wife returned they went at once to their new residence. It was small, but charmingly appointed. They had made certain economical calculations, and had decided that their present income would permit of only judicious expenditures. Both were amazed, a little later, to find that Mrs. Romilly had taken a most decisive step.

She had ceased to rent the house in which she and Leah had dwelt for a number of past years. She had engaged apartments in a boarding-house adjacent to Fifth Avenue, and near her daughter's new home. And she had done this for a reason

which Leah too well understood when a cheque of no mean amount was put into her unwilling hand.

"Yes, Leah," came the soft yet insistent words. "I had no use for the house all to myself. I shall be thoroughly comfortable in those other quarters. Every year you shall receive just the same amount that I have now given you. Remember, it was your father's money. Some day all must be yours. I shall have my books; I shall live in complete comfort. But you, presiding over a larger household, will, of course, need larger resources. . . ."

That same evening the first shadow crept over Leah's devout love for her husband. They had dined together, and laughingly discussed the somewhat lame way in which their new *ménage*, with its new servants and

its general tentative atmosphere, had thus far thriven. But presently Leah had referred to her mother's generosity.

"It will make matters so much easier for us, Tracy," she said. And then she looked with sudden fixity into his face, while he sat close at her side, smoking the cigarette that she liked to have him smoke almost any time in her presence, because he was fond of it.

"Oh, Tracy," she broke forth, "I am so sure that mamma would love one thing to happen, above all others!"

"What?" he asked, with a slight start.

"She would love to have you ask her to come and live with us. I mean, if she thought you really meant it—if she thought I hadn't induced you to make the request."

He was silent for some time, while her eyes dwelt on his profile. Then he said, with crisp brevity:

"I don't mean to ask her."

Leah bit her lip. "Tracy!" she exclaimed, in reproach, "you speak as if you disliked mamma! Do you?"

"I dislike the idea of having her live with us. That is all," Leah fancied that she saw coldness in the look which he now turned full upon her saddened countenance; and she had never even remotely had this fancy before. He was smiling, however, as he proceeded:

"I supposed the matter quite settled. If you persist in reviving it, I must assume that you place too slight an estimate on my opinion of what is most advisable."

"No, Tracy—not that!" began Leah; "I—"

But he at once rose, the smile leaving his handsome face.

"I shall not be able to argue the question with you," he said.

And then she knew that she had offended him, and was miserable while he stood examining some new books, which lay disordered on a near table, not yet having been shelved in proper fashion. But soon afterward he broke silence, in ordinary tones on some ordinary topic.

Mrs. Chichester, a few days later, sent them an invitation to one of her ceremonious dinners. The invitation (all except

their own name and the date) was engraved on heavy white paper that bore arms and crest.

"I will write our refusal to-morrow," said Leah, in a matter-of-course way.

"Our refusal!" echoed Tremaine. "What can you possibly mean?"

"Why," returned Leah surprisedly, "did we not both agree that we were to go very little in society?"

He laughed.

"What a memory you have!" he said.

"Do you mean that you want to go?" she asked, prepared at once to give her own acquiescence.

"Enormously," he replied. "It is best to break that resolve in a gradual way, and not wait for the sudden rupture of it that is certain to come. No human honeymoon ever yet lasted forever, and I don't imagine that ours will prove an exception."

His words were softly jocular, but she felt a stab of fright pierce her as she heard them, and knew that she was growing pale. A moment later she told herself that such serious interpretation was folly; but while the beats of her own heart sounded in her ears, the quiet voice of Tremaine sounded above them.

"Besides, you know, Mrs. Chichester's dinner-invitations do not usually go begging. It is not customary to refuse them except for a very good reason; and I don't think that we have even a bad one."

"We have one that I thought would seem excellent," answered Leah, steadying her voice. "We had both decided that a life of fashion after marriage would suit neither. I had seen enough of it, even during my brief experience—and what *you* said made me confident that you were sincerely fatigued."

"Oh, I have been taking a rest," he answered, with another laugh. That laugh, amiable though it was, had an edge with a cruel cut in it.

They went to Mrs. Chichester's dinner, and to many more of equal or lesser splendor through succeeding weeks. Leah constantly saw her mother, but often their meetings were snatched from the claims engendered by frequent festivities. She had her visiting-book, her "day," her calls of courtesy. Meanwhile she was popular

as ever, and firmly placed by her marriage on a level with the most "careful" sets. But Mrs. Romilly had divined, some time ago, a weariness in Leah no less manifest than were her efforts to conceal it. This weariness did not mar her beauty, still fresh and captivating; it was mental, not physical, and therefore the mother's almost clairvoyant eye detected it while wholly elusive for others. Leah's step was elastic as of old; her neat-clinging, quick-rustling robes ensheathed or draped her flexible figure in faultless unison with its lines and movements; she had lost that assertion which once marked the pose of her small head on its slender yet queenly shoulders; she had the tamed look of a bird that has been taught repose though not injured to durance; she was no longer maidenly in mien or gesture; and yet no actual touch of matronhood had rounded or relaxed her still girlish delicacy.

Mrs. Romilly waited for some avowal, but she waited a long time before any came. At length she one day tempted it by saying:

"Do you enjoy all this excess of gaiety, Leah?"

"No, mamma," was the slow reply; and as Leah spoke she drooped her eyes.

"Then why do you let it hurry you along?"

"I do so on Tracy's account. He wants it. He thinks it best. He thinks it right."

Mrs. Romilly repeated this answer to Rainsford, with whom she still had her long talks, and whom Leah rarely saw. He had won added distinction in his art. Money, for which he had not real need, had flowed in to him, and with it a fair share of no despicable fame.

"He has shown her his shallow soul," said Rainsford. "She understands that what she thought so durable, so individual about him was the merest veneer. And she has made this discovery regarding him as a kind of sarcastic terminus to the other discoveries made regarding those vainglorious wordlings among whom she first met him."

"But she is still fond of him, Lawrence. I am sure of that."

"You would not know it if she had ceased to be—at least, not for a long time," he

added. "But you may be right. I am ready to grant that her love, when once given, is of the inalienable sort—or *should* be!"

After more than a year of marriage, Leah began to assume a course of strange reticence toward her mother respecting Tremaine. Mrs. Romilly had occasionally dined with them at first, but of late she had received no invitation to do so. She felt that her son-in-law was alone concerned in the cessation of these requests. But she made no inquiry of Leah. Perhaps it was solely because she dreaded to receive the wounding truth. She seldom met Tremaine. When they did encounter each other, she had no fault, and yet every fault, to find with the clean exactitude of his urbanity.

But Leah had been reticent in other ways. The absolute selfishness of her husband had now become as well known to her as the wretchedness which this final realization caused. He had not a personal whim, howsoever slight, to which he did not, as time wore on, demand unqualified allegiance. She nearly always gave it; she even tried at first to justify it; she hated to face the bare ruin of her own charming ideal. For a long time her very pride made her uniformly compliant; it was so hard to admit that she had been entirely deceived in him! But at length a most brutal shock came to her. Rudely enough her eyes were opened to what she deemed a horrifying fact. . . . "I will not tell mamma," she reflected, after the first misery of her new knowledge had passed. "And perhaps it will never happen again. He says it has very seldom happened in his life. . . . Very seldom," she repeated aloud, quoting his own words with a shudder, and feeling the stinging sense of *what it was* that had happened.

His mornings were usually spent at one of the two or three clubs to which he belonged, and often his afternoons as well. When they dined alone together, and there was no engagement which called them both from home afterward, he had got invariably to leave the house, often not returning until the small hours. At such times she was given to understand that he was "at the club;" but she did not know which club,

and more than once, on inquiry, had received answers of such laconic rebuff that there seemed almost a slight and a slur in them.

The plain truth is that Tremaine now frequently drank to excess. Leah had only seen him on a single occasion when wine held him well in its degrading grip, and perhaps the affright and tears which she had then shown had repeatedly, since being forced to confront and console both, made him wary about the hour of certain home-comings.

His vice was of the sort which sometimes overtakes, abruptly and almost unawares, men of precisely his character and temperament. They appear the last men of whom one would prophesy any such downfall. They have drifted into the habit of taking stimulants freely—indeed, too freely—at certain convivial times. They are seen intoxicated after a "stag" dinner; they are known to have sat late over jovial beakers; they have been observed unsteadily to hail cabs near dawn at the doors of their select clubs. But no one accuses them of any overt inebriety. It is an intemperance very temperately condoned. "Every man does it now and then," runs the facile comment, and that they are constantly met, morning and afternoon, in spotless broadcloth and with no thirst more compromising than one which a moderate potion can satisfy, is a fact fit to blunt suspicion and put friendly warning in the light of an impertinence. Besides, they are such cold-blooded sorts of fellows. A hundred tongues, even among those associates whom their frigid conventionalism has most suited, and their patrician nonchalance most pleased, are always prompt to quote these traits of imperturbation as special safeguards against real danger. But for just such men—decorous, aristocratic, indolent, and beset with a worship of form and caste, will now and then lurk a vigilant fury who has fashioned her scourge out of their own egotism. They have for years kindled a flame before the god of Self, and one day the flame leaps devouringly into their own faces. They have for years yielded to every appetite, and one day it is an appetite which rises to master, perhaps even slay them.

It was thus with Tremaine. His passion for Leah had passed, as such a passion nearly

always passes with such a nature. He regretted his marriage, and would have given worlds to undo it. He meant to be a good husband. He thought it unpardonably vulgar to be a bad one—to have brawls at home—to let people see that you were not happily married. But he was discontented by a bondage which had till recently been a thrilling happiness. Perhaps this same discontent served to accelerate the baleful growth of a desire already carelessly indulged. Twenty times a day he would tell himself that he was never the man to have married. He still thought Leah a very beautiful creature; his pride in her had somehow strengthened as his love decreased, and a good share of a certain kind of pride had fallen to him by maternal inheritance. He became possessed with the idea that his household was not being made difficult enough of ingress; Leah had too few dislikes; her list was too expanded; she was showing a tendency toward democratic liberalisms. . . . Well, this was in her blood. Tremaine argued; it must be exterminated in time.

"I notice that you see a good deal of that little Mrs. Forbes," he said.

"She is my *protégée*," laughed Leah. "Besides, she amuses me quite a good deal."

"I think her abominably vulgar. She talks through her nose, and is a bouncer besides. Then one meets the greatest riff-raff at her house. You did an unfortunate thing for poor Bertie Forbes when you gave her that longing to know people. After all, he was right. He has forgiven you, but I don't doubt that he feels the injury still."

"I have not forgiven *him*," said Leah, with a touch of her old haughtiness. "I never shall forgive him for being contemptible."

A hard spark came into Tremaine's eyes. "Extend your pardon or not, as you please. But I wish you to drop his wife."

"No," she answered, "I shall not do so."

He frowned, now, and his voice was sharp. "I insist," he said.

Leah looked at him, and slowly shook her head.

Her silent, resistant firmness roused a wrath in him which she had never before seen. But she was somehow prepared to see it. Her idol had tumbled earthward.

Her idolatry, too, was now daily jeering her with the emptiness of its own perished fervor.

"There are those Marksley girls also," he proceeded, with dry, low voice. "You chose to popularize them, and in a manner you attained your object. But they are still merely endured, and everybody laughs at their grotesqueness. I will not have them lunching here, or happening in so intimately every two or three days. You are losing tone by letting such people know you on such close terms."

"Then I shall continue to lose it," replied Leah, with a laugh so icy and defiant that he started as he heard. "Yes, I shall continue to lose it until it is all gone. I like Lucy Forbes, and I like the Marksley girls. I don't exalt them above the rest of humanity, but I place them, both in morals and intellect, well above a good many persons whom you think it proper for me to know. And I *will* know them—I *will* be intimate with them. I have chosen to make them all three my friends; they are all three honestly fond of me, and I would not abate my friendship or my civility one jot for any inducement that could possibly be offered."

Through that emphatic yet composed little speech she was like and yet unlike the Leah of old—the Leah who had bearded Dr. Pringle and his coterie at Newport with flashing eyes. But her eyes did not flash now; they were full, instead, of a sad courage. She was the woman who withstood an attempted wrong—not the girl who resented an irritant impertinence.

This interview had taken place at dessert one evening, while they sat over their fruits and coffee, after the retirement of the servants. This was the second winter of their marriage.

Tremaine rose as her answer ended. He had grown white, but a smile broke from his lips. "How you remind me of your mother at times," he said, measuring each word. "You have the true spirit of the female lecturer. What a pity that fate should have drifted you away from a platform!"

He was preparing to pass out of the room as he finished, but he could not reach the door until her fleet retort had been uttered.

And yet, although fleet, it was filled with a secure self-control.

"You can pay me no such compliment," she said, "as to compare me with my mother, just as you can scarcely ever lower yourself so much in my esteem as when you fling any paltry slur at her beautiful life."

Leah shed hot tears, a little later, after he had left the house and she was alone. But soon her natural force asserted itself. This new rift must not widen. It would be horrible. She and he had years yet, perhaps, to live out together. No doubt other women had made just such mistakes as hers, and been forced to face just such consequences. He was slowly proving to be everything that she had felt convinced he was not. She thought of him as he had looked to her when they were married, and his merely physical stature rose retrospectively like that of another man. Even his love had vanished; she had seen that weeks ago. And her own love? She shivered as she tried to assure herself that this had not vanished as well—that it had not been swept away in the general ravage of hope, trust, respect. For how could their future be made tolerable to either if *both* must plod along lovelessly through uncalculated years?

Leah resolved to do her best, and did it. In the previous summer they had not gone to Newport, but in the following one they again went. They rented a cottage there, and lived the life which she had now almost grown to hate. Still, its excitement deadened her reflections. The youth in her veins made her enjoy almost against her will. She often wondered why people liked her as they did; but this very self-questioning showed that she was unconscious of her own graces and charms; and such unconsciousness increased both, winning her admirers and devotees of either sex whom she had not put forth a finger to attract.

Meanwhile Tremaine gradually slipped deeper and deeper into intemperance. But his indulgent periods were brief though frequent, and in almost every case they occurred while Leah slept. He and she now occupied separate apartments; the cottage was commodious enough easily to allow this plan; Leah seldom knew at what hour he returned, after late stays with cards or

billiards' in the upper club-regions of the Casino.

She noticed that he wore an unhealthy look, that he had grown thin, and that his eyes were sometimes darkly ringed. She was not quite sure of the cause, yet her suspicions verged upon certainties. She constantly blamed herself for not simulating enough warmth during their hours of meeting, and yet it is doubtful if she was often truly culpable. They had their frequent quarrels, now, yet these were incessantly of his making. Leah would not let him crush her in trivial argument; she would use one sarcasm of her own to at least ten of his, but hers, though it nearly always told with silencing power, was reluctantly given. There was no longer a shadow of affection on either side. But Leah had the voice of duty to chide her, and used her stoutest efforts to obey it.

Mrs. Romilly had remained in New York that summer. The separation was an added trouble to Leah; but she wrote her mother nearly every day, if it was only a line. And in those notes and letters she would sometimes lay the whole bitter truth bare, while adding some such merciful after-comment as this:

"We can have no actual rupture, however, because I shall always struggle to prevent it, unless he should make some important demand that quite transcended all possibility of concession. . . . And as for the life he is leading, I must grant that he never shocks me with any of its immediate results. I have never seen him really in wine except once, though much oftener than once I have felt sure that he was the worse for it. . . . I think I can go on like this for a very long time. Other women are doing so every day—why not I? And do not even fancy that I am any great martyr. My only trouble is that I can't do what other women are continually doing under the same circumstances. . . . You understand what I mean? It shames me even to think of writing it."

Rainsford, who was living his usual quiet life at Newport, would repeatedly see Leah and bow to her. But they were never brought together, that summer, in any conversational way. Where she went he never went. Indeed, he went nowhere, as the

phrase goes. He painted his pictures and strove to get from them the high peace which art will so often give a hurt soul when it serves her truly.

But he would sometimes make a flying trip to New York, and then he always saw his dear friend, Mrs. Romilly. During a visit which he paid to her late in August, Leah's mother showed him the lines just recorded, which had been received three days ago.

"Oh, Lawrence," she murmured, "what is the real meaning of those words?"

"Despair," he answered.

"Can she go on living with him in this joyless, mocking way?"

"She will, and very bravely. It is like her to be brave. Life is trying her now, and she stands the test. Her former pride and arrogance were merely the surface-flash of her innate womanly sincerity. Below all that harmless discord she rang true. She is ringing true now. She sees herself bound for life to a vicious fop. She will accept her destiny with stoic fortitude." Then, after a moment, he added: "She will accept it without the least weak complaint, unless—" And there he paused.

"Unless?" questioned Mrs. Romilly, intently watching his strong, meditative face.

"I refer you to her own words," said Rainsford. And then he quoted, with grave slowness, a portion of what Mrs. Romilly had just read him, showing how it had all bitten into his memory. "'Unless he should make some important demand that quite transcended all possibility of concession.' Let us both trust that he will not—for her sake."

"You believe that he will, Lawrence?"

"I have not said so."

Mrs. Romilly gave a long, heavy sigh, as her hazel eyes, still so youthful, searched his own. "But you mean so," she persisted. "You mean that Leah has herself foreshadowed the results of her own pathetic misjudgment."

There is often a dramatic neatness in the occurrence of everyday events which almost puts to shame the deft manipulation of the nicest playwright. Just as Mrs. Romilly finished speaking those words, a knock sounded at the door of the room in which she and Rainsford sat. The knock

came from a servant, and the servant brought a telegram.

"It is from Leah!" exclaimed Mrs. Romilly, after she had torn open the envelope and swept her glance across the message.

"Well?" queried Rainsford.

"*Something has happened,*" read Mrs. Romilly, striving to repress her agitation. "*I will be with you to-morrow evening. I leave to-morrow for New York, alone.*"

"Alone!" echoed Leah's mother, as the paper dropped in her lap.

Her eyes met Rainsford's. "It has come," he said.

"It has come?" What has come?"

"That of which we have just been speaking."

"Do you mean that he has insulted her?"

"No. She would bear insult. She would resent it, but she would bear it. He has made that demand. He has required, and she will not concede."

Mrs. Romilly stared at him mutely. Her face was full of misery. Both knew the futility of further words. Both knew that they must wait.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

To be Continued.

CREATION OR EVOLUTION? A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY.

III.

UNTIL after the death of the late Mr. Charles Darwin I had never paid much attention to the theory of man's descent, with which his name is so prominently connected. The honors paid to his memory, and due to his indefatigable research and extensive knowledge, far more than to soundness of his reasoning, led me to examine his principal works, the "Descent of Man" and the "Origin of Species." Having studied them with great care, and, as I trust, with candor, I was induced to examine in the same spirit the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer on the subject of Evolution, with which I had also been previously unacquainted, excepting in a general way. I confess that I was a good deal surprised at the extent and character of Mr. Spencer's reputation as a thinker, and by the currency which his peculiar philosophy has received in this country, where it has led, among the young and inexperienced, as well as among older persons, to very incorrect habits of reasoning on some subjects of the highest importance. The result of my studies of these writers, extending through two pretty long summer vacations from professional labors, was a book, hitherto unpublished, from some parts of which these papers are extracted. I saw, or believed that I saw, how the so-called science of these writers is undermining the foundations of rational belief. I say their "so-called"

science, because I do not admit that true science is consistent with such methods as theirs. Science, properly so-called, implies demonstration, and there has rarely been a physical theory propounded which has been accepted upon so little of what can be regarded as demonstration, as this theory of animal evolution. It is, to be sure, no official duty of mine to defend the foundations of religious belief. There are those to whom this duty may be said to officially belong, and it is no purpose of mine to intrude into their province. How theologians should manage the argument which is to convince men of the existence and methods of God, it is not for me to suggest. But it occurred to me, after a careful examination of the new philosophy, that an application to it of the principles of belief which regulate, or ought to regulate, our acceptance of any new matter of belief—principles which we apply, and must apply, to the common affairs of life, and in the application of which the juridical method of reasoning is at once the most satisfactory and the most in accordance with the dictates of common sense—might be useful to a certain very numerous class of minds. The pages of a magazine can afford but a limited space for the development of such a subject as this. I can, in this, the last paper allowed me by the editor, only indicate the more prominent of the illustrations

which show the character of the evolution theory of man's origin, and point out the fundamental distinction between Mr. Darwin's system and Mr. Spencer's, a distinction, however, which, when it is fully explained, still leaves, as a result of the teaching of both of these philosophers, the conclusion that the human mind, the soul of man, is not a creation of a spiritual being, but that it has been evolved out of an improving material organization, if it has any separate existence at all.

In the second of these papers I described the Darwinian pedigree of man, and adverted to Mr. Darwin's own admission of numerous breaks in the chain; pointing out, at the same time, the very important consideration that in respect to both the whole series of derivations of the successive organisms and the derivation of any one of the distinct organisms from its supposed predecessor, unless an unbroken connection of lives with lives can be shown by some kind of satisfactory proof, we have nothing but a theory, supported by general reasoning. I shall now give one or two illustrations of the nature of these breaks in the organic chain, which will be more or less applicable to the whole pedigree and to its different parts. I select, first, the transition which is assumed to have occurred from the amphibians to the mammalia. There is a term which is used in mechanics to mark the characteristic and fundamental distinction between one complex machine and another. We speak of the "principle" on which a mechanical structure operates, meaning the essential construction and mode of operation which distinguish it from other machines of the same general class. Although we are not to forget that an animal organism, possessed of the mysterious essence called life, comes into existence by processes very different from those employed by human ingenuity in dealing with dead matter and the forces which affect it, there is no danger of being misled into false analogies if we borrow from mechanics a convenient term, and speak of the "principle" on which an animal is constructed, and on which its living organization operates. We find, then, that in the animal kingdom there is a perfectly clear and pronounced division between the dif-

ferent modes in which the reproductive system is constructed, and by which it operates in the continuation of the species. The principle of construction and operation of the reproductive system by which an egg is brought forth by the female parent, and the young animal is thereafter nourished without anything more derived from the parental body than what is inclosed in the egg, is as widely different from that by which a young animal is born from a womb and is thereafter nourished for a time from the milk of the mother, as any two constructions, animate or inanimate, that can be conceived of. Whatever may be the analogy or resemblance between the embryo inclosed in the egg of one animal and the embryo that is inclosed in the womb of another animal, at the point at which the egg is expelled from the maternal body, the analogy or resemblance ceases. In certain animals, a body called an egg is formed in the female parent, containing an embryo of the same species, or the substance from which a like animal is produced. This substance is inclosed in an air-tight vessel, or shell. When this shell has been expelled from the parent, the growth of the embryo goes on to the stage of development at which the young animal is to emerge from the inclosure; and whatever may have been the process or means of nourishment surrounding the embryo within the shell and brought in that enclosure from the body of the parent, the young animal never derives, at any subsequent stage of its existence, either before or after it has left the shell, anything more from the parental system. It may be "hatched" by parental incubation, or by heat from another source; but for nourishment, after it leaves the shell, the young animal is dependent on substances that are not supplied from the parental body, although they may be gathered or put within its reach by parental care. This is the grand characteristic of the reproductive system in the case of all animals whose embryos are inclosed in an air-tight vessel, or shell, in which they are to remain until they have attained a sufficient growth to enable the young animals to break out from the enclosure. The distinction between the *oviparous* and the *viviparous* amphibians

does not require me to vary this statement. The former are those which deposit their eggs and then hatch them. The latter are those among which the young emerges from the egg in the body of the parent, and is there expelled in a more perfect state. In both cases the young is inclosed in an airtight vessel until the time comes for it to break out from the shell.

The transition from this system of reproduction to that by which a foetus is formed into a greater or less degree of development within the body of the mother, without being inclosed in a shell, and is then brought forth to be nourished into further development by the parental secretion called milk, is enormous. The principle of the organic construction and mode of perpetuating the species, in the two cases, is absolutely unlike, after we pass the point at which the ovule is formed by the union of the male and female vesicles that are supposed to constitute its substance. The Darwinian hypothesis is that this enormous transition from the one reproductive system to the other took place between the amphibians and the ancient marsupials, not by the intervention of a creating power acting directly in the production of a new and intentionally different system, but by the slowly modifying agencies of natural and sexual selection, operating through indefinitely numerous successive generations and modifications of structure. In the absence of proof of such intermediate modifications—modifications resulting at last in the production of a system absolutely different from that from which it is supposed to have been derived—it certainly cannot be claimed that the evolution theory of this great change excludes from the category of rational beliefs the idea of special design, direct creative energy and unbounded skill, exerted for the purpose of making a new structure and a new mode of operation.

I will now select the further change that is supposed to have taken place between the marsupials, or the implantal mammals, to that extraordinary contrivance, the "placenta," by which the mother nourishes the foetus into a more complete state of development before the young animal is born. We have seen that according to Darwin, between the egg-bearing system of the

first amphibians and the lowest of the mammals, the ancient marsupials, there came about, through the evolution agencies of natural and sexual selection, a new and entirely different system—namely, birth of the young animal from a womb and its subsequent nourishment from the teats of the mother. Passing now from these new animals, the implantal mammals, to the placental mammals, we come to the introduction of the system by which the foetus is united to the mother until birth by a vascular connection, which supplies it with nourishment that enables the young animal to be born in a more complete state of development than the young of the marsupial species. It is difficult, in referring to such differences, to avoid the use of adjectives fitted to describe their extent and character without seeming extravagant; but no language is too strong to mark the stupendous contrast between these different systems of reproduction in the animal kingdom. This particular advance from the implantal to the placental mammals is supposed, like all the other differences of structure, to have been brought about by a struggle among the individuals of the earlier class for food, aided by a struggle between the males for the possession of the females, by the growth and development of organs useful to the animal in the two battles, and by their transmission to offspring, and possibly by the crossing of different varieties of the successive animals thus produced. But what potency there could be in such causes to bring about this great change from the implantal to the placental system, it is extremely difficult to imagine, and we must be indebted solely to our imaginations in order to reach a conception of it. It would seem that if there is any one point of animal economy that is beyond the influence of such causes as those which are comprehended in the phrase "survival of the fittest," it is the reproductive system, by which the great divisions of the animal kingdom respectively continue their distinct species. Give all the play that you rationally can to the operation of the successful battle for individual life, to the victory of the best appointed males over their competitors for the possession of the females, and to the transmission of newly acquired pecu-

liarities of structure to offspring, when you come to such a change as that between two great systems of reproduction, you have to account for something which needs far more proof of the transitional gradations of structure and modified habits of life than can be found between the highest of the amphibians and the lowest of the mammalia. It is a trite but a true observation that such differences are in themselves the highest evidence of design; of a specially planned and intentionally elaborated construction of a new thing. If we had found such changes in any class of mechanical structures made by the human hand, we should not hesitate to pronounce that there had been an invention of an extraordinary character, the product of the highest human skill and of direct intention. What good reason can be assigned for not reaching the same conclusion in regard to the works of the Creator, if we admit the postulate that the universe is presided over by a being whose power and skill are without limit. If we reason without that postulate we may convince ourselves of anything or of nothing.

At some future time, I propose to make a more minute examination of the facts and arguments by which Mr. Darwin thought he had supported his theory of the descent of man. At present I have said enough to indicate to the reader what that theory is—namely, that while it implies the original creation of some very low type of animal organism, such as the supposed aquatic worm, or marine grub, it derives all the other animal organisms through successive evolutions from that primal and lowest creature. I now come to the writer who, while he concurs in Mr. Darwin's general system of the evolution of higher out of lower organisms, rejects the idea of any original creation whatever. His negations extend much farther than Mr. Darwin's, and end in a system of philosophy that excludes all idea of an author even of the laws of nature; or of any of the forces of nature, if I have been so fortunate as to understand him.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is a writer who deals so largely in dogmatic assertion, and with so little consideration of the strength of the opposite argument, that it is difficult for one who is accustomed to weigh both sides

of a question not to be a little impatient with him. There can be no objection to advocacy, and even to strong and decided advocacy, when settled convictions are to be vindicated. But with advocacy we may expect that kind of fairness which consists in a full statement of the opposite view; a kind of fairness which is an advantage to the advocate himself. I once heard a great master of dialectics lay down the rule of advocacy in these words: "State the case of your opponent as strongly as you know how; stronger, if you can, than he states it himself; and then answer it, if you are able." I shall have occasion to advert to some instances in which Mr. Spencer has not followed this wise rule in his opposition to the idea of special creations. But here it is proper to define what I mean by a special creation. There is a sense in which the term creation may be used, which would comprehend the production of new animal organisms through the operation of slowly-moving, secondary causes acting in an indefinite period of time, without the special intervention of a creating power acting directly and specifically for the particular object. But the term creation, when used in this sense, necessarily implies a creator; an actor, who, at some time and at some stage of the process, makes use of power and skill in ordaining and putting in motion the secondary causes that are to bring about the results. If the postulate of a supreme being, a creator, be admitted, he may be said to "create" new organisms, by whatever method and in whatever length of time he acts. But the sense in which I intend to use the term *special* creation, however it may have been used by others, is that which supposes a direct, intentional and occasional act of power and skill, exerted for the production of new objects, in contrast with the hypothesis that the new objects were the results of certain forces acting under fixed laws upon and among other and previously existing organisms, without a direct, specific and occasional exertion of the power to make such new organisms.

A very accomplished friend of mine, a disciple, as I suppose, of the new philosophy, to whom I read some parts of my unpublished work, remarked to a third person that I seemed to be behind the litera-

ture of the subject, and that apparently I was not aware that the doctrine of special creations has been given up by some writers who have heretofore defended it. It is quite immaterial what other writers have given up. I may certainly make my own definitions, and I am quite sure that I have not mistaken the sense which Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Darwin assign to the idea of special creations which they combat. If there are persons who have come to admit that the doctrine of special creations is untenable, although they have previously held it, all I have to say is that the question of its tenability, as I define it, is the very thing that I am examining, and that I do not propose to try this question by any authority whatever.

1. Mr. Spencer attacks, with great vigor, the hypothesis that living beings result from special creations, as a primitive hypothesis; and because it is a very ancient belief, he pronounces it to be probably untrue. He even goes so far as to assert that its antiquity raises a presumption against it. He classes it among a family of beliefs which began in primitive ages, and which have, one after another, been destroyed by advancing knowledge, until this one is almost the only member of the family that survives among educated people. He says that if you catechise anyone who holds this belief, as to the source from which he derived it, he is forced to confess that it was put into his mouth in childhood, as one portion of a story which, as a whole, he has long since rejected. It will give way at last, along with all the rest of the family of beliefs which have already been given up.* It may be that the arguments of those whose controversial writings on this subject Mr. Spencer had before him, relied on the antiquity of this belief as one of the strongest proofs of its probable truth. I have not looked to see how any writer on that side of the question has used the antiquity of the doctrine of special creations. But it is certainly not in accordance with the sound rule even of advocacy to state the argument in support of the belief which you oppose with less than the force that

may be given to it, whether your opponents have or have not given to it all the force that belongs to it. The mere antiquity of the belief in special creations has this force, and no more: that a belief which began in the primitive ages and has survived through all periods of advancing knowledge, must have something to recommend it. It is not one of those beliefs that can be swept away with contempt as a nursery tale, originating in times of profound ignorance and handed down from generation to generation without inquiry.

That it has survived after the rejection of some other beliefs that originated at the same period—survived in minds capable of dealing with the evidence in the light of advancing knowledge—is proof that it has something more to rest upon than the time of its origin. If some of its defenders now assert its antiquity as the sole or the strongest argument in its favor, its opponents should not assume that this is the only or the best argument by which it can be supported. Nor can it be summarily disposed of by classifying it as one of a family of beliefs that originated in times of profound ignorance, and that have mostly disappeared from the beliefs held by educated people. Its association with a special class of mistaken beliefs affords no intrinsic improbability of its truth. Every belief has come to be regarded as a mistaken or a true one, not according to its associated relations with other beliefs that have come to be regarded as unfounded, but according to the tests that the knowledge of the age has been able to apply to it. Take the whole catalogue of beliefs that began to be held in the darkest ages, and it will be found that their association has had no influence beyond inducing incorrect habits of reasoning on certain subjects, or a habit of accepting the official authority of those who claimed to be the special custodians of truth. Those intellectual habits have been temporary in their influence, and have gradually changed; and even in the darkest ages, or those ages that are so called, men reasoned on some subjects as correctly as we do. Every one of the beliefs that have been given up by the lettered or the unlettered part of mankind has been given up because better knowledge of a special character has come to show

* The Principles of Biology. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. I., pp. 334 *et seq.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881. I use the American edition.

that it is unfounded, and because mere official authority has ceased to have the power that it once had. If a belief has survived from a remote antiquity among those who are competent to judge of the evidence in its favor by comparing the phenomena that increasing knowledge has accumulated, the fact that it has so survived is not weakened by its association for a period with other beliefs that are now rejected.

Mr. Spencer maintains that, as the supposition of special creations is discredited by its origin in times when men were profoundly ignorant, so, conversely, the supposition that races of organisms have been evolved out of one another, is credited by its origin because it is a belief that has "come into existence in the most instructed class living in these better-instructed times." This is a kind of argumentation that is often the result of a love of antithesis. The soundness of the last branch of the proposition appears to depend upon the soundness of the first branch. Make it to appear that the origin of the elder hypothesis is unfavorable by reason of the time of its origin, and it seems to follow that the modern hypothesis is strengthened by *its* time of origin. But this antithesis does not express the exact truth in either branch of it. It is not because of its antiquity or of the character of the times in which it was first believed that the doctrine of special creations can be shown to be irrational or improbable. There is no presumption against the truth of any belief to be derived from the fact that it was once held by persons who also held some erroneous beliefs on other subjects. If there were, nothing could be worthy of belief, unless it could show a recent origin, or, at least, until demonstration had overcome the alleged presumption against it. On the other hand, there is no presumption in favor of the truth of a new theory in physics to be derived from the fact that it is new, or that it has originated among those who think that they do not hold any erroneous beliefs, or because it has originated in a comparatively very enlightened age. The dangers of incorrect reasoning may be of a different kind to-day compared with the dangers of former periods; but no age however well instructed, and no class of men however learned, can be absolutely free

from contracting habits of unsound speculation. Every physical and every moral theory, unless we mean to be governed by mere authority, whether it be an ancient or a recent belief, must be judged by its merits, according to the evidence.

2. Another of Mr. Spencer's assertions—a very naked assertion—is that the belief in special creations is "not countenanced by a single fact." Not only did no man "ever see a special creation," but "no one ever found indirect proof of any kind that a special creation had taken place." (!) In support of this sweeping dogma, he adduces a habit of the naturalists who maintain special creations to locate them in some region remote from human observation.* This is another instance of not stating the case of your opponent as strongly as you might state it, or even as he states it himself. While no naturalist and no other person ever saw a special creation take place, indirect and circumstantial evidence that the world is full of such creations has been accumulated to an enormous amount. It is simply extravagant to assert that the hypothesis is "absolutely without support of any kind." What if Mr. Spencer's opponents were to retort that no man ever saw an animal of a distinct species evolved out of one of an entirely different organization; that there is no external evidence to support the hypothesis of such derivations, and that the naturalists of the evolution school habitually place the scene of operations in the regions of scientific imagination? This retort could be easily made, and when it is made it cannot be answered.

3. Next, and completing what I must characterize as gross misrepresentation, we have the assertion that "besides being absolutely without evidence to give it external support, this hypothesis of special creations cannot support itself—cannot be framed into a coherent thought. . . . Immediately an attempt is made to elaborate the idea into anything like definite shape, it proves to be a pseud-idea, admitting no definite shape. Is it supposed that a new organism, when specially created, is created out of nothing? If so, there is a supposed creation of matter; and the creation of matter is inconceivable—implies the establishment of a relation

* "Biology," vol. I., p. 336.

in thought between nothing and something—a relation of which one term is absent—an impossible relation. . . . Those who entertain the proposition that each kind of organism results from divine interposition, do so because they refrain from translating words into thoughts. The case is one of those where men do not really believe, *but believe they believe*. For belief, properly so called, implies a mental representation of the thing believed; and no such mental representation is here possible.*

It must be a very feeble human intellect—one on which education, experience and reflection have bestowed no power of correct thinking—that cannot definitely conceive of the creation of both matter and organisms, or that cannot represent to itself in thought what the word creation implies. When I first read these passages in the work of so distinguished a writer, I could hardly trust the evidence of my eyesight. It seemed as if the types must have misrepresented him; for I could scarcely imagine how a writer of his reputation as a thinker could have deliberately penned and printed such a specimen of logic run riot, reading like some of the propositions propounded by the scholastics of the Middle Ages. But having assured myself that the American edition of his work is a correct reprint, and having learned, as I have, how this kind of apparently logical assertion is misleading the young and the inexperienced into false habits of reasoning, I have thought it well to bestow some brief attention upon these passages. I shall do so in terms as respectful as I can use, while I cannot conceal my surprise at finding such things in the works of so eminent a writer.

I am forced to the conclusion that Mr. Spencer supposes that he has furnished a conclusive answer to the idea of the absolute creation of anything whatever, because, when put into the form of a logical formula, one term of the relation is something and the other term is nothing; which he holds to be an inconceivable relation. Logical formulas are not always the best test of the possibility of an intellectual conception, or of what the mind can represent to itself in thought; although to a certain class of readers or hearers such formulas

often appear to be crushing refutations of the opinion or belief against which they are employed. Apologizing to the experienced and disciplined intellects of some readers who may chance to see these pages for a discussion which they do not, but which others may, need, I shall now seriously ask whether there is anything impossible because it is unthinkable in the idea of absolute creation? Is the creation of matter, for example, inconceivable? It certainly is not, if we adopt the postulate of an infinite Creator. That postulate is just as necessary to the evolutionist who maintains that fixed laws or systems of matter have evolved the organized forms of matter, as it is to those who maintain that these forms are special creations. Who made the laws that have been impressed upon matter, or to which it has been subjected? Were they made at all, or were they without any origin, self-existing and eternal? If they were made, they were made out of nothing, for nothing preceded them. Then apply to them the logical formula, and say that one term of the relation is absent, is mere nothingness, and so there is an impossible relation, a relation in thought between nothing and something, which is inconceivable. Thus the evolutionist, who stands just as much in need of the postulate of an infinite Creator as the believer in special creations, is, by a mistaken form of logic, brought to the dilemma of surrendering the idea that the laws of nature had any author whatever. This dilemma is not escaped by asserting, as Mr. Spencer does, that "the creation of force is just as inconceivable as the creation of matter." It is necessary to inquire what he means by a "conceivable" idea. If he means that we cannot trace, or discover or understand the process by which either force or matter was created, our inability may be at once conceded. But if he means that, granting the postulate of an infinite creating power, we cannot conceive of the possibility that matter and all the forces that reside in or govern it were called into being by the will of that power, the assertion is not true. Human faculties are entirely equal to the conception of an infinite creating power, whatever may be the strength or weakness of the proof by which the existence of that power is supported;

* "Biology," vol. 1., 336, 337.

and if there is such a power, it is a contradiction in terms to assert that absolute creation, or the formation of "something" where "nothing" previously existed, is an impossible conception. Such an assertion is either a specious play upon words, or else it involves the negation of an infinite creating power; a negation which, as I understand Mr. Spencer, he means to make.

The term "creation," as used in all modern philosophy, implies by its own meaning the act of causing to exist, and unless we assume that no material thing which exists was ever caused to exist, we must suppose that the causing power was alike capable of giving existence to matter and to all the forces that reside in or govern it. The reason why the Greek philosophers did not embrace the idea of absolute creation was not because it is an unthinkable idea, or one incapable of representation in thought. They were surrounded by a mythology which attributed the origin of the world to polytheistic agencies. They struggled against the cosmogony of poetical and popular tradition in efforts to find a cause or causes of a different character. Monotheism, the conception of the one only and Omnipotent God, freed philosophy from the great want which had hampered its speculations. This want was the conception of divine power, as abstracted from substance or the qualities of substance. When this conception had been obtained, absolute creation was seen to be a legitimate deduction from the illimitable scope and nature of the power which Monotheism imputed to the Being supposed to preside over the universe and to have existed before all the objects which the universe contains, and the conception of the act of creation thus became equally capable of representation in words and in thought. You may say that it has no evidence to support it; that it leads to contradictory ideas of the attributes claimed for the Creator, and that upon the hypothesis of the attributes of supreme power and supreme benevolence his works are inexplicable. Whether you can say this truly or not, you cannot say that absolute creation is inconceivable, and unless you mean to claim that neither matter nor force was ever created—in other words, that there never was a being competent to make either the one or

the other to exist, you cannot deny that both were called into existence by a definite and specific exercise of power. Mr. Spencer's philosophy leads to the conclusion that there is no God, or no such God as the doctrine of special creations calls for—or such as the doctrine of evolution necessarily implies, unless we mean to deny that the laws of matter and motion and matter itself ever had an author. Hence it is that I admit the necessity of treating the existence of the Supreme Being, the Omnipotent Creator, as an independent question, to be judged upon moral evidence; and hence, too, in reasoning upon the probable methods of the Almighty, I maintain that the postulate of his existence is alike necessary to the evolutionist and to the believer in special creations, and that both must adopt the same cardinal attributes as attributes of his power and character.

Reserving for future examination Mr. Spencer's other objections against the belief in special creations, I will now state, in a condensed form, the substance of his peculiar doctrine of animal evolution; a doctrine which denies the absolute commencement of any living organism anywhere on the globe and at any time, and makes living beings to result primarily from the formation of a cell, which was itself the product of an arrangement of molecules brought about by their inherent tendencies to union in certain forms, without special intervention of a creating power. Mr. Spencer begins with the original molecules of organizable matter. By modifications induced upon modifications, the original molecules became formed, he argues, by their inherent tendencies, into higher types of organic molecules, as we see in the artificial evolution effected by chemists in their laboratories; who, although they are unable to form the complex combinations directly from their elements, can form them indirectly, through successive modifications of simpler combinations, by the use of equivalents. In nature, the more complex combinations are formed by modifications directly from the elements, and each modification is a change of the molecule into equilibrium with its environment, subjecting it, that is to say, to new conditions. Then larger aggregates, compound mole-

cules, are successively generated. These complex or heterogeneous aggregates arise out of one another, and there results a geometrically increasing multitude of these larger and more complex aggregates. So that by the action of the successive higher forms on one another, joined with the action of the environing conditions, the highest forms of organic molecules are reached. Thus, in the early world, as in the modern laboratory, inferior types of organic substances, by their mutual actions under fit conditions, evolved the superior types of organic substances, and at length resulted in organizable "protoplasm." Mr. Spencer's description of the mode in which the substance called "protein" became developed into organic life, is in accordance with the mode in which he assumes that protein itself was formed. "And it can hardly be doubted," he says, "that the shaping of organizable protoplasm, which is a substance modifiable in multitudinous ways with extreme facility, went on after the same manner. As I learn from one of our first chemists, Professor Frankland, protein is capable of existing under probably at least a thousand isomeric forms; and, as we shall presently see, it is capable of forming, with itself and other elements, substances yet more intricate in composition that are practically intricate in their varieties of kind. Exposed to those innumerable modifications of conditions which the earth's surface afforded, here in amount of light, there in amount of heat, and elsewhere in the mineral quality of its aqueous medium, this extremely changeable substance must have undergone now one, now another, of its countless metamorphoses, and to the natural influences of its metamorphic forms, under changing conditions, we may ascribe the product of the still more composite, still more sensitive, still more variously changeable portions of organic matter, which, in masses more minute and simpler than existing *protozoa*, displayed actions varying little by little into those called vital—actions which protein itself exhibits in a certain degree. Thus, setting out with inductions from the experiences of organic chemists at the one extreme, and with inductions from the observations of biologists at the other extreme, we are enabled deductively to bridge

the interval—are enabled to conceive how organic compounds were evolved, and how, by a continuance of the process, the nascent life displayed in these became gradually more pronounced."* It is in this way that Mr. Spencer accounts for the formation of the cell which becomes developed into a living organism, out of which organism are successively developed all the higher forms of animal life, until we reach man; and so far as I can discover he has no other account to give of the origin of either the human body or the human mind.

The nineteenth century has witnessed many great scientific discoveries, has produced some extraordinary inventions, and some still more extraordinary theories. But among the speculative philosophers of this age, there do not appear to be such very superior powers of reasoning displayed, that we ought to regard them as authorities entitled to challenge our belief in their theories without examination. There are, both among the philosophical speculators of the present day, and some of the scientists, certain tendencies and defects which surprise me. One of their defects is that they do not obviate remote difficulties; perhaps because they have not been trained to foresee where such difficulties must arise. Sometimes this is apparent even when the difficulties are not remote, but are quite obvious. One of their tendencies is to arrive at a theory from some of the phenomena, and then to strain the remaining phenomena to suit the theory; and sometimes they proceed to the invention or imagination of phenomena which are necessary to the completion of a chain of evidence. This last method is called "bridging the interval;" a process very frequently employed in the theory of animal evolution. This criticism is especially applicable to Mr. Spencer's system of the origin of organic life.

In the first place, he has not obviated a fundamental difficulty, whether it be a near or a remote one. Whence did the molecules get their tendency or capacity to arrange themselves into higher or more complex forms? Whence came the auxiliary or additional force of their surrounding environment? What endowed protein with its capacity to assume a thousand isomeric forms?

* "Biology," vol. I., Appendix, pp. 483, 484.

What made the favoring conditions which have helped on the influence of its metamorphic tendencies, so as to produce still more sensitive and variously changeable portions of organic matter? These questions must have an answer; and when we ask them, we may see the significance of the inquiry which the Almighty is said to have put to Job—"Where wast thou [man] when I laid the foundations of the world?" The supposed colloquy between Job and his Creator embraces a pretty searching question, which may be asked of the evolutionist; for, upon the evolution theory, these things, the tendency and capacity of the molecules, and the environing conditions, *are* "the foundations of the world." It is no answer to say, as Mr. Spencer does, that these tendencies or capacities of matter, and the laws of the favoring conditions, came from the Unknown Cause. Known or unknown, did they have a cause, or did they make themselves? Did these, the foundations of the world, have an origin, or were they without any origin? If they had an origin, was it from the will and power of a being capable of summoning them into existence and prescribing their modes of action? If they had no origin, if they existed from all eternity, how came it that they formed this extraordinary habit of invariably acting in a certain way, which, amid all its multiformity, shows an astonishing persistency? If we deny, with Mr. Spencer, the absolute commencement of organic life on the globe, we must still go back of all the traces of organic life, and inquire whence matter, molecules, organized or unorganized, derived the capacity to become organized, and how the favoring conditions became established as auxiliary or subsidiary forces. This difficulty has not been met by Mr. Spencer, or by anyone else; for whether we call the cause an unknown or a known cause, the question is, was there a cause, or did the foundations of the world lay themselves? The reasoning powers of mankind, exercised by daily observation of cause and effect, of creative power and created product, seen, for example, in the works of human power and skill—are entirely equal to the conception of a First Cause, as a being who could have laid the foundations of the world; but they are utterly unequal to the conception that they had no origin whatever.

Furthermore, consider how numerous are the missing links in the chain of evolution; how many gaps are filled up by pure inventions or assumptions. The evolution of one distinct and perfect animal, or being, out of a pre-existing animal or being of a different type, has never been proved by anything that has the slightest claim to be treated as evidence. Yet whole pedigrees of such generation of new species have been constructed upon the same principles as those on which we construct the pedigree of an individual animal. With this difference, however, that in the latter case we have an unbroken connection of lives with lives back to the ancestral pair, whereas in the former case we can trace no such connection of lives with lives between the successive organisms. Again, if we regard facts about which there can be no controversy, we find not only distinct species of animals, but we find each of the true species divided into the related forms of male and female, with a system of procreation and gestation established for the multiplication of individuals of that species. Go back, then, in imagination, to the supposed period when protein began to form itself into something verging toward organic life, and then there became evolved the nascent life of an organized being. How did the division of the sexes originate? Did some of the molecules, or their progressive forms, or their aggregates, or masses, under some conditions, tend to the production of the male, and others of them, under certain conditions, tend to the development of the female? Or did the organized beings in whom this division first made its appearance, with its concomitant law of the sexual union for the production of new individuals, divide themselves into the forms of male and female by some kind of spontaneous but now unascertainable choice? Here is one of the most serious questions which the doctrine of evolution, whether it be Darwin's or Spencer's doctrine, has to encounter. There is a division into male and female; there is a law of procreation by the union of the sexes. This is a fact about which there can be no dispute, and it is one of the most remarkable facts in nature. It is the means by which species are continued, and the world is peopled with individuals

of the respective species. Is it conceivable that it occurred without special design? That it had, properly speaking, no origin, or no origin in a formative will, but that it grew out of the tendencies of organized matter to take on such a diversity in varying conditions? And if the latter was all the origin that it had, whence came the tendencies, and whence the favoring conditions that helped them on toward the results? Mr. Spencer's theory, so far as it suggests a mode in which the two sexes of animals came, or might have come, to exist, is not a whit less fanciful than the one that Plato gave in his *Timæus*; and with all his boldness of imagination, the Greek philosopher was too good a reasoner to attempt to get along without the intervention of the gods.

Let us now take Mr. Spencer's assertion that there never was any absolute commencement of organic life on the globe, and that this is no more a necessary supposition than the absolute commencement of social life. In regard to the absolute commencement of social life, it is not at all needful to resort to the supposition of the social compact, which, as a kind of legal fiction, is well enough for all the purposes for which sound reasoners nowadays make use of it. The union of a pair of human beings, male and female, the family, and then the union of a number of families for mutual protection, constitute the commencement of social life; and this commencement of social life is just as absolute as the beginning of anything that is new. But, now, take his denial of the absolute commencement of organic life, and test it by one or two observations upon his own explanation, as given in the elaborate paper in which he replied to a critic in the *North American Review*, a little more than four years ago.* In the first place, as to time. It will not do to say that there never was a time when such a product as animal life began to exist. To whatever it owed its existence, it must at some time have begun to exist. It matters not how far back in the ages of the globe you place it. You must contemplate a time when it did not exist, and a point of time when it began to exist.

It matters not that you cannot fix this time, without reference to a chronology that is disputed. There was such a time, whether you adopt or reject the Mosaic chronology, or resort to any other, or resort to none. In the next place, however minute the gradations which you trace backward from a recognizable living organism to the primal protoplasmic substance, out of which you suppose it to have been gradually evolved, and through whatever extent of time you imagine those gradations to have been worked out by the operation of the forces of nature modifying successive aggregations of matter, you must find an organism to which you can attribute LIFE. Whatever that organism was it was the commencement of organic life; for when you go back of it in the series of formations, you come to something that was not organic life, but was merely a collection of molecules, or a product of aggregated molecules, that had a capacity to be developed into a living organism under favorable conditions, but had not yet been so developed, because the favorable conditions had not arisen. "It is," says Mr. Spencer, "by the action of the successive higher forms on one another, joined with the action of the environing conditions, that the highest forms are reached."

Some one, then, of those highest forms, something that can be called an animal organism, some being endowed with life, however low or crude, was the commencement of organic life on the globe; and it is just as correct and necessary to speak of it as the absolute commencement, as it is when we speak of Darwin's aquatic grub, or of the Mosaic account of the creation of the different animals by the hand and will of God. Neither Mr. Spencer nor any other man can construct a chain of animated existence back into the region of its non-existence, without showing that it began to have an existence.

He can say that the affirmation of universal evolution is a negation of the absolute creation of anything. Of course it is, theoretically. But this does not get over the difficulty. On Mr. Spencer's own explanation of the mode in which organisms possessing life have been evolved, there must have been a first organism, in which life began. So that the whole argument re-

* The paper is reprinted in the Appendix to the American edition of Mr. Spencer's "Biology."

duces itself, at last, to this one fundamental inquiry: If there was a power and skill that could endow the primal molecules of matter with a capacity to become organized in a certain way and with a tendency to certain results, and that could ordain the favoring conditions which would aid in bringing about those results—and all human experience, observation and reflection show that everything that exists must have been caused to exist—the qualities of substance and substance itself—why should not that same power and skill, obviously without any limitations, have been equally potent to produce by direct creative energy any special object that seemed good to the in-

finite being who held that power and skill? The ability to employ one method or another is equal and illimitable. The question of the probable method turns on the weight of evidence; and when the inquiry relates to such a peculiar product as animal life, the reasoning ought to be confined to a peculiar class of facts, without being run out into the regions of a supposed universal evolution. How the evidence respecting the origin of animal life should be dealt with, I have not space to consider in the pages of a magazine, but must reserve the discussion for another form.

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

Recent Literature.

Among the veteran politicians of the United States, none have taken a more active part in the political contests of the last thirty years than Mr. George W. Julian, of Indiana. He long ago became known as one having all the courage of his convictions, a good fighter, a man of blunt speech, who said what he thought without hesitation. His pen has always been as pointed as his tongue, and whatever he writes is sure to keep his readers wide awake. Those who have read him with relish heretofore will find much to their taste in a volume of *Political Recollections** he has just given to the world. He has lived through exciting times. Entering Congress in 1849, he served continuously until 1872. He was first elected as what was called then a "Free-soiler," an animal which Southerners of that day declared was nothing but an abolitionist in disguise. He was one of nine Free-soil members then in the House. These members had to struggle hard to get elected. They were all of strong, natural pugnacity, which was developed by the fight they made for their places, and their aggressive qualities did not diminish when they found themselves on the floor of the House. Of these nine there was no better fighter than Mr. Julian. Indeed he seemed rather to enjoy a "scrimmage," and he took part in the battles which followed his election with hearty good will. The ten years which ensued were filled with bitterness. Such scenes as took place in Congress during those ten years let us hope may never occur again. In the ex-

citement of the hour men ordinarily well-bred forgot all sense of propriety and berated each other like fishwives. Some of the occurrences of those eventful years, as told by Mr. Julian, must appear to the present generation almost incredible.

All this time Julian was one of the "non-compromisers." He hooted at the very idea of compromise. Even now at this distance of time, his hatred of compromise has not diminished in the least. In this book he talks of the "debauched masses," who wanted to see an end of the agitation which was going on. But when Mr. Julian dislikes people or things, the energy of his language cannot be surpassed. He intensely disliked what was called the Know-Nothing party, which made its appearance in 1853. Of this party, says Mr. Julian, "pretending to herald a new era in our politics in which the people were to take the helm and expel demagogues and traders from the ship, it reduced political swindling to the certainty and system of a science. It drew to itself, as the great festering centre of corruption, all the known rascalities of the previous generation, and assigned them to active duty in its service. It was an embodied lie of the first magnitude, a horrid conspiracy against decency, the rights of men and the principles of human brotherhood."

Such vigorous and unqualified expressions, if aided by a strong voice and impressive manner, have a wonderful effect in addressing popular assemblages. And it is not surprising that Mr. Julian was in his best days an effective "stump" speaker; and that he owes his long political career mainly to the freedom with

* *Political Recollections*, 1840 to 1872. By George W. Julian. 12mo, pp. 384. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co 1884.

which he has spoken his mind. The later years of Mr. Julian's political career cover a period which is still too distinctly remembered to need any reference to it. It is only necessary to mention that he was always among the "extremists." The emancipation of the slaves was not enough for him. Into the fierce political contest which followed the close of the war, he plunged with all the ardor of his nature, and it is amusing to find him observing in a vein of reproach, that in those days "passion ruled the hour and constantly strengthened the tendency to one-sidedness and exaggeration." His opinion of men now living Mr. Julian makes no effort to disguise. Nor does he conceal, at all, his satisfaction at the effect of his own speeches and the good opinion he has of his own political career. The book is singularly interesting and worthy of careful perusal. And not the least interesting part is the picture he unconsciously draws of himself. He is the product of a time such as is not likely ever to be known again in our history. And to the young men who are just coming of age he must appear like one who has come to us from another world.

Since man is a laughing animal, and human nature, from generation to generation, remains much the same, it might reasonably be expected that what constitutes jokes and fun in one age would be so regarded in every other. There could be no better proof of the fallacy of that opinion, however, than *Humor, Wit and Satire of the Seventeenth Century*,* a comely volume in which Mr. John Ashton has collected a large number of the jokes that were much enjoyed in England two hundred years ago. Out of the jest-books and ballads of the seventeenth century Mr. Ashton has compiled a large mass of matter, which he declares is a fair representation of as much of the fun of that time as we of the present day would endure. He admits that some of the jokes of that period lacked refinement, but he claims that they denoted a keen sense of humor. But on going through the book, it is wonderful to see upon what slight provocation the people of that time laughed. It would appear that a bad pun amused them immensely, while anything in the nature of an Irish "bull" put them into convulsions of laughter. But in order to emphasize the fun in the "bull," and in order that the reader might not run the slightest risk of missing the point of the joke, plentiful use was made of italics and capital letters.

* *Humor, Wit and Satire of the Seventeenth Century*. Collected and Illustrated by John Ashton. 12mo, p. 424. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1884.

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that of the large number of what are claimed to be jests in this volume, there are not a dozen things which the stupidest newspaper in the United States would reprint with the expectation of raising a laugh. Of course, this can partly be accounted for by change of taste and manners. But quite apart from that is the flatness and insipidity of these provocatives to merriment. The woodcuts, though very rude—in fact, almost as rude as playing-cards—are yet interesting as showing what kind of art the masses put up with two centuries ago. In an appendix are bibliographical references to the sources whence the book was compiled and the music of some of the ballads in the book. The music is a trifle better than the words. If the melodies are simple, they are sound.

The bald, realistic style of fiction which has been fashionable for some time past, a style in which everything is explained, in which nothing is left for the reader's imagination, and in which the author will have naught to do with fantasy, seems to be rebuked in *A Daughter of the Gods*,* by Charles M. Clay, the ingenious author of "Hagar." "A Daughter of the Gods" is, through and through, a book of mystery. The supernatural, theurgic, mystical and cabalistic are woven into the texture of the narrative without reserve. As explained in the author's preface, the volume is an endeavor to construct a romance in which a woman shall be the seeker of the Rosicrucian "Great Secret," which, as Bulwer says in "Zanoni," is "a truth for those who can understand it, and an extravagance for those who cannot." In its literary aspect the romance offers much that is able, and even powerful. Many of the descriptions are vivid and graphic, and the dramatic force and effect considerable. The characters are strong, though not always original, and offset each other admirably. The narrative form is autobiographical, told by the heroine; but about herself we are told nothing but what the events of the book involve. Her diary discloses her first on a vessel outward bound from New York, she at that time having sealed the past, and parted with a life that she will never take up again. Whether she be saint, Magdalen, or adventuress one must guess unassisted. Throughout shipwreck, fevers, tidal-waves, and desert-island experiences, miraculous and otherwise, the fair unknown (fair, by the way, only after bathing in the Fountain of Youth) tells us nothing of her past

* *A Daughter of the Gods; or, How she Came into her Kingdom*. A Romance. By Charles M. Clay. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. 1884.

or her identity; and all that we can discover, after having turned the last leaf, is that she has apparently made some sacrifice for another, and that she is a relative of the man whom she loves, but has all along treated abominably, with true feminine inconsistency. It will readily be seen from this synopsis that "A Daughter of the Gods" is not a book that will suit all sorts of readers. None of them are likely, we apprehend, to ask for any attempted explanation of the supernatural, or, as the Rosicrucians have it, of that knowledge which in its perfection controls the forces and powers of nature. Any attempt at such explanation would be absurd. But there are those, doubtless, who will ask to know something about the history and causes of the remarkable mental and moral condition of the heroine.

To merely assert that Edgar Fawcett is the foremost writer of the American society novel—for such he is beyond all doubt—would be doing scant justice to him, and would also evince a very superficial examination of his methods of book-building. That he has a poet's heart and eye in discovering many of the beauties of mechanism in the vast structure of American society is shown by many of his brilliant and delightful descriptions of men and women, who commit no painful solecisms, but move gracefully and harmoniously in obedience to those unchangeable and undying laws that govern and make well-bred society the same the world over; portraits where all the subtleties and refinements of birth and gentle manners produce a conscious effect of atmosphere upon the reader. In *An Ambitious Woman** there is a union of realism and idealism that makes this work more powerful than any which he had theretofore given to the world. The local coloring is strong and vivid, and the characters are drawn with boldness and distinctness, while the dramatic situations and effects are worthy of his elaborate stage-settings. In the character of Claire there is strange duality of repellant and attractive forces, and so skillfully has the author mingled the lights and shades, that she seems to be as fair and lovely in character as she is in person, until subjected to the cold analysis of reason. Claire has all the beauty and delicacy of the rose-petal, and that she should lose this beauty and fragrance, even in the blighting, withering atmosphere of Greenpoint, does not occur to the reader.

It is only when every ambition has been gra-

tified, when beauty, repose and adulation have become a part of her every-day existence, that we begin to have a faint perception of the adamantine qualities of her nature. Yet so completely has the author imbued her with a sense of her rare refinement, nay, even such crystalline depths and tenderness of character have been revealed, that even when, in order to retain a life of luxurious enjoyment, she contemplates leaving her husband, her eyes are partly closed to the absolute cruelty of the step she is almost prepared to take. And it is only when she is overmastered by a nature stronger and grander than her own, and the woman of the world redeems the promise of her girlhood, that we realize there had been a latent selfishness in her nature, and that she had nearly wrecked her life through her almost morbid cravings for beauty and sovereignty. Or, in other words, she had been played upon by impressions in accord with her temperament, as an Æolian harp is played upon by the shifting currents of the air. Hollister is, in all respects, the most delightful creation in the group of characters. The revelation, toward the close, of his strength is a genuine surprise; his manliness, firmness and gentleness are depicted with rare power and evenness of movement. Unlike many of the so-called society novels, this work does not try or aim to hopelessly vulgarize American society, but, on the contrary, presents it to us in many of its most interesting and best phases.

In these palmy, luxurious days of book-making, a well-chosen, ample juvenile library has become one of the least difficult things to obtain, as well as a most powerful factor in fostering home influence, in cultivating a keen perception of right and wrong, and in rendering the fireside circle the most attractive of all to the sons and daughters of the house. It is hardly possible to realize that it was not so very long ago when "Peter Parley," the Rollo books, "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Youth's Companion," together with a few others, composed a library attainable only by the favored few. To-day the numerous book-stores are teeming with books on every conceivable subject of interest and fascination.

Into these books, with their pleasant teachings adapted to every age, from the airy, fairy elves and fays of the nursery, to the youths and maidens whose "Step from May glides onward unto June" has advanced *The Queen's Body-Guard*.* And of the delightfulness of this

* *An Ambitious Woman*. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1884.

* *The Queen's Body-Guard*. By Margaret Vandergrift. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

book there can be no question. On the very threshold, as it were, we begin a sweet, familiar acquaintance with the Stanly family, whose fortunes we are to follow to the end of the chapter. This family has recently lost, by death, its head—the husband and father—and unfortunate speculations have reduced their income. Whether they shall adopt the every-man-for-himself, etc., principle or keep together, working and helping each other, is the question that is met and dealt with in the open-

ing chapters. The life on the little farm in Delaware, the merry, helpful way in which all set themselves resolutely to work to make "the waste place blossom as the rose," and at the same time not neglect their daily studies or miss their hours for refined and improving conversation, are described in a most interesting and breezy manner and give to the book the twofold charm of entertainment and instruction. It is well worthy of occupying an honored place in the library of every boy and girl in their teens.

Town Talk.

Those who have talked and written about pictures for a few years past have made frequent mention of Mariano Fortuny, the Spanish painter, who perished in his prime, for he was not yet thirty-five when he died. Yet, in that short space of time, he built up a reputation which it will take a long period to undermine. Not everyone, however, can own Fortunys, for the high appreciation of his talents since his death, about nine years ago, has put his pictures beyond the reach of modest purses. To such, at least, is likely to be welcome the specimen of Fortuny's peculiar style which is our frontispiece. In none of his pieces could wood-engraving have brought out better the quality which distinguishes this Spanish painter from all his artistic brethren. The figure so admirably drawn could, perhaps, have been done as well by others, though few, indeed, could have made it reveal, by form and face, so much character. The self-satisfied connoisseur, as he critically observes the precious vase—doubtless from China or Japan—shows, both in design and execution, the hand of a master. But where the painter has put his mint-mark on the picture is in the light. He was almost a worshiper of the sun, and what he loved most to reproduce was the play of light upon various objects. He observed with an eye which nothing escaped, and diligently sought to perpetuate, the reflection, the caprice of light, its thousand little scattered effects. He knew that light only gives value to the diamond. And so here he bids us notice what a charm there is simply in the light as it glances from the satin small-clothes of the figure, from the polished vase and richly ornamented wall. It is not given to every wood-engraver to translate this rare and delightful gift of Fortuny. But he has found in the delicate and sympathetic touch of Mr. Frank

French a worthy interpreter, who has done everything within the power of his art to make clear the special excellence of the Spanish artist.

That General Loring, by his ten years' faithful service in Egypt, where he was a trusted counsellor of the Khedive Ismail, has earned a right to be heard with respect when he speaks about Egyptian affairs, few will have the hardihood to deny. And he writes with the frankness and force of a soldier, whose military career has been long and brilliant. He was but a boy when he took part in the war which followed the separation of Texas from Mexico, and when the fighting ceased in Texas, his father sent him back to school. Subsequently obtaining a commission in the United States Army, he served in the Indian war in Florida, and went with General Scott to Mexico. In the attack on Vera Cruz, on the glorious days of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, young Loring did his fair share, until the very day before the American army entered the City of Mexico, when at the gate of the city, he received the wound which cost him his bridle arm. This loss did not deprive the country of his services, for in Indian wars which followed he took an active part, and when the Northwestern boundary was settled by the treaty of 1846 with Great Britain, he led an army across the plains—a formidable undertaking in those days—to garrison Northern Oregon. When the Civil War broke out he thought it his duty to take the Confederate side. But there can be no impeachment of his honor in the way he severed his connection with the United States service. Always in active command, he fought all round the circle during the Civil War, the result of which was, of course, a disappointment of his cherished hopes.

To Egypt, which he had visited before, he turned his steps, and there found his great talents and sterling character duly appreciated by the Khedive Ismail, who raised him to the princely rank of pasha. The Abyssinian war, in which General Loring was chief-of-staff, is too recent to need mention. He has employed his leisure, since his return from Egypt, in the preparation of a book on that country, which will shortly see the light and will be found extremely interesting.

This is becoming a very unsettled and uncomfortable world. All our cherished beliefs are picked to pieces, and the knowledge we have acquired with no end of trouble is declared to be no knowledge. One perhaps might endure having one's beliefs and opinions upset, because there is nothing tangible or visible about them. But when it comes to demonstrating that places do not exist which can be seen, and whose existence is certified to by reputable people who have seen those places with their own eyes, matters are coming to a pretty pass. Here, for instance, is Fingal's Cave, in the Island of Staffa, not far from the coast of Scotland. Have not all of us, who are past our first youth, seen a picture of this cave, time and time again, in our school geography? Have we not read in Sir Walter Scott, that it is a minster with gothic columns, and all that sort of thing? And are not the columns, tall and perfectly formed, reared high in the air in the school geography pictures aforesaid? And who has not felt the skeptical doubts about the existence of Ossian silenced by the Cave? For surely Fingal must have existed, if he had a cave. Yet now comes forward Mr. Cope Whitehouse, our Knickerbocker *savant*, whose discoveries at the Egyptian Lake Moeris have made all true Knickerbockers so proud of him, and proceeds to show, that not only was there never any Fingal at the cave which bears his name, but that there is not and never has been any cave at all. There being no Fingal and no cave, we are in a manner at sea. As for the gothic columns, says Mr. Whitehouse, we can see something very like them in the Palisades a little way up the Hudson river or on the banks of the Connecticut. With genuine New York audacity he impugns the testimony of Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Vogt and Dr. Hitchcock and Sir Archibald Geikie and all the rest of them. To have such havoc played with learning which has been acquired with so much trouble, is, to say the least of it, unsatisfactory. For ourselves we have not only lost all faith in

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school geographies, but doubt the existence of any caves at all.

That no efforts are to be spared to raise the necessary funds to build the base for the Bartholdi statue is evident from the fact that the Loan Exhibition in New York was followed at once by a similar exhibition in Brooklyn. This latter, engineered by the Brooklyn Art Association, had a peculiar interest of its own as showing the great artistic resources of the third city in population in the United States. The paintings loaned were especially remarkable and noteworthy as indicating clearly, though not nearly in so marked a degree as the New York Exhibition, the continuance of that preference which we Americans have long had for things foreign and that reverence for a great name in art, especially if it be French, which have made the past years and the present, and will make the future, if our weakness be not cured, a perpetual harvest-time for the dealers in foreign art. Time was when a canvas, however poor, if duly signed by a great name, was endorsed as fine, and eagerly purchased by the collector. Much of that spirit still remains. Time will be, and it is hoped shortly, when a painting, even if indubitably by Rousseau, Corot, or Diaz, will be held at what it is really worth as a curiosity or a work of art; for it is becoming well known that these artists, like many others, painted with extreme unevenness of merit. A French journal of high standing said of Corot: "He has left an immense work which must be divided into two classes; that which he painted carefully and with love, and that which he brushed off in haste—in a word, the Corots of commerce."

That the time alluded to has not yet come is proved by the enormous prices still paid for even poor works of some of these masters which constantly reappear in public exhibitions. In the New York Loan painting department, which might not inaptly be termed a dealers' department, so largely did their exhibits preponderate, there were many such works. In the Brooklyn Loan collection there were Rousseaus, some of which were undoubtedly fine in the sense for which they find such ardent admirers. Of examples of Daubigny, Diaz, Duprès and Corot there were numbers, which in the order of their acquisition showed on the part of their owners an advance in artistic appreciation and judgment. In this connection a few words may be said to those who have viewed at the exhibitions even the very best examples of these French masters with a sense of humiliation, be-

cause they could not readily perceive at once the beauties, concerning which so many flowery phrases have been perpetrated by art critics and reviewers. If they make mistakes, let them be consoled; it is not that they are destitute of taste, nor that they are groveling in mental darkness. Corot himself has sent words of comfort to them which will travel through the ages. Said he: "To understand my landscapes you must, at least, have patience to wait till the mist rises. It is only by degrees that you can penetrate them; but when you do get through them, you will be gratified." A writer on the peculiar qualities of Corot has given us an amusing explanation, or, perhaps, one might say, an excuse for some of his pictures. It seems when he first began to draw, he worked so slowly that before he could finish, or rather sketch the subject to his taste, the subject had moved off, changed position, or disappeared. The consequences was, he found himself with a portfolio of sketches of stray ears, eyes, noses and locks of hair. He at once recognized the fact, that he must acquire rapidity, and proceeded to accomplish it. Perhaps he acquired too much, for he was very prolific, as is proved by the number and the quality of some of his works.

That the Brooklyn Loan Exhibition was rich in fine examples of the various schools, notably the French, is beyond dispute. Also, that great praise is due to the committee, which brought together and arranged with such care so delightful and instructive a collection, in which were shown the poetry, the mystery, the breadth, and charming coloring of the French schools; the boldness and dash and subtle flesh-tinting of the German schools, and the minute and delicate finish of the pre-Raphaelites. On the walls of the Brooklyn Academy hung master and pupil in juxtaposition, giving the visitor the important privilege of studying and comparing their methods, also of marking the influence of certain foreign schools on American artists who have studied abroad. For to the credit of the Brooklyn committee be it said, American artists were allowed some representation, whereas the New York committee almost entirely ignored the existence of American art. Opposite to each other hung Troyon and Van Marcke, master and pupil, each in his day ranking among the finest cattle painters of the world; near each other Edouard Frère and George H. Boughton, master and student, the latter so well known for his delicate coloring and Puritan subjects, the inspiration of a long sojourn in America. There also were Millet (Jean François) and Bréton, who have

traveled the same ground. And, as represented in the exhibition, who will not admit that the younger man has outstripped the elder in the poetic and pathetic charm with which he has invested the most ordinary scenes of peasant life, and yet how few will dare utter so rank a heresy?

There also were Gérôme, the great draughtsman and painter, who has won so many honors in France, and our own Bridgman, his close pupil, with his wonderful flesh-painting and careful textures; Messonnier, that painter of men, the study of whose minute and perfect finish has been so valuable to his pupil, the young American, D. R. Knight, whose "Reaper's Rest," by its breadth of treatment, warmth of color and out-of-door freshness, proves that he has struck out into a new path of his own.

The influence of the Munich school could be noted in Charles Ulrich's "Wood Engraver;" the influence of the French school of to-day in another American's work, "Les Accordailles," a marvelous piece of character painting, by Henry Mosler. And, finally, there could be viewed an example of the pre-Raphaelite school, an exquisite bit of flower-painting, by H. R. Newman, an American painter, greatly admired by Ruskin.

The portrait exhibits were a refreshing exception to the general rule of works in this line. Among these may be noted two portraits of well-known and beautiful Brooklyn ladies; one by our American portrait painter, Abbott Thayer, marked by his soft, peculiar manner, easy posing and pearly tones; the other by Gordigiana, an Italian artist, ranking as high in Italy as Cabanel in France. In this picture, characterized by a flower-like delicacy of tone and grace, there is a wonderful regard for textures. The pure, warm flesh, the gold-brown hair, the shimmer of pearls, the filminess of lace, the fragility of the rose-petals in the knot of flowers on the fair wearer's breast, are expressed with such truth as to completely satisfy the eye.

Reviewing the few but very fine examples from American artists, for which this Exhibition was remarkable, the great pity was that there should have been so little American work admitted. In the two Pedestal Fund exhibitions there were more than four hundred pieces, and of all this array barely a dozen were American. Of these, five at least in the Brooklyn exhibition indicate that great and fine work is already being accomplished in our country, and that in art we have promise of a brilliant future.

Salmagundi.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW AMSTERDAM.

[As related among the people of New York City, of Holland-Dutch origin, in the times of Governor Jacob Leisler, about 1690.]

It was in the month of August,
In sixteen sixty-four,
Four mighty ships of war appeared
Off Staaten Island shore.
The hateful flag of England
Flew from their Admiral's mast,
And their cannon, from the port-holes,
Sent forth a thunderous blast.

Then from each tile-roofed dwelling,
And from each narrow street,
Came pouring forth our people
To view the stranger fleet :
The shopman left his counter,
The wife her kitchen fire,
And the children left their playground
To tremble and admire.

The kings throughout old Europe
Had sworn to sheathe the sword,
Though well the Dutch Republic knew
How faithless is their word :
The kings throughout old Europe
Have never ceased to hate
The freedom and the tolerance
Of the Batavian State.

And Charles, the King of England,
Was hired by the French,
And Louis of France was plotting
Europe with blood to drench ;
And to the Duke, his brother
(Who now has lost his crown),
The reckless Charles had given
Our colony and town.

Ours was a prosperous settlement—
Our *stadt huis* has the proofs—
Nearly two thousand people,
Nearly five hundred roofs ;
And, on a Sunday afternoon,
Gay was the festive scene,
'Neath the walls of old Fort Amsterdam
And on the Bowling Green.

Our trials and our triumphs
Had made us proud and free ;
Our town school was already taught,
And we loved liberty ;
And 'round our hearths brave tales were told
When evening fires were lit,
Of Civilis and Barneveldt,
And Grotius, and De Witt.

But the Dutch West India Company
Had played the tyrant here,
And had denied the equal rights
To freeborn men so dear ;
And Stuyvesant, their Governor,
His privilege abused,
To enforce the laws and taxes
Which freeborn men refused.

And so there was a deep resolve,
Among both rich and poor,
That anything were better
Than that this should endure ;
And on that summer morning
Affairs were in such plight,
While Stuyvesant was pondering—
Capitulate or fight ?

Now was our doughty Governor
Determined to resist,
And he smote the council-table
With his dictatorial fist ;—
“ Ho ! man our fort's defenses,
And man our city wall,
For never shall New Amsterdam,
Without a battle, fall ! ”

But our sagacious burghers,
The fathers of the town,
Maintained that his impotent fire
Would bring bombardment down
“ Upon our homes and families,
Now here without defense,
Your harmless volleys would invite
Revengeful violence !

The good ship 'Gideon' lies astream,
 And a determined band
 Will leave these forfeited domains
 And sail for Vaterland ;
 Those who remain have seen their rights
 Denied and reft away,
 And need now fear no harsher rule
 Beneath the English sway ! "

The Governor looked to seaward,
 At the ships of the English duke,
 He looked upon his people,
 And heard their bold rebuke ;
 Heart-broken and despairing
 And with an oath and frown,
 He dashed away a manly tear,
 And hauled his colors down.

Woe for the flag of Orange,
 That had humbled England's pomp,
 When from the seas her fleets were driven,
 By Admiral van Tromp !
 Woe to the sorrowing city,
 Whose choice could only be
 Between a foreign conquest
 And a home tyranny !

And woe, too, to that royal duke
 Who did this treacherous deed,
 In exile now he eats his bread—
 The lesson all may read !
 A quarter of a century
 Has since passed o'er our town ;
 We shall regain our liberties,
 But never he his crown !

For, to Dutch as well as English,
 The future is to bring
 A century of struggle with
 The Governors of the King ;
 And when the good time cometh
 For kingly rule to fall,
 The Dutch will stand for liberty
 With the foremost of them all.

GIDEON J. TUCKER.

AN IDYL.

I saw her first on a day in spring,
 By the side of a stream, as I fished along.
 And loitered to hear the robins sing.
 And guessed at the secret they told in song.

The apple-blossoms, so white and red,
 Were mirrored beneath in the streamlet's flow ;
 And the sky was blue far overhead,
 And far in the depths of the brook below.

I lay half hid by a mossy stone
 And looked in the water for flower and sky.
 I heard a step—I was not alone :
 And a vision of loveliness met my eye.

I saw her come to the other side,
 And the apple-blossoms were not more fair ;
 She stooped to gaze in the sunlit tide,
 And her eyes met mine in the water there.

She stopped in timid and mute surprise,
 And that look might have lasted till now, I
 ween ;
 But modestly dropping her dove-like eyes,
 She turned her away to the meadow green.

I stood in wonder and rapture lost
 At her slender form and her step so free,
 At her raven locks by the breezes tossed,
 As she kicked up her heels in the air for glee.

The apple-blossoms are withered now,
 But the sky, and the meadow, and stream are
 there ;
 And whenever I wander that way I vow
 That some day I'll buy me that little black
 mare.

C. G. BUCK.

THE DIMPLE ON HER CHEEK.

Within a nest of roses,
 Half hidden from the sight,
 Until a smile discloses
 Its loveliness aright,
 Behold the work of Cupid,
 Who wrought it in a freak,
 The witching little dimple—
 The dimple on her cheek !

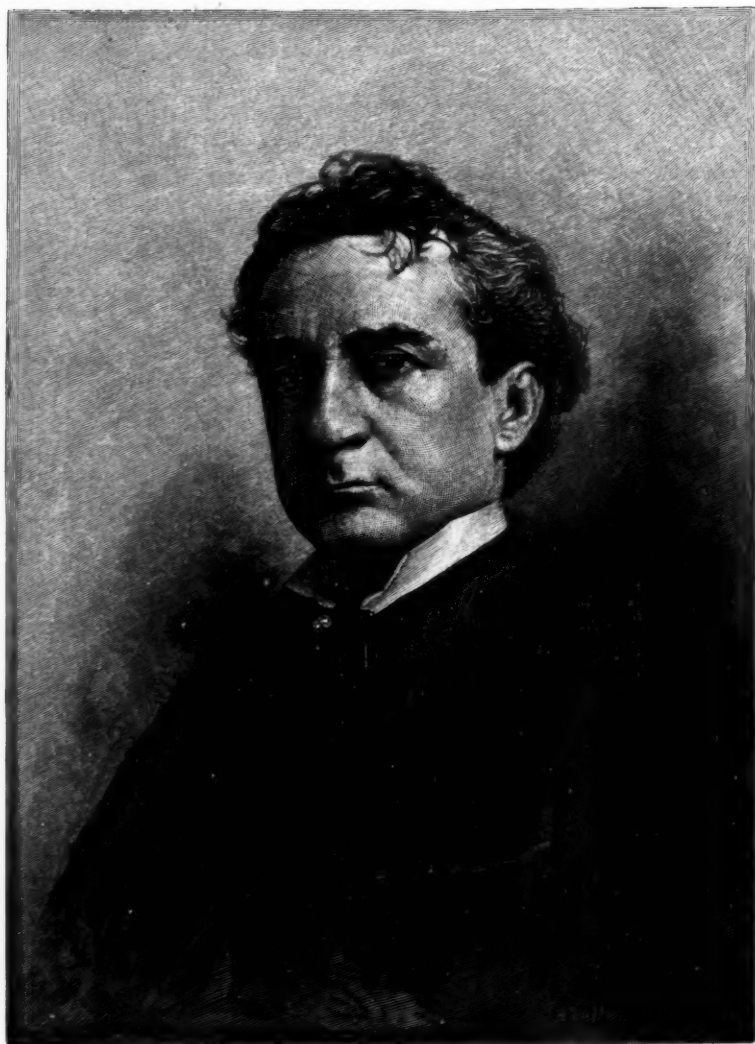
The Sirens' lays and glances
 To lure the sailor nigh ;
 The perilous romances
 Of fabled Lorelie,
 And all the spells of Circe
 Are reft of charm and weak,
 Beside the dainty dimple—
 The dimple on her cheek !

Were these the golden ages
 Of knights and troubadours,
 Who brighten olden pages
 With tourneys and amours,
 What lances would be broken—
 What silver lutes would speak,
 In honor of the dimple—
 The dimple on her cheek !

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Tuskaloosa, Ala.

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EDWIN BOOTH

From a photograph by Sarony

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